

Brotha Lynch Hung, X-Caliba

[Chorus: Brotha Lynch Hung]

That motherf**ker kept sniffin for goods
Put the plastic in his mouth the back of his neck left
And you don't know nuthin but the killa gotta away
Before 4.30 in the morning I'm gone in the 6-Tre
Wit the windows up, must have had gin in the cup
'cause I'm swervin in the fast-lane gotta be spinnin em up
(X-caliba *echo*)

[Verse 1: Brotha Lynch Hung]

It all started when I twisted the lid of the Olde E
And see E-A-R-double-O-E... .. (??)
Where my motherf**kering sicc made jacket at
'cause that's the only one I could use
When I saw you at the war yeah when I lifted you out your shoes
It was the pressure from the twenty gage (the twenty gage)
Felt like it could split your chest wide open wit it
Well nigga you should when I'm round talkin that shit
Bout the nigga that's my kin-folks
Should've known the deal while you was givin out that info...
...mation, I'll be of that Parry Mason
When I hit em all up, creep em all up, kill em all up, fill em all up
Real deal, dig em' a ditch, then take they grip
Put em in the back of the Cadillac show em how my Mini-Mac gonna act
My tactics is lethal
Leave the whole town hella smokey
like that band that steppin over dead people
It's like that, and you wouldn't know it 'cause I'm a cool ass mufucca
Done delt witt a gang of succas
as I wait for the city to heat up like a Hot Pepper
Gotta whole load fulla Evian
and a trunck fulla FO take no's and I can't let go
Catch you at yo show slippin
Hoes trippin, rows rippin in the street after I heat my heat
off the hook with this sicc made shit, straight made nigga
F**k it, pass me the straight lace liquor to the face nigga
Off the Thunder Burger and Kool-Aid and O 8
Easy on the liver still make me kill a nigga
Split you head like a pineapple
Die natural!
Five at your dome send em home in a pinebox
I mean Lift you out your sox
Pay attention to the Clock
Its like Half pass a niggas ass lay em in the grass take suitcase fulla cash and mash
16 in the clip crumble the urb roll a sliff bout to whatch you brain split in half
Bloody bath watter, infried nigga nuts and bones located at home I think him name is Tyrone
But you know...

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(X-caliba *echo*)

[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

You can call me black Sadam Huseain
Pump St Idees through my vein ass nigga
You can see me on the southside of the street
Man remembered by the ((opposet)) nigga that flod the city
Get ready for some pretty if you sicc like Frank Nitty
Sucked blood from my momas tittie - instead of milk

Played murda muzicc in my tape deck - instead of Silkk
End up killen one of them motherf**kers
So f**k them hoes, they like Grim
havin killin niggas like they gots to go
woke up at 3 am - got high til seven
Jumped in my what you ma call it headin throughwards heaven, whit my
50 sacc of some shit, that'll make you get there
About 11:30 with your T-shirt dirty,
I'm worthy strapped like James as ventured in this faulty game
In a mainframe, that I ruffed n bucked away, then hit the plane
15 guts on a tripple beam scale nigga
acual contact from the strap that I hale nigga

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[Verse 3: Brotha Lynch Hung]

They got this motherf**ker twisted up
And from the sound of the barrle I got hella motherf**kers runnin up
What should I do about these f**kin fleas?
Give em all they want and put they seeds in they weed
Figga a way out this nigga I know you got me in file
But I got you on scanner so plan anotha way (anotha way)
Told me it was (?Coda steady?)
But I catch you slippin like pimpin
and shake bankin like (?Trail Leonard?)
Hit your mind workin these swine
tripp time get's deepa as you meat the Grim reapa
in the form of a man double M 24 5 got your brains leaking I'm peakin
That's why these nigga wanna rip keep me
I'm rollin squeeky and what you ma want call it
witta .45 in my pocket and I'm a young alcoholic
Like P-Folks I had to make it happen
Sacramentos most wanted I gotta keep packin, 'cause of that
My favorite cousin just go four years
And when his little brotha died he showed me no tears
your point is shit get deep as the ocean
Take a shiesty niggas blood and rub it on like lotion
It was like: once apon a time a long time ago
I was sticken 9 milis in a pussy hole
Get of the Ol 8 old Murda moe then i gotta go to a spot
when they don't know I'm the leath nigga given up my info

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