

Brotha Lynch Hung "24 Deep"

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[Verse 1]

Strikin' through the Deuce wit the 40 in my mouth
The nigga wit the rep of atheist, A mystique doubt
Rippin' the label off the 4-0
Based on the fact I got respect for my dead folks
Prop for my nigga loccs
187's in the hood, I can't say shit
One time thinking it was premeditated
I could E The View from the Deuce-Four Blocc
40 in my mind makin me think I'm gon' get shot
In Deuce-Four Deep, The nigga wit the siccness
A nigga wit a hella enimies, I was cool in 86'
Niggaz from the hood ended up proven they was a
snitch
Fuck it, Created a X-Raided
Now I'm tryin to get rich
Ain't that a bitch, that snitch, none-a-nay
Muthafuckaz mad cause they can't make tapes
And I gotta get paid so I could buy my 4-0
To live the atheist life that I was brain-washed to know
Niggaz run up everyday, Wantin to get sum
I told them who runs the motherfucker flow and then
some
Win some, Lose some, Like a nightmare
I got enough shit on my mind, I just can't care
I'm on the run, Runnin from whose ever gun is aimin
I'm all up in the middle of shit and aint even claimin
Tryin to survive in the hood is hard enough
Cause them niggas already thinking I'm claimin Creek
Mobb
Trippin on gettin snuffed by The View
Smoked in the Gardens, Stayin out The Creek
Cause it's hot and hella hard to get a dub off
Without gettin caught and them niggaz know It
Drinkin that 4-0 ounce in case I'm shot
I wanna E drunk and don't feel it
That nigga, That nigga, That raised the shit
Raised wit Crip but really can't fade the shit no more
But out of respect, I just can't gangbang
I'm in it 24 Deep
You got funk? Then nigga, slang

[Hook]

Based on the fact I put it on the muthafuckin Four
(They know I'm crazy, But they just gettin convinced)

[3X]

Based on the fact I put it on the muthafuckin Four
(Just another day In the life of a Psycho)

[Verse 2]

Drinkin while I'm sittin in my room with the lights off
Voices in my head tellin me nigga that's fucked up
X is doin time, So he can't get got
But now I'm livin up in the Deuce and I could still get
shot
So imma slang'em, Slang'em like a muthafuckin half-
ounce
Trippin off the 4 ounce, The 40 to fuckin ounce to the
bounce
And every cap but imma still put some work in
Wearin black in the Deuce some nigga lurkin, full of
juice
Pump from the retch of the X-Raided
Settin, the flex waited
That had to murder before he made it
Now he's doin 30 to Death Row
He said he always wanted the devil to have his soul
Young nigga, I wish I could of told him what was up
Fuckin with the so-called devil will get you fucked
I would of told him,
"That nigga E killin the bitches all the time"
"But never knew,"
"That nigga with murder would try to ditch a crime"
"I never knew, I heard of a nigga that snitch"
"But now the sign is every fool that deals with the devil
is through"
E I'm a psycho
E, Momma might go yell when she find out
Her baby's makin criminals
That nigga, That nightmare critical
That nigga, The Lynch
That critical criminal hinge is on the loose
So whether or not you think I'm down, I got the juice
Now all I need is a muthafuckin Glock
E up in the Blocc and in The Creek, Livin 24 Deep

[Hook]

Based on the fact I put it on the muthafuckin Four
(They know I'm crazy, But they just gettin convinced)

[3X]

Based on the fact I put it on the muthafuckin Four

(Just another day In the life of a Psycho)

[Verse 3]

Droppin it like this
Sittin in the crib, 12 o'clock
Half lit, Lookin for a Glock
So I stop by the phone, it's ringin and I wanted to gat
It's X-Raided, He made it to the hood
Nigga, Where you at?
That nigga said,
"Around the corner at the pay phone"
"I got the dank, I got the crew and the nine chrome"
"So it's on"
Let it E known,
I'm a muthafuckin psycho from the Deuce
And all my other niggaz got the same juice
But when it comes to trustin niggaz, I cant' fade it
Frontin niggaz like a game, So I played it
Half-Dead fools got me gang related
A new nigga wanna kill me everyday, shit
For every nigga that pulled a Glock on me
I'm not dyin, Nigga that's not gon' E
I'm keep tryin to get myself up out this shit
But all the niggaz I know
Still gon' be claimin me Crip
I'm not trippin
Whatever they want to float their boat
My niggaz'll know the antidote will E smoking a niggaz
dome
So until I die, That's how it's gon' E
In the Blooc, 24th Street, nigga
Livin 24 Deep

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