

Brotha Lynch Hung "Don't Worry Momma, It's Just Bleeding"

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I'm the siccest in the west, hit it in the chest, in a minute
I'm rippin' nigga like wet sex.
You're sentimental I get the the riddle n' shoot TECs cut
a nigga in half just like a duplex.
Then all I ask is who's next take a nigga and give a
nigga a suplex.
Coathangastrangla banging' the deuce set,
chokeandstrangle name it in two blex.
It's the season of the sicness times three, spittin' the
venomous IV fulla white weed.
And my nine get a tight squeeze, and I'ma die with my
dick in a tight breezy.
Believe me I leave these, bodies are prolly gonna have
my face on the TV.
I'm like Jason in 3D, who in the game wanna see me.
I'm at the motherfuckin' teepee plottin' and plannin'
while I'm wipin' off D3.
Fifty-seven I makin' em go to heaven, one through
seven I make em' go see the reverend.
In a casket, niggas get their ass ripped, razor blades
and dildos nigga that's sicc.
Fuck around and get your hat split I'm on some tall
cangee got my back shit.
It'll get venomous sendin' niggas at me, I keep a
Russian AK in the back seat.
I get the guns from the back seat, Brotha Lynch Hung
he got the hacksaw cuz he love to hack meat.
Heat it, eat it, n' leave it I'm even leavin' em bleedin'
and feedin' em and I'mma keep it that deep.
I stay hotter than the sack keep, one to the head then I
smash like a track meet.

[Chorus]

Don't get too comfortable (don't get to comfortable you
might not stay might be leavin')
Don't worry mamma it's just bleedin' (things'll be fine if
you just give it some time)
(Repeat x2)

[Krizz Kaliko]

Now they got me on some supa' dupa' sicc shit, so
I'mma cut up and stab the beat like a slab of meat with

slick shit.

Now now now I'm with the siccness and now I'm
bludgeoning with niggas with Cuz and it's so rediclus.
Jugganaut now planted with the ramblin',
I'm supa' cede six seven Kill her with samplin',

and chew em like beef tips cuz Kevin is a cannibal.
Add me into the A team and I now I'm Hannibal.
Mechanical robot go hard and damage you with it, roll
with killers and I gotta feel with it.
I got a musket and a pint of musketeil, when they find
you they be like what's the smell?
Take him took his top off, pistol pistol popped off and
we off'd him.
And cost him he soft by my boss and I (hey) took the
coat hanga from Lynch,
And I become the strangla of ya flinch leave her bleed
quick.

[Tech N9NE]

Gimmie the choppa and I be hopped and ready to die
let's go, with it ready to pop and see droppin' every in
my retinal.
Send me the doctor who got the medical file; death row
for the nurses who purposely hurt mamma with
Trileptal.
We told you motherfuckers that she was allergic he
heard her slurred and her pancreatitis emerges.
Now I got you runnin' from curses and hearses, cut you
like a surgeon cuz you deserve it.
Two reverands is pitiful thinkin' they can get with Mr.
Formidable I pity your mental hospital, not hospitable.
I'm not finished your thoughts are squashed dinner for
harps your off limits and lost with chopped genitals.
I'm comin' to get you with thunder though, seeing you
suffer gonna be wonderful.
Sick inside of me give you lobotomies time to undergo
fuckin' with the ninna!

[Chorus]

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might not stay might be leavin')
Don't worry mamma it's just bleedin' (things'll be fine if
you just give it some time)

(Repeat x2)

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