

Brotha Lynch Hung, Dead Man Walking

Thus the nigga in that casket hotboxin
How many muthaf**kers wanna empty out they glocks in me
The gangbangers most wanted
The first nigga caught me in my side
And my set didn't ride
So I'm locc to the mutherf**king brain
50 pounds of dank in my casket
I'm bout to take my last splift
Before I make that move to insane
Records of a criminal for baby killin nothin
40 ounces wit my game
Them niggas that kill they momma for some fame
For the rippgut trigga to hit what muthaf**kers in my aim;
Even my momma tried to take me out the game
By heating up some Brandy and taking it to the dome because I came;
With the sicness and it's just the dank that I smoke
Making me load that millimeter putting deuce up in your throat;
Murder she wrote, in the book, as a gang related homicide
Reality check nigga for the fact she giving it up
It's suicide for the do or the die
True or the die each time

One after each as I creep through the streets
With a 9 millimeter up under my seat
I pack heat, deep 'cause a nigga like me can't be played cheap;
blink, before I'm leaving this niggas guts up in the street;
peep, ever since nigga deep I gotta carry me something
'cause everywhere I go niggas 12 gauge pumping
I wan't them to know when my 44 bust
I'm taking this niggas brain hookin him up
And murderin niggas up
Then I give it up, then I'm in the cut
5 triple 0 double o Mosburg pump
Point it at your grill
Ready to bust for the fact some call me still
The hardest nigga in that casket hotboxing
So who those muthaf**kers that wanna empty out they glocks in me;
Think 24 times fool fo you come wit yo punk 9's
'cause nigga you nigga me, my oozie say its dinnertime
That rippgut cannibal mind for the shit that make them violent crimes;
That's atheist so feel the sign
A deadman walkin