

Brotha Lynch Hung, Welcome 2 Your Own Death

As I bail through the woods of the southside
Terrors on nine milli chrome kill alone cause I trust no snitch
When I peel a dome and bail
Gone like hell right through the do
I'm rollin' a fat sack of red boogy boo, nigga ooh
Watch me bail nigga but you don't see me though
Cause I'm rollin' fat sacks in the back of my vehicle
But takin' a puff of the dank stuff
and enough that double O-A-E dooz me
I'm slowly loadin' up the oozy
Well now who's he
Well it's that dead motherf**ker doe
Well whatcha know comin' through with that murder mo
And I heard you know now whose been bustin' up on the garden block
You either give up the information,
nigga I get shots, so nigga nah WHAT!
I guess you wanna dose of this milla
Twenty-four shots from that mommas baby killa
Nigga mack hustla, cap busta, infact I'm just a mack ten
Bustin' em at your chin before I crept nigga
Welcome to your own death

Chorus x6
Nigga welcome to your own death

(BUCK! For them who don't know bout loc to da brain
Them got them nine millimeter strap and true is the game) x2

So niggas miss my sicc
Some niggas don't know me, niggas don't know my click
That O-loc-double-C-O-G rip gut canibal type of shit
Plus many more caps bust
Anymore sacks to roll up, we need that high back
So niggas done load them nins and pull them high jacks
And lie back in the cut and roll another fat one up
Tack one up for loc to the brain
Them niggas that really don't give a f**k
Around and get buck, shot it up and dump in a truck and left in a cut

So nigga now whatcha gon do with a mini mack ten ten at yo gut
Plus niggas nuts and guts is what I rips for
Creepin' up in a six four impala
Mobbin' a loots all up to make you vomit from the raw gut cause
Nah what I do is let my nine do the talkin'
Leavin' you walkin' to your funeral low
Diggin'? yo smoke from the mack 1-0
I had ya pussin' just in case
I got me a mack eleven for your face that's leavin' no trace
Caps leavin' a gate and puttin' holes in a niggas neck
So watch the reeper when I creep crept
Welcome to your own death

Chorus x6

When I hit the block with a nine
Them fools better be duckin'
My nigga duck got out the car and started buckin' at niggas runnin'
untraceable gage shells
Only worriers goin' to hell
And 5-0 they just can't swoop
See cause we mobbin' too well
My murder file done pile more than a nigga expected
See cause have of the city of Sac still ain't accepted

That I'm a pack and when I'm sweated I'ma put in work
Cause my O-T told me why Jesus got to kick up some dirt
And I'm tired of warnin' a motherf**ker about a nigga like me
When it's hard to believe
the nine millimeter comin' out my pants gonna make you dance
See that's the city and it's making a motherf**ker stress
Gotta watch your back like 24-7
unless you wanna be livin' the rest of your life
Up in a cemetery die nigga die you'll repeat until you're buried
That nine millimeter givin' no motherf**kin' respect
Up on your back with your last breathe
Welcome to your own death

Chorus x6