

Brotha Lynch Hung, Return Of Da Baby Killa

You better pray
When you see me put that nine up in that pussy, ho
Cock it back slow
Rock it back and forth, wait for the nut, then let my trigger go
BOOM!
Pussy-guts all over the room
If you ain't seen it,
Then you're fiendin'
For the meanin'
Of that nina of doom
2 inches in and, uh, 4 inches out
You back that nigga that pack that gat
And hit that indo-sack
It's like that
Cannabis and tea've, uh, got me stuck on stump, fool
All it take is a way, a fat, green-bud blunt and a stunt
Cause it's that nigga that work 'em nigga deep
And block creep
And witness murder, baby, kill a seed
Once it'll make you vomit
Guts in a mama's baby, nuts in a bottle, maybe it's common
Biatches keep f**kin' and suckin' and keepin' it comin'
With they drama. POP! It's baby killa season
Put 6 in the clip, put it up that clit
And watch them baby's brains
Drip out that fetus
Bleed, it's that nigga that kill 'em
I'll fill 'em all full for that sicc reason
Season of da siccness broodin', got me trippin' for no reason

Guess what daddy's bringin' home for supper
Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat, motherf**ker
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you, real, huh?
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you, nigga!
Now eat!

As I creep, picture every human that I seek
Slabs of human meat
Cause my kids gotta eat
I lives kinda deep, dark, up in tha cut
Where niggas load nines, and barrel-f**k a slut
Nigga, what? You ain't even seen me in my prime
Eatin' baby brains, baby veins, baby spines
I know they be cryin' when I'm cuttin' off the neck
I'm peelin' off the skin for some bacon-fried croquettes
Baby villain spine, that baby-killin' mind
A fifth-pound of gin cause I know I'm doin' time
So catch me now before I do my next crime
My kids' gotta eat, somebody's baby's on the line, nigga

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Get ready for the nigga shit
That sicc-er-than-sicc gut ripgut
Pick-a-vic-up, f**k 'em up with a couple of nine-milla slugs
And put 'em on the ground. Murder toll. Buck buck!
Slugs to the womb
Guts all over the room

That legion of doom
That S to the I-C-X
With a locc and a tech for the throat
and a neck full of gunsmoke it up, locc
One for the nigga who kills them infants and senses
Then this time, I hit 'em with a nine-millimeter, meter
Now let's pick up me freakin' up your skin
Never knew nigga-meat cooked so thin!
So I pack me a nine-milla gat
And creep in the back of the 'Lac
With a sack of the indo

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That's right. Once upon a time
A nigga that hella sicc up in the skids
With a lie for the snitch
As a victim's stoned, sayin' "I'll be bones to the pussy clits"
They're a baby ditch to the mastermind
Nine-millimeter shells, they're blind!
Devils made a pact to f**k with match-to-heat, it's one of a kind
Low enough to the shit got hella deep that I had to patch it
To a soul who had the heart to put his mama in a casket
Who could it be?
Or can he be
Locked up in the county
cause the bounty
finally found a nigga like me?
X-to-the-R-to-the-A-I-D-E-D
L-O-C
What's up, my nigga?
Pull this trigger
And take my muthaf**kin' legacy
But watch your back. Niggas be claimin' that they sicc
But really don't know which way to go when they be smokin' up with my
lunatic
Shiiiiit, have you ever seen your mama's cock? (yeah!)
Have you even seen a body drop? (yeah!)
Have you even loaded up your glock?
Well, I could gives a f**k cause even then, nigga, you not my nigga
From that 24 Garden Block
That's doin' time
For shootin' shadows up in the dark
And tryin' to bite before he bark
And when his heart stops
From the metal blue blocks up in the cut
They try to lynch my muthaf**ka to make some dice up out his nuts
And what the f**k goes thru my nigga's mind up in his cell?
That 24 Deep, no sleep, much stress, nigga. Nigga must be livin' up in
hell
And here I am, same muthaf**ka that got my nigga sicc
Tryin' to kill myself but slippin' more deeper into the siccness shit

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