

Brotha Lynch Hung, Rest In Piss

(Brotha Lynch)

Yeah I'm back up in this motherfucker
For the 9 whatever the fuck
You know I ain't dead yet
I'm with my real loc niggas

I was a dead man, walking they say, so every night I hit the gates
Load the AK and post up, in the window till come day, anyway hey
I feel the payback simmering in my brain
but thoughts of death cloud my mind
As my niggas is gone away many clips and 24 riches, packed
but who really got my back
now that them niggas done hit the grave
I'm killing them off for the olds days
24 ways and a 24 sack of that purple cush and make me sicker
than sick and even get Ripgut Cannibal if you wish
cause nigga it's EBK everyday all day to the day I die
I'm creepin through yo set with a mini mac 10
AR15 ruga with a 12 guage pump in the trunk
and a black beany disguise
That nigga that you can't see jus kuz of dem glocks and locs
over my eyes crept like a black cat with a mac
with a mac 10 in my lap and a fat sack of that crack
took a hit of that shit and seen some niggas with a 4-5
So I let 'em have it bounce to the O you know trippin
on that Indonesian shit and a 9 millimeter for you to dump
and put one in your bitch and put her in her grave
with that empty 40 ounce bottle and don't leave a drip
then bounce to that ounce
with a lack and a mac and a fat pack sack of dat indo shit
I'm sicker than sick them niggas gotta admit when I
grab my shit you either gone or get caught with a hot one
nigga so rest in piss

(Chorus)

Just call me Agent Double O Deuce 4 Blocc
I got that 9 milli glock and ready to put one in your knot
"Rest in Piss" (Shit) (repeat 4x)

(verse 2)

(Brotha Lynch)

From the rep of the depth of the double O
duece foe block with a glock in my pocket
full of that sess you betta wear a bullet proof vest
When I'm match your set betta pack you a tech
cause I'm at your neck with a clip full of that shit
nigga don't trip when i put one in your dick that Ripgut Cannibal
Hannibal shit nigga nuts and guts all over my chest
and stomach running with no slack threw my strap in the back
twist me up a sack and I'm back at the Garden Block
kicking it with maniac the nigga that a maniac sicker than sick
when a clips in progress put on the ground
with a brain full of them nine slugs read him in Reader's Digest
uh I found a new love trickeling in my brain half of the doja
half of the OE half of the fact that I am insane nigga
it's that duece foe blockster
where niggas never put their glocks up
and get their cocks sucked nigga you just can't stop us
loc to the brain insane with a main game that will maintain
untouchable cut your throat and leave you in the street
with a lynch around your throat motherfucker
cause you ain't got no love foe the block

pop gotta hot foe that 24 street block
nigga that took a shot rest in piss

(Chorus)