

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Close My Eyes"

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[Hook: (Eklypss)]

Die

(Open your eyes, Hypnotize, Surprise muthafucka you gonna die)

I... I close my eyes

And am I surprised to see what's on my mind

[Pit]

I dwell in the spot that's super hot

Welcome to my area

There's a dead nigga on the block, call the cops

Welcome to my area

Makin fat knot, sellin chronic and them rocks

Welcome to my area

My hoggs drop dawgs and you will get dropped

Welcome to my area

It's like this

Past destruction, Consequences

Repercussions, Sick intensions

I blew a left tire on the gta, on I-15

When the cops was chasing

Made it to the exit ramp

Feelin amped but I swerved and hit the curb

My best chance was appear in Perry Ellis

Two strike felon, So I'm runnin from the ghetto bird

So they chased me out the Suburbs

But it's all good, cause I'm in my hood

I know the dark places and the corners to cut like the back of my hand

Like I know I should, Rough neck

Oh shit, The ghetto bird

Hit the fence and ripped a sleeve

I'm in the backyard of Dynamite's

So I jumped in the dog house with his pit bull Hercules

And let the bitches in the sky fly by

I tapped his window

He said,

"What up nigg", What up

"Get your ass in", Alright

"We need to g", Okay

"Hit this blunt", Alright

"Sip this Henn", Yeah

Rough Neck syndrome makes it hot in December  
Enough to jack Chris Cringle  
You could call me the ghetto grinch  
I keep it true with Doom  
'Cause of my Siccmade family members, Uh

[Hook: (Eklypss)]

I... I close my eyes  
And am I surprised to see what's on my mind  
Die  
(Open your eyes, Hypnotize, Surprise muthafucka you  
gonna die)  
Die  
(Nigga what's up, Now you stuck with nuthin but bad  
luck)  
(Nigga you fucked)

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I'm scorchin you  
Might have to torture you  
Cut your nuts with razor blades  
Make corpses' stew  
I like pork and meat  
I'm on your porch with heat  
You want the Triple Crown?  
I'll cut off your horses' feet  
Yeah of course it's me, The B-A-B-Y-K-I- Double L  
Right when you stomach swell  
Kick it with a size twelve  
You was a fluke, bitch  
I couldn't let you keep your dottles off of two fifth's  
It's our little secret  
Put you in the bedroom, Rip your guts  
Bitch give me some head room, No nicks and cuts hoe  
I hate that shit, You know I rape that shit  
Call me super-dick  
They can't find a cape that fits, So I don't hate  
I like cumin in your throat straight  
You bitches is so fake, You could die a slow fate  
You get's no breaks, Just nuts in your mouth  
Strap in your mouth and the Mac in your mouth, nigga

[Hook: (Eklypss)]

I... I close my eyes  
And am I surprised to see what's on my mind  
Die  
(Open your eyes, Hypnotize, Surprise muthafucka you  
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(Nigga what's up, Now you stuck with nuthin but bad  
luck)

(Nigga you fucked)

[Eklypss]

Motion detector, Plague infector  
Knife dissector, Bone collector  
Hannibal Lecter like nigga  
With a lighter and a fire in my fuel injector  
I set 'em up, Knock 'em down  
Get my clown on, Cut 'em up with a frown on  
I gets down on niggaz  
Hell bound with the trigger  
I'm a killa lookin to make more than six figures  
Get twisted up like a French braid  
Rippin you up cause you bitch made  
Cin Sity and the sickest nigga from Siccmade (Lynch)  
Apocalypse Pit and Eklypss from Doomsday  
Us niggaz is crazy  
If you can imagine what goes through the mind of a  
sick muthafucka  
You gotta be a sick muthafucka to love us  
And understand not to fuck with us gut rippers, slut  
dickers,  
Steel-toed boot butt kickers, rough niggaz  
Nuttin in bitches, throwin on the Dickies  
And leavin the pussy red and dead, Infected with the  
plague  
Understandin what I'm sayin?  
I'm Doom to the max  
Don't make me have to break out the axe  
I done did it before, I'll do it again  
Cut a nigga from his nuts to his appetite and grin  
It's all sin  
Make you notify your next-of-kin  
Drinkin a hundred and eighty proof of liquor  
I get sicker, gets wicked  
Get your bitch and dick her like my name was Dirt  
Diggler  
Call me the grave digger  
I can do you when you awake, nigga  
Don't even gotta hate, nigga  
Or I can do you with your eyes closed  
Clog your nostrils, Nigga die slow

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