

Brotha Lynch Hung "Colostomy Bag"

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[Verse 1]

Yeah, I might as well get wet, Get me a Newport
I'm a little strange now, On fire like a human torch
I'm just gettin warmed up and nobody fuck with me
Even luckily get cut in three, I'm a fuckin beast
I tuck a.357 and it keep me revving, Mr. Techron
Pure white cocaine spit, Not even stepped on
Sorta like Blue Magic
The pussy, I stab at it and stab at it
I'm a addict, It bleeds when I tap it
Manic depressive and if you test him
Mann needs a lesson, Plan to get your chest ripped
Damn Smith & Wesson and it will test him
Hand it to Kevin, Cannibal sessions
Van full of intestines, Kansas is with me
Strange Music is with him, I think they re-lit him
I still see sicc'em from long distance
For instance, I get with 'em, I spit sick shit, Sniff it

[Hook G-Macc, (C-Lim)][2X]

Coat Hanga throat Str-Strangla
Your folks get mangled up
Cut 'em up from the naval

(Ugh, Put you in the hospital fast)
(Have you wearin a oxygen mask)
(With the doctors in surgery, Gettin a colostomy bag)

[Verse 2]

My whole cigarette's wet, I'm bout to smoke it
Get hard like East Oakland
Rappers, I super soak 'em
After your crew get over 'em
I'll be standin over them with a 9 millimeter
Hit 'em like a wide receiver like Jerry Rice
Them niggaz think I'm weak cause I'm very nice
All I do is just think about eatin them every night
So I gotta carry every knife, every machete
I'm steadily deadly
His head will 'E buried and gettin cut up
I'll be at the motel, fucked up
Blood in my cup with a fine bitch, hugged up

Till my heart get plugged up
Imma still be in my Dickie shit, thugged up
Any nigga throwin Blood throwin up guts
Nigga, What's what?
We kinda strange, nigga
We eat nigga nuts and guts
You already know what I eat
Your insides and breakdown your enzymes
And take out your insides, Sniff it

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[Verse 3]
I need cigarette, I'll cut a nigga neck
And watch the blood drip out, Hit 'em with a Tek
Just like these niggaz wanna fuck my bitch, Let 'em
sweat
She'll smile at you and she'll cut ya muthafuckin neck
I'll hang a nigga and strangle niggaz with barbwire
It's a little strange but listen to what I desire
I put the tools on they nuts, Twist it with the pliers
I'm a hot wire, You a hotdog like Oscar Myers
I drop logs nigga, Shittin like diarrhea
You get the butcher knife to the eyes if you try to see
'em
Either that or my bitch will see you right at the club
And put the whooppy-whop in ya mug and your grave's
dug
I got it made, cuzz, Makin "Strange Music" to listen to
And dissin you cause that's how Strange do it
We sicker than hard liquor which is no thang
Coat Hanga Strangla spittin the cocaine, nigga!

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