

## **Brotha Lynch Hung**

### **"187 On 24th Street"**

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[Chorus 2x]

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 tooken, 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 2x]

[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

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