

Brotha Lynch Hung, Heatas

They told me to get my heat so I got mine them mothaf**kas that made that hit
Now we only got the mini mack in the trunk sawed off and the 45th but im
Confident that we handled funk like mothaf**kin g's so all you bitches and
Snitches get ditches when my triple finga itches it's vicious for some reason im
Still in that season all them other mothaf**kas done left shmother motha f**kas
To death other motherf**kas done shlept long hit off the kryptonite and get
Gone hit em' up two in the dome is it yo funeral home alone had love for them
Once went and this shit got grim killin me softly it's costly jack they chin if

They eminem bend 1dial1 800 o gold and you picture me surrounded by fifty
Pounds of round meat grade a beef it ain't cheap I got that shit that'll make yo
Weak minds upchuck upchuck yo guts cut and I had yo nuts wasup you was locked
Down so I f**ked yo bitch gave you that sifilis dick loop the music made sick
Dont slip trump tight murder on sight split ya dome hit ya home at night move
In the dark with
Infrared lights you die then ima do yo wife ima leave you hangin on yo doorstep
Had your wife ass butt naked razor blade braids from the ass to the neck