

Brotha Lynch Hung, 24 Deep

Strikin' through the deuce wit the 40 in ma mouth
The nigga wit the rep of athiest-a-mistik doubt
rippin' the label off the 4-0...based on the fact
I got respect fo ma dead folks...prop fo ma nigga loccs
187 in the hood I can't say shit
one time thinking it was premeditate it
I can eat a view from the deuce 4 blocc
40 in ma mind thinkin I'm gonna get shot
In deuce 24 deep the nigga wit the siccness
A nigga wit a hella enimies always cool and they be siccs
Niggas from the hood ended up proven they was a snitch
Fucc it...created it x-rated now I'm tryin to get rich
Ain't that a bitch, that snitch...none-a-nay
Motherfuckers mad cause they can't make tapes
and I gotta get paid so I can buy ma 4-0
to live the athiest life I was brain-washed to know
Niggas run up everyday wantin to get sum
I told them who runs the motherfucker flow and then sum
win sum... lose sum like a nightmare
I got enough shit on ma mind I just can't care
I'm on the run...runnin from whos ever gun is aimin
I'm all up in the middle of shit aint even claimin
Tryin to survive in the hood is tough enough cause them niggas already thinkin
I'm claimin crete-ma..trippin on gettin snuffed by the view smoked in the gardens stayin out the cre
[Background:]
based on the fact i put it on the mothr f**kn floor they know im crazy but they jus get me confused.
[Brotha Lynch:]
drinking while im sitting in the room with the lights off voices in my head tellin me n**ga thats fucker
[Background:]
based on the fact i put it on the mothr f**kn floor they know im crazy but they jus get me confused.
[Brotha Lynch:]
droppin it like this in the crib 12 oclock.....