

## **Zigg Zagg f/ Brotha Lynch Hung**

### **"The Argument"**

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[Zigg Zagg speaking]

Da Argument

The Argument number two

[Zigg Zagg]

And where was you last night

You know I hit you 'bout like one o'clock

And if you don't know by now, you put me on the spot

I'm fed up, shit, tired, sick and I can't even breathe

'Bout to put myself in prison and do you off in yo sleep

What was you thinkin?

You smell like stank ass bitch right now

What was you drankin?

Don't apologize, I'm packin up for a while

I can't believe it you given away a whole zip for a dub

And to the hoe you spent the night wit

Hide

Cause push comes to shove

Blood runs much thicker than water, but don't wash

Next time you feelin sad and look over at me, I don't  
talk

Two kids and twelve years, but still I can't get the  
respect

This whole relationship thing to me is like a comedy act

You keep complainin at me night after night

I'ma leave and you be framin me wit all dis bullshit

I just can't breathe

And you be blamin me for what you be doin

I'm leavin please don't try to call me on my personal  
time

That's what I mean

[Brotha Lynch]

It's like therapy

See you can sit there and stare at me

You can even smell me

Go 'head you can tell me

Only time you see me get jealous is when you fuckin up

I trust you 'round the fellas

Better toughin up

Or get tossed up, this ain't no soap opera

This ain't O.J. & Nee-Cole  
Creep up and pop ya, smashin in the Bronco  
End up getting locked up  
Run up to the enemy and he end up getting socked up  
I ain't got no money for Cochran, no matter what you  
talkin  
Don't make come at you with the glocked in like  
McGlockton  
I smoke to much weed and they gon' take my kids  
I'ma have to make you bleed, I can't let you live  
Makin dem baby mama ribs after all these years  
You didn't know it, I was a psycho killin wit all these  
tears  
Blood type O, cryin when I killin  
Huggin my babies and now I'm cryin when I'm killin  
Jeah

[Chorus]

(Voice of the Bride of Chucky)

Um, you don't know me, but a few years ago I killed  
your husband, and I am so very very sorry

(Lady crying) - What is this some kinda of sick joke

(Voice of the Bride of Chucky)

Oh no, I'm completely serious!

(Lady cries)

(Voice of the Bride of Chucky)

I feel better already!

[Zigg Zagg]

A damn shame it's been a waist of my lifetime

I cry myself to sleep when you come back so late at  
night

I got no feelin for you sometimes

Can't lie, but wouldn't mind pullin the chain

So just maybe I that I might just shoot one off into the  
brain

51/50 you made it so likely nothin could matter

These bitches hittin you at 3 in the A.M. and what they  
after

I'm vicious and my patience is low, tryin to let you know

So don't come lookin for me after the show

You heard me beggin, and just this one last time

Show you what you about to be missin, I'm on a mission

When you hit from behind, you get the vision

Baby stickin 'em and thinkin' you fine

But just you listen, cause I'm shinin' baby commitin a  
crime

And man you slippin

[Brotha Lynch]

Everytime I come home, same ole shit

You ain't satisfied until I leave ya anal split  
I know you ain't gon' get it until I ram it down ya throat  
I know you ain't gon' lick it, I know you ain't gon' choke  
But I'ma hit the G note, and that's gon' settle thangs  
And you can leave broke, leave those metal thangs up  
out that shit  
Unless somebody come trip, then I'll rock that shit  
That's on Crip  
Don't make me act so stiff, I'm a NWA  
I was in trouble yesterday, and in trouble today  
And it ain't gon' change, I spray thangs  
So baby don't say thangs, 'bout to make it bang.

[Chorus]

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