

Brotha Lynch Hung

"187 On 24th Street - Brotha Lynch Hung"

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[Chorus x2]

There was a 187 on 24th Street
There was a 187 on 24th Street
Did you know there was a 187 on 24th Street
See you can get yo mind tore up fuckin wit us, we let
straps bust

[Brother Lynch]

21st Street, 24th and 29th Florinreau to Metiview just to
say a few
Every night I used to walk down the street drunk with a
bottle and my strap
Cuz block niggas don't sock niggas they shoot niggas
in the back
While you ain't lookin, yo livin get token, run up in yo
living room
With choppers tryin to take out yo poppers, it's a fucked
up interlude
I was only 17 with a dream in a scheme
Apparently the gangsters took me under, no wonder
It must of been a gang bang thang and the slang caine
game
Gotta maintain range on you roaches like dirty
poachers
I may leave you in the game even if you broke shit
Cuz I don't give a fuck I put the quarter in the slot
And play the game until I see what I got, I let straps pop
If I got to cuz the streets is hot too so I pop fools
Never unsderstood em couldn't understand em and
I'm not too
Down for half them bandits so I ran it the way I had to
Met him in the park after dark
And it took less than seconds for the 9 to spark the
park

[Chorus x2]

[Brother Lynch]

See it's drastic, put yo body all up in plastic
We drag shit to the river and deliver yo ass quick
We always bad kids didn't even like eachother that
much

All we did was mean mug and put that 9 on the clutch
Niggas could get touched, we touchin em up like Gerry
Curls
Every girl was trippin we ripped em to the levy wit him
Said he earl like Earl the Pearl don't miss to often in a
coffin
Yeah that's your new world, we keep it poppin
Automatics be knockin Garden Block beats
Cuz we the hardest knock on the streets
Jig CD's like rock on the streets
We ridin yo shit, cuzz and we lovin you for it
You can't ignore it it's that rip shit
That put you in the trunk half dead with yo wig split shit
Live that shit everyday, all day, every chance we get
And in the backyard we got pits that eat raw meat in tid
bits
They just as Sicc I don't give a fuck put the quarter in
the slot
And play the game until I see what I got, I let gats pop

[Chorus x2]

[Brother Lynch]

Come against me I look in yo face and I don't see
nothin but hate
And even though you say you love me I'm still clinchin
the weight
That's how it goes in this state where blue rags murder
blue rags
And who lags get body bagged in Mazarati bags
zipped with toe tags
It's so bad, see I don't know who to trust
Last time I trusted a nigga he came out with some stuff
He was talkin shit about me, nigga and I didn't know
what to do
So I keep that heat that'll eat like Cujo and that'll fold up
ya crew
Like new clothes, I choose those niggas that carry 4-4's
and do those
Things that'll put somethin cold up in yo toes
Ya whole body froze no matter you think I should kick it
wit
I do it solo and that's it ... you trip

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