

Brotha Lynch Hung "Break Ya Loccs"

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[Lynch Talking]

About to leave the studio it's 9-11, 2002

Up in here wid my nigga C-O once again

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

And the motherfuckin' bad news is

What? Suspicion is back

Ya know, here we go

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I got that spit venom shit that'll wrinkle up ya denim shit

Fuck them niggaz they all hoes I run up in them quick

Turn 'em into statues, lead tattoos I stay

Twenty four deep and bring niggaz the bad news like

The Metro Section I spit petrol like gas nozzles

Bang wid my thangs nigga, you the last models

From the Garden to the creep module

I'm off the bottle makin' money like I won the lotto

You wanna follow wid ya tongue stickin' out ready to

lick these nuts

Had a dream watchin' me get out the four door to get

these guts

I spit flames, beat niggaz like Rick James get aim

Cause like Pac's attraction I grip thangs

And it's hard and cold it'll make ya heart a cold

I sweat so much I'm so hot, I'm hard to hold

And I'll tell you somethin' else fool Suspicion for life

Have you comin' home from work late, missin' ya wife

And ya kids and ya cribs tore up, I leave ya ribs tore up

Nuttin' else better I do, than cut up cold cuts

I'm a meat eatin', skin collector been connected

Wid some niggaz that'll cut you in the neck and leave

you butt naked

Layin' dead in ya Lexus, what you doing?

Fryin' niggaz like they do out in Texas, Why?

Lyin' to niggaz cause they fakin' the love

You be the one takin' the slug

And you show me that you ain't got no love for me I'm

done cuz

[Hook]

Niggaz that say they real fake as fuck

Have you left set up dead in a vacant lot

No matter what they can talk all that gang

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