

# Brotha Lynch Hung, 1 Die 1

Brotha Lynch Hung

Miscellaneous

1 Die 1

(chorus) x2

Die!!!, i choose before you

One by one we will pick you

You will die!!!

(fuck it....psychological)

Verse one:

Siccmade music comin up out yo seat

Catch the reeper night crawler creeper

Dig a ditch get a bitch nigga dig a ditch deeper

I'ma take yo head with this street sweeper

Leave yo brains on yo speaker

Smash off in yo jeep

Do the bitches i'ma get real hostile

Get the signal model in stroddle

Smash down on the throddle

More scratch than lucky luciano

Serve more mutha fuckas than gronnup

Creep up on ya like dunnup

Send on to ya forehead and then like they said i fled

Cause i'm the type of nigga that'll leave a horse head in ya bed

Take ya wife rape her no caper

Tie the bitch to the bed

Don't push me cause i'm close to the edge

Real lunatic and sicc-fed

And thats some sentimental shit

I just might drip cream from my dick

When i'm off that

Smirnoff gin mix with o.e. i'm hard and wet

O.e. kept tellin' me no

But this smirnoff gin kept tellin' me yes

Mess maker raper

All about my paper

Throw yo hands over yo eyes

As yo thoughts intensify yo will (die!!!)

(chorus) x2

(deep voice)

Greetings..have a seat

Let me be the first to actually greet you to the basement

We've heard you've been busy

Ahaha we've heard you've been busy

We've learn from above that you've been

Doin' a little bit of this

Doin' a little bit of that

Stealing peoples scratch

Stabbin' in the back

We don't think its fair !

When we found you you were nothing

Now you are our nothing

Is there room for unrest

Die.... you will !!!

(chorus)

I promise

Verse two:

I'm wes craven on paper

So plug yo pussy clips

Cause i get sicker than a sifilous dick

And yo mama won't like my shit nigga  
Admit if you was sittin up in yo room hi  
Loaded up in yo tape deck ready to write yo tape next  
Me i do hot sex  
Razor blade and alcohol swarzanigga ceremonial ripsneck  
Then i write my shit next  
So feel yo insides and yo intestins when you mix me wit  
The whisky tell'em situation risky wit a nailgun through  
Yo eye you will  
I got this endo suckin me dry  
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry  
Bout to wet the bed up  
It was the perfect setup  
Bloody sheets (bloody sheets)  
No body (no body)  
No murder weapon  
I got this endo suckin me dry  
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry  
It was the perfect setup  
Bout to wet the bed up  
Bloody sheets  
No body (no body)  
No murder weapon

(chorus) x4  
Thats why we die x8

Thats my name don't wear it out  
You don't know about my whereabouts