

Brotha Lynch Hung "Drunken Style - Brotha Lynch Hung"

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Drunken style nigga ... drunk style
Give me yo clothes, give me your gold
Give me all the money you owe right now

[Brother Lynch]

Don't like to thank so I drank heavy
Dump slugs out the Chevy, livin armed and deadly
I'm takin chunks from punks who want funk
Treat em like 15's put em in the trunk
I split his splines makin sure all my shits clean
Than seem like a wolverine with a gleam and a scheme
gangsta ling
Out the window hit yo block corner everybody better
duck
Runnin tires like the Daytona tuck you up it ain't nuttin
Pushin buttons, warn smokin them bustas
... See I was just a baby when I first got Sicc
Hit the bracin lacin alchohol, I'm bout to feel they walls
with syphilis dicks
Just get my kicks, tricks get chopped up like a cold cut
Heat em up, flops get rocked up like that coke stuff
I ain't no jokester, prankster, real gangster
Shit from that nigga that brought you the Season of the
Sicc
Admit that was my tightest shit besides this
Don't get me wrong every song is a hit
Guess who made this?
Funk baid away you suckers ain't payin right
You stayin tight, coolin up in zip locks every night
And my mama never fed me right
We was broke so - Oh he know me I ain't no mutha
fuckin chump
When it come to rippin up shit, zip locks, body bag, toe
tags
I leave yo t-shirt sweaty any place, any time you ready

Drunken style nigga
So give me yo clothes, give me yo gold
Give me all the money you owe right now [x4]

Comin soon you wann hear more buy my shit,

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