

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "Can I Have A Napkin"

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[Hook]

I might just eat your brains to see what's in your soul  
I'm high drunk wet angry  
They gone have to capture me I'm cookin em up in a  
factory  
Nigga ya dead now  
Nigga ya dead now

[Verse 1]

Can I have a napkin?  
I eat his insides out nobody knew what happened  
I ran down the avenue, all red like mac10  
Jailhouse shank tako nigga he died laughin  
Blue dickies bloodied up always keep em saggin  
Head trauma, you couldn't even fix it up wit aspirin  
As if  
Niggas wanna eat but I eat ask em  
Nigga you wanna certified dope record cash em  
Thats why I'm STRANGE on that ass I gotta passion  
Only reason I spit like this nigga I drink acid  
Modern day Ca\$his Roy Jones Mayweather  
You couldn't tell me nothin bout sicc nigga we stay  
together  
Sleep in the same bed runnin through the same bread  
Still spittin fire if you know the rap games dead GRRR  
I eat spaghetti intestines so I don't give a fuck about  
your funny ass tactics  
And I don't wanna run up in your stomach  
PEPTO  
All you other horrorcore rappers  
DREP though  
Run up in em  
Cut em in the mother fuckin neck though  
No more rappin no need to use the techno  
My rhymes like lead bullets leavin your set wet though  
I challenge you motherfuckers I'ma broke nigga so lets  
go  
Tech N9ne Sacramento cannibal I eat  
Breath stink like human meat got pieces in my teeth  
Can I Get A Toothpick?  
Overdose on 24 pills that way you guilty motherfuckers

know what the truth is  
Niggas think they know me they callin me a OG  
Fuck all your sympathy nigga you can die slowly  
Poisonous get your boys in this I take em by the dozen  
Nigga I get devious that was my little cousin  
Nigga I'm just sick in the head you thought I wasn't?  
I'll make a nigga drink my piss guzzle n love it!

[Hook]

I might just eat your brains to see what's in your soul  
I'm high drunk wet angry  
They gone have to capture me I'm cookin em up in a  
factory  
Nigga ya dead now  
Nigga ya dead now

[Verse 2]

Excuse me, can I have a napkin?  
I'm drippin' like a vampire when he ain't rappin'

I eat rappers up, I admit, I eat swine  
With a little squeeze from the lemon and lime  
Me I hate women all the time (I really mean) exes  
Dream about  
Leavin em in the back of the lexus  
Cut throat legs spreaded open like Texas  
Razor blade pussy lips nigga she died gaspin  
Murder without a motive its ya boy I gotta passion  
N I be puffin on that kush like Ashton, Sebastian  
You don't wanna fuck around gattin  
Music either I gotta couple of them fat ones

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