

Brotha Lynch Hung, Season Of Da Siccness

Hit the dank and took my glock off lock, and off
To the 21st blocc, I'm rollin in a drop top
Three for zero that black criminal mac mac nigga
That pap! pap! me hittin a couple of rounds
And while I test him, hey f**k a Smith & Wesson
I got my, nine at my chest and I got my dime bag
Of stress weed, a 40 oz. of OE and I'm creepin
Up on some niggas in a mob and a nigga claimin OG,
Pap! hit him in that dome and it was that nigga's worst
Put him on the ground wit a brain, full o' dem nine slugs
So wrap that nigga up, put him in a hearse
And I'm hittin 50, right around that curb, tight,
Rollin up in a 64, 4 doors sideways to the next light (YOU KNOW)
An I hit that corner of 24 street, some nigga mean mugging
Lynch, and I pop in a clip and I'm not finna get got,
I'ma shoot before I'm shot for the fact I'm B-U-Double D-E-D
I'm reaching up in my glove box, for the welfare weed
That's fillin a nigga's siccness so I miss dead bodies
In an, oldsmobile, up on the curb and while I'm skirtin
Pass the view wit an empty 9 and some bourbon (riiight)
I just adjust to the fact that niggas aint got no hope
I'm fillin em up with 16s, and letting em know

Chorus

It's either that die, or that sickness, and it's the nigga that nigga that
One you come see, with that 9 millimeter meter watch them 9 millimeter meat
Wikkihdie come, Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah E-drop, styling,
If I don't get you with me nina then me, you, scream,
And two pop nigga that mine in the deuce for the deuce
Without them gun shells, firing, fidda them don't know me when me high
Off them doughshot killa weed, me take-a me nine millimeter nine,
And me blast him, enemy for the die, 'cause of dat siccness dem creep
And ten baumy and a them say

Load up that nine I'm finna finna go boom!
Them no dubbin up that nina cut them in half with some of them
Rippgut, quality, for the fundamental cannibalism
Got them black enemy runnin in and when them,
Sickness kick in a million, baby dying, boom!

Hit em with my G like every day, nigga,
From the creek to the Garden Blocc,
I was creepin from the double dead red till all the drama stop,
And 50 150 is all that shouldn't even be on a niggas list
'cause since for the f**kin with I've been crazy times 6 charging in '66 and um,
Niggas cant see my folk when I dump them .44 slugs all down they throat
It takes one time, all night, to peel your tonsols
From the phone post, you know,
All up in the cut with the real deuce deuce four love I got
But you know that nigga from the creek so peep at what this trigger got
Come follow me sin, come quick 'cause I'm bustin all up on your, blocc
Shakin up yo nuts like dice deuce four in the don't strike twice
Them gon all go say oh about 44 times till so,
Much later than you go, better off dead, but nigga instead
That I let your mama know, she might wanna follow this Fahlivum shit
'cause a nigga wont last much longer, with wraps in the cut
Chewin all on your nuts like my nigga Jeffrey Dahlmer,
Cant load that shit that sickness gets me harder than a corpse
Till I reach for the greeds that nigga start jackin off until it hurts
Swallow my shit so thick this nigga run loccs up on you almost daily
For the digs then I'm off dick grow soft with lynch I'm chewin up babies
We gonna stay sicc, for the crazy run em up gospel shit kicks in
It's the nigga named 6 with the locc to the brain style fix

Eatin up your dead skin

Chorus