

Brotha Lynch Hung, Frustrated

Hey doom niggaz

Come get drunk wit me

Is it alright?

[Verse 1]

See what you don't know is
I'm a 5150 a schizo in the mist

I keep my pistol in my grips

You disappear like extra clips

If you f**k wit me
Good luck wit me

I'm buck 50

Don't worry about trouble 'cause

I brought the truck wit me

And I got the cowl 50
That's the only thing I trust lately

That and my babies

'cause they aint old enough to turn on me
After it's ??

Like these paperplate ass niggaz

And these lyin ass bitches

All I need is me

The rest of you all can die in these ditches

I be a broke motherf**ka

Trenchcoat motherf**ka

Cut throat plus I'm motherless

Your stomach can't stomach this

My stomach is rumblin
'cause I'm hungry

Confused and half dead and ???

Them dark broom niggaz
Spark the room niggaz
Start to finish niggaz

Then my heart diminish niggaz

So let's start it then finish it then back to the start

I used to sing to myself in the dark

Cry in the dark kill in the dark it's all the same

[Chorus]:

Sometimes I get so high

That's how I cope with life

When things aint goin right I'm frustrated

F**k you for judging me

Mind yours and let me be

Why can't you niggaz see I'm frustrated

[Verse 2]

My attitude is shitty

When I aint got no motherf**kin money

When I'm hungry

And can't put a damn thang in my stomach

What's frustrating

I'm havin problems with my old lady

And lately she been against me and hatin

Sayin f**k it

I got to keep it ruggish and thuggish

Mean muggin kissin and huggin

I aint got time for that f**kin dumb shit

It's time to kick it and get it twisted

With my homies and some bitches

That's the deall

Everybody straight f**kin

It's f**ked up when a big mouth slut

F**ks it up for the rest of us

She's a cousin to us

Nobody wants to f**k with her

She's the ugly one

I hate pussy and bitches

And I believe that pussy belong to dick

And you already know I hate the f**k out of faggots

Powderpuff, twinkletoes, catch blows to the nose

I don't think God meant for niggaz

to bump big heads and take it up the asshole

Got to keep it real

No longer debatin
This is how I feel
I'm upset and frustrated

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm fixin to knock shit out the box

And be a rabid dog
Bounce bitches off walls

Kill 'em all

'cause I been strugglin like a tug of war

Since I was born in this wicked ass world

Now it's time to let loose and get the juice

Showin the steel toed boots

And flip the loops

Avoiding all obstacles
Well face 'em head up

Nigga man up

What the f**k

You scared or what

I hit the bottom when my pops died
What f**ked me up most is when moms cried

Had to keep my composure (hold it in)

Don't let her be holder (emotionless)

Be a soldier

Now I been tryin to do this music thang

For years and big money aint came

But I'm tryin to be patient

I'm still waiting
Bout to break up and shake up shit

'cause it's frustratin

[Playboy 7 Talking]
Shit man I'm tired of bein so motherf**kin broke

If I wasn't so broke

I could take care of my mama and my kinfolk

But I'm just stuck out here
By my damn self
Thought I had family out here
But they done f**ked me
Didn't even use no vasoline, none
Ass still hurtin
Trust in motherf**kers
Rollin around with homies
You know what I'm sayin
Thinkin they hard thinkin they down
Flake out like some corn flakes
Kelloggs ass niggaz
Man a nigga like me just can't work at no motherf**kin 9-5 job
Got the motherf**kin boss f**kin off
And I'm doin most of the work gettin paid bullshit
I come in there on time and do my shit and I still get paid shit
Don't even have enough money to pay my motherf**kin rent
I gotta do a little hustle
Shit man, there's a black and a white side
Is there a gray area?
I'm lookin for it
Everytime it seems like I'm gonna come up
Somethin always slaps me in the face
Wether it be a Po-Po or a f**kin ho
Ho ass niggaz not these hoes
I trust no bitch
Done learned that a long time ago
Wish I had my motherf**kin pappy with me next time
And give a nigga some knowledge
Teach a nigga somethin
That nigga flaked off when I was 13
Ho ass motherf**ka
And if I find you I'm a whup yo ass too nigga

Tired of bein broke

Worried about my momma and thangs

Thinkin about homies that's dead and gone up in the pen

Motherf**kers that's fixin to go to the pen I just see it

Feels like I'm just wastin my breath for some of the homies though

I just don't even know what to do no more man

Man f**k this shit

F**k it, I'm through