

## **Banda El Recodo**

### **"That's What I Said"**

Visit "[That's What I Said](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Lynch):

Now I'm the type of nigga that'll leave a horse head in  
ya bed  
Sleep with ya wife, then commence to knifin'  
Get away clean with the scheme glock 17 in my lap  
As I creep away in the black Cadillac  
Cuz you know I got shit to do  
Fake ID, cuz I been murderin' muthafuckas like HIV  
As I creep real slow through your blood vessels  
Five weeks later, nigga, God bless you  
Now I'm stressed with the Smith & Wess  
My music career ain't been the best  
Bound to have my momma wearin' a tight dress  
Bitch make my money right  
Or get ya throat slit an drug in the bushes as ya inside  
gushes  
Then I'm smashin' through the night, Mozzaradi with  
Cauz  
He hittin' corners hella tight  
Nigga you know I'm right  
My momma taught me, nigga don't give a fuck  
And when I die, crumble me in a joint and smoke me up  
That's what said

(Loki):

I'm high up off the hocus poucus  
My diagnosis is a murderous psychosis, and  
muthafuckas know this  
I'm quick to pull the pin up out the grenade  
And hand you the pineapple and say here muthafucka,  
hold this  
Loki and the murder show, the sequence begins with  
freaks in the mo-mo  
We seein' alibi's provided, we frequent, and now my  
niggas ridin'  
Slip clips in the pen, and do that shit, smoke the  
buddah shit  
See when they say siccmade, whispers in your ear, the  
taste is bitter  
Blowin' muthafuckas into smithers  
Triple X liquor, with nuthin' but curse in our verses

Obscene, unfit for major mainstream magazines  
Lace you up in kerosene and see that ass ignited  
I mean we got the V-8 for your gangsta lean  
I seen war machines and street marines  
Dirty nina's in the hands of ghetto fiends  
I'm caught between the hard life and ghetto dreams  
I got schemes with black berets and get away like O.J.,  
clean  
The ripgut, he got the cannibalistic QZ, and the  
illegitimate got another 16  
You see the front page news only show the inmates,  
and not the cage  
While elections play with the public's rage  
Fuck those who criticize, let 'em lead their lives through  
the shit we done  
And then say that we ain't right  
That's what I said

(Lynch):

Black pits in the backyard, I don't feed 'em  
Hafta buy a pit a week cuz gone eatin'  
Off that Mad Dog 20/20 I'm bout to take my money  
Ski mask, gotta manage, better take advantage  
Understand this, radiation and mushroom blast  
It's almost 20G, I gotta plot my shit and get my cash  
D-Dub around the corner in the Impala  
Zigg Zagg in the trash can with the auto mag last time I  
saw her  
Beta, stand look out by the liquor store  
Loki, you hear some movement, nigga you know, do  
that hoe  
Time's murder so I'm time plottin'  
Creep with a hand cannon, takin' out every nigga  
banstandin'  
Cuz I'm aggressive like a wolverine  
Beta done caught that ass and got the gasoline  
Hot out your worstest dream  
Then it all adds up to sittin' in Hawaii  
with a AK on my lap off that puffy stuff  
That's what I said

Visit [Banda El Recodo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.