

# Brotha Lynch Hung, On My Brief Case

(Lynch):

Now on my briefcase was some crumbled weed  
A pack of Saravegas and a 24 ounce O.E.  
Might as well skeez these couple of hoes  
In my 69 Malibu sittin' on trues and vogues  
For days you might have seen me in my cinnamon cut chrome shoes  
With some you can't see me tint on the windows Indo syndrome  
Smokin' it up, not givin' a muthafuckin' fizuck  
Sold the cut, my ex-hoe said that nigga's sqautin' what?  
Got at the homie Carl, and got some of that bomb  
Had me so fuckin' high I got off like Vietnam  
Dead bodies and bitches clits simmerin' in the crock pot  
And the shit don't stop until my muthafuckin' chronic or high drop  
It's just that insane type of thang, let the Mac rain guts in the drain  
Siccmade niggas they make the world go round  
And if you fuck with Siccmade Music you can get your ass gunned down

(Phonk Beta):

I had a homie who stayed up in Alaska, used to transfer flights over Nebraska  
And flew me back about a ounce of that Alaska Indica weed  
And out of the whole zip possessed one seed  
Had it wrapped real tight all up in cellophane  
Can't have the K-9 dogs smell it, man  
If only you saw what I was seein', the buds was almost pure white, not green  
Had to be one of those one hitter quitter dome splitters  
That's the type a tweed that makes you wanna fuck your baby-sitter  
I roll a fattie, when I roll this fattie  
Niggas'll be all noid wonderin' why they lookin at me  
Bitches have the nerve to say my shit ain't bomb  
But it'll have your lungs burnin', like your puffin' on napalm

(Zagg):

I wipe that sweat up off my forehead, I'm off the cusche  
Lay back and take a comfortable hit, with a Q-tip, it's splittin' my lips  
And my dome stays split off toothpicks  
I hit a lick with a quickness, dumpin' dead bodies in ditches  
Appreciate the fact, come correct, cuz I could be vicious  
Suspicion, comin' up on recognition I'm creepin' up from behind  
With a 12 gauge, non-fiction, I'm all prepared to go for mine  
So step in line, a couple of hits, dome split, I be lit on a for real base  
With a machete I'll slice your neck just like them Jason cases  
Murder traces, but I ain't pinned cuz there's no evidence  
Slight scent of that purple cusche plant, and I can almost sense the essence  
What's the lesson? Get tested, don't come if you can't come correct  
It's that West Coast shit for life I don't know what you expected  
I'm reckless, nevertheless I'm a pimp in a bulletproof vest  
Puttin' it down, pound for pound, you need to take a step down  
50 caliber rounds, I'm runnin' through your whole town  
Buckin' em down like Doom set on deathmatch with the BFG-9000 cartoon