Brotha Lynch Hung
"Blood On Da Rug Pt. 2"

Thus the nigga in that casket hotboxin
How many muthafuckers wanna empty out they glocks
in me
The gangbangers most wanted
The first nigga caught me in my side
And my set didn't ride
So I'm locc to the mutherfucking brain
50 pounds of dank in my casket
I'm bout to take my last splift
Before I make that move to insane
Records of a criminal for baby killin nothin
40 ounces wit my game
Them niggas that kill they momma for some fame
For the ripgut trigga to hit what muthafuckers in my
aim;
Even my momma tried to take me out the game
By heating up some Brandy and taking it to the dome
because I came;
With the siccness and it's just the dank that I smoke
Making me load that millimeter putting deuce up in
your throat;
Murder she wrote, in the book, as a gang related
homicide
Reality check nigga for the fact she giving it up
It's suicide for the do or the die
True or the die each time
One after each as I creep through the streets
With a 9 millimeter up under my seat
I packs heat, deep cuz a nigga like me can't be played
cheap;
blink, before I'm leaving this niggas guts up in the
street;
peep, ever since nigga deep I gotta carry me
something
Cuz everywhere I go niggas 12 gauge pumping
Oh one thing to know when my 44 bust
I'm taking them niggas brains hookin em up
And murderin niggas up
Then I give it up, then I'm in the cut
5 triple 0 double o Mosburg pump
Point it at your grill

Ready to bust for the fact some call me still
The hardest nigga in that casket hotboxing
So to those muthafuckers that wanna empty out they
glocks in me;
Think 24 times fool fo you come wit yo punk 9's
Cuz nigga you nigga me, my oozie say its dinnertime
That ripgut cannibal mind for the shit that make them
violent crimes;
That's atheist so feel the sign
A deadman walkin