

## Brotha Lynch Hung "187 On A Hook"

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I'ma let it be known that im with the force so nigga you  
know its on  
oil my chrome cause i got murder in my blood and in  
my chromosone  
for the fact that i tek none pack a gun in my dang a  
lang  
that nigga that nigga that gang bang no never that  
nigga that claim  
yeah im a nigga eating Jesus brains  
i got the evil in my muthafuckin back and in my  
muthafuckin veins  
wearing my black to creep,  
momma told a muthafucka he'd be dead in a week  
so nigga what? load me like a (12 5???) sale,  
pass the dank takin dead body's to the blood bank  
and while i hook em up proper  
i got them swallowing in my loaded heart stopper  
POP! POP! the trigga fiend, the niggas spleen  
plus the barrel on my muthafuckin nine, lookin plus  
that nigga that nigga that runs them mothafuckas back  
i got you fiendin for a nigga like you fiend for crack  
cause its like that (mo wiggita then a nigga get might  
packed???)  
cause in the 4 you know never know you better gat  
right back  
so niggas know us brothas can't go out like that  
sellin my momma the crack, watch yo back cause(You  
know i had to gat ya)  
Chorus: repeat 4X  
187 on a nigga nigga nigga  
You know I had 2 Gat Ya  
[BLH]  
Yeah, picture your death,  
that nigga that sicness  
figure to sick this, foo  
that nigga that rips  
(??? look at that nigga ) that sicness drops  
and as my trigga goes Pop! Pop! Pop!  
that niggas be ducking from the buck shot  
see, fuck it when the gun drops, you know its in a hoes  
cock  
so there it goes, not the average nigga

the baby killa, (???a rabies)  
dealin that nigga maybe killin that nigga that smooth  
way  
that mothafuckas ain't shit to me  
white nigga, black trigga cracks every mothafuckas  
back  
late in a day, fools used to get they squabs on  
the blood gang duece nine creep mobb zone  
runnin a mothafucka like a pittbull, loadin up that clip  
tool  
but stealin on muthafuckas like a clepto  
let no, other muthafuckas raise yo hood  
half the mothafuckas smokin niggas like wood  
got locked up with they cock up, some other niggas  
asshole  
but atleast my niggas had enough heart to blast  
though  
now the duece ain't deep like 86  
i'm solo, might as well see me on a crucifix  
the duece for age, baby killin athiest  
for the funk right back, cause (You know I had to gat  
ya)

Chorus

[BLH]

same ol fool, that nigga deep load, what up  
ain't no doubt who runs the muthafucka  
cause every cut i drop is like a muthafuckin main  
(course??)  
(???) thats why i make so many corpse  
cause when they hear that nigga that nigga that  
siccness drop  
my nine millimeter goes Pop!  
my sign going to creep them,  
nightmare creeper millimeter meter  
lock up, main corpse, spirit your brain  
got niggaz killin niggaz, just because im rappin insane  
something like a manson mind, my nigga triple six  
(i got em doing a devil dance of mine)  
leavin em only one chance to die and niggaz wanna  
used a glock  
niggaz wanna go to heaven but don't want to get shot  
down  
yeah, with my 38 snotnose  
i got niggaz crawlin to me tryin to grab me for the hella  
hoes  
lettin loose like Antonio Montana  
with a oozie and im kickin em with a 12 guage nots and  
em  
Ah, psycho like micro mind (sprice?) six  
brotha lynch, rippin his arms off up the crucifix  
and when i grab my 9 millimeter gun, point it to your

back  
cause i don't know how to act so (You know I had 2 Gat  
Ya)  
Chorus 2X  
(You Know I had 2 Gat Ya)

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