

Babe

"Watta"

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[Brotha Lynch]

I'm the hardest nigga you never heard of
And I'm a pro when it comes to these tools a four four
when it comes to these raw venomous spit send him his
dick
In a wool shoe package, peel back his cap wid this
automatic
Cold hefty and black shit I make a rapper disappear
like magic
It's Siccmade, all the way to the motherfuckin' casket
And six feet deeper, get these heaters right off the lips
I stack chips and I, sip these litres on the hips
It's some shit that'll split ya wig
You can't spit enough shit, that'll get ya big
Get the gig, you pay him first then I'll lay him next
Niggaz be weak just like latex, cheap as Tampax
I walk through the room wid a handful of anthrax
Shakin' niggaz hands, makin' niggaz dance like
Paula Abdul when I pull out the tool
Ya kids get napped when I run out the school
Ya nig did that, it's the motherfuckin' Lynch
Take a long barrel four four and run up in ya bitch
Real shit, cause it turns me on and
What kind of shit do these nerds be on and
What kinda clips should I put in this chrome four
What kind loopy-loop ya on
Pass me the Newport and let's get it on like Marvin
I've been starvin' creep through the trees like Tarzan
Ya meat we carvin'

[Hook]

It's watta, watta, and ya know I'm thirsty
And even though it hurts me
I stay blood thirsty for watta, watta
Take it how you want nigga
So make it how you want nigga
(x2)

[Luni Coleone]

You punk niggaz want war we make shit happen
When it comes to the money drugs scrappin' and

cappin'
I'm a veteran and I bet when I pull my thang
You hoe niggaz run faster than cut out segas
We some spiritual lyrical individuals nigga
I ain't fearin' no negro we leavin' bullet holes nigga
When a soldier bow down we leave him alone
Tape his tail to his ass cheek and send him on home
I'm a motherfucka nigga ain't you heard of Co-le
My music it use niggaz like a guard against Kobe
Hittin' hard like Shinobi, you niggaz don't know me
I throw 'em harder than Drew breathes
And shake 'em like police
I mean who tryna take it there let me know
We leave him cryin' like when a kid get a Nintendo
Coleone, I'm known to stay high as a kite
And shoot notes to X-Loc keep my cuz alright

Hook

[Brotha Lynch Hung]
While you be internet thuggin' I'll be in ya set muggin'
You be in the bathroom tuggin' cause you can't get
lovin'
I'll be in the last room pluggin' while you in the front
room drippin'
I bust nuts on ya livin' you come in the back room
kissing
So don't trip cause I'm harder than you
Just like every motherfucker that's a part of my crew
Gimme a carton full of Newports and a metal junt from
the Midwest
And I'ma disappear and come back the sickest nigga
you ever met
What happens next nigga, whatever happens
We pull techs nigga, whatever crackin'
We pitbulls in a backyard full of poodles
And I'm foamin' at the mouth like Kuja
Put blood and guts in yo spaghetti noodles
I got problems in the head
Got ya lookin' for slugs, well it's probably in the bed
Got me lookin' for love all in the wrong places
I'm tasteless and I chew to the bone homie
Now, look at ya faces it's watta

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