

Brotha Lynch Hung, Q-Ball (Insert)

Q Ball!

So what really happened nigga? I understand ain't nobody did shit. Ain't nobody did shit for my 'cau

[Brotha Lynch]

Look up in da sky! It's a muthaf**kin slug!/
Some nigga done let one off and only my 'causezin sheddin blood/
Dat loccest muthaf**ka frum twenty ninth street throwin up his flag/
Sum nigga got mad/
And went to da crib fo da 44 mag/
Return to da set up and let my 'causezin have it/
Da nigga dat die for da Garden Blocc Gang, did time for da Garden Blocc/
And ended up stuck in a muthaf**kin casket, but I don't be givin a f**k/
I'm tappin up in yo program/
Before you know it I'm creepin up on you in a licorice dar kblack drop top rohan/
Wit a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk and a fat purple cush blunt/
So call it what u want/
I call it da fever of da FUNK HOUSE
Dumpin gauge shells in dat ass/
Leavin ya face down, chest down wit a gang of guts hangin out yo ass/
Nigga, you know da process. They wanna kill me now/
I'm a dead man walkin till my funeral can you feel me now?/
And if I die, before yo second blasted/
Dat's on da Garden I'ma rise up out my casket/

[Chorus]

I'm liquer sicc and I just might lose control/
So load yo clips, loccs, 'cause we ridin for my folks
x2

[Brotha Lynch]

And I'm out in da 6-5, HARDTOP IMPALA lookin for dat 187/
There he go! And I'm right behind him bustin wit my Mac-11/
Str8 bumper ta bumper 12 gauge pumpin was dat lil lex locstah/
Givin up his set and dumpin on niggaz just like he supposed ta/
Nigga dis is real deal. Shit, it's not about crip or blood/
It's about payback, dat family luv/
So nigga now f**k yo whole clique/
Like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me for my f**kin tapes/
Dem baby rapes, so nigga get out my f**kin face/
If I was really bangin niggaz would know 'cause I'd have they whole set/
Lookin like LA when da earthquake hit. Nigga, f**kin wit my tec/
I'm frum da Garden Blocc no matter what nobody say/
I'm makin my money not lettin dat bangin shit get in my way/
Niggaz get mad, they wanna see da Lynch rippin/
I'm wearin blue yeah, but muthaf**ka, I ain't even trippin/
But for my 'causezin Q Ball, Mr Docc & Six/
My 'causezin Eclipse and two of my kids, nigga, fetch these clips/

[Chorus]

[Brotha Lynch]

There ain't no f**kin way/
My 'causezin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation/
There ain't no f**kin way/
Dat muthaf**ka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem muthaf**kin glocks/
There ain't no f**kin way/
My 'causezin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation/
There ain't no f**kin way/
Dat muthaf**ka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem muthaf**kin glocks/

You know what I'm sayin? This time it ain't gon be shootin in da muthaf**kin air nigga.
We takin out bones you know. 'cause dat nigga woulda did it for us you know.
I gotta do what I gotta do, you know what I'm sayin?

Tried to sit up here and do my music thang you know?
Then my 'causezin got rolled on you know? Dem niggaz frum da Garden don't do nuthin now, we a
Like a fat ass blunt nigga. So wassup?
I'm puttin my life on da line for dis shit, they wanna kill me 'cause I'm rappin, you know what I'm say
Dedicated to my 'causezin Q Ball. Rest In Peace nigga.
To dem otha muthaf**kas, f**k peace.