## Brotha Lynch Hung, Legal Dope Compilation

Chorus(lynch and d-dubb)4x I re-fuse to lose F\*\*k them 22's I got an ap 10 and a throwaway tech 9 So you know you can't f\*\*k with mine

(verse1) (lynch) If I was standing in the dark letting my nine spark (d-dub) Maybe in the morning, motherf\*\*kers might feel me yet (lynch) It's that nine tech nigga that got them motherf\*\*kers tore up As I smash of in a seven deuce cut, you holding your gut Talking about (d-dub and lynch) What the f\*\*k you smoking on? (lynch) All dome as the chronics got me gone Nigga it's on On 'til the slugs come out (d-dub) At night I do my murder red rum so tight (lynch) Its the third strike nigga So now I'm aiming up at your dome bout to make your brain split and hit the fleetwood brome I'm like richard chase, mixed with al capone If you want some ripgut shit nigga Yeah, I got it sewn So bone to the crib, or get your wig split fool, with the tech chrome And say the alphabet backwards fast or find you a brand new dome A criminal minded nigga that gots tefs in his nine So head to the east side, 'cause it's red rum time, nigga Chorus 4x (verse2) Nigga, it's that-sac of indo-killafornia state of mind Where niggas put their gangster gear on, and bend corners In a chev 69 Wire rims You can't see With their neighborhood flags and their black carthart beenie I'm like genie As I swoop through the hood and get up to no good And I wish you would Test my tech, 'cause nigga, it loves to take out necks And empty backs out, so I max out 350 on the black top More smoke than chronic smoking Loced out sherm, classic perm In my ashtray, there's always a roach Hit the left lane in case one times approach I got, 5 warrants and some '89 tags'

17 in the clip of my, auto mag

I'ts sad

I gotta watch my back, 'cause these niggas wanna throw me up in a black Leather sack, and throw me over their back

But f\*\*k that

Why you think I got extended clips

'cause I'm so high, most of the time

I just can't miss, nigga

Chorus 4x