

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Everywhere I Go"

Visit "[Everywhere I Go](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

F/ D-Dubb

\* send corrections to the typist

[Brotha Lynch Hung talking]

Yeah, you got a 'port?

(Yeah nigga)

You got a light?

[Verse 1]

Now I started smokin' Newports, ain't that a bitch  
I got so stressed out, I think I'm 'bout to dig a ditch for  
me

Old school homies, be actin' like a grinch towards me  
Reach out to the family but they ain't got nothin' for me  
I knew it would come, the day all hell would break loose  
Feel like I'm in the movie, 2PAC when he was in "Juice"  
I'm a outcast, straight outblast, cover the body fast and  
smash

Type of nigga totin' them triggas because I have to  
On my mama this is Siccmade for Life, and in the  
future made sicc

I'm in the Hafway House off the peel gettin' lit  
Thinkin' fuck my bitch, she thinkin' fuck me too  
We been together so long, I don't know what to do  
But get drunk everyday talkin' 'bout fuck it  
I did all I can but I guess that wasn't the plan, you can  
have the bucket  
I'ma take the 6-4, and if you really wanna know, Lose 1,  
gain 1  
It's the same story everywhere I go

[Chorus D-Dubb 2x]

Everywhere I go, I see so much hypocrisy  
It makes me be who I am  
And it's clear nobody understands my mind and why I  
say things that I do  
And they don't know all the things that I been through

[Verse 2]

See, I got empty OE bottles all over the place  
So many rappers at the spot can't find no A-Dat space

And so many, snakes in my life I can't never be hungry  
Snake meat till I die, you know we ain't real homies  
It feels good to help niggaz come up, I don't need  
nothin' back  
You do your thang, I'ma do my thang, I'ma remain in  
the cracks  
And crevasses tryin', to get my fetti shit  
Higher than mountains, I stay lifted like Chevy lifts  
And I been tryin' for years to build a family full of ridas  
Dammit I'm tryin', niggaz take it for granted, they lyin'  
If they say they don't take it for granted  
Take they lil' fame and vanish, get they lil' name and  
manage  
To make a few chips, homies in business is all useless  
Take advantage, I'll leave ya toothless, the truth is  
I'm not that good of a judge  
I been turned on by the thug life and happened to plug,  
ya know  
It's like

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3 D-Dubb]

To see first in two faces, seem to be all around me  
Your own actions make me doubt you, cuz they tellin'  
me all about you  
I can hear in what you say, don't go with your way  
So I guess I'll stay away from the same ol' same  
Stay focused and doin' my thang  
My rillas, we stay rollin', reactin' on game that we  
knowin'  
Ain't never no cars to be showin'  
And my only problem is that I keep forgettin', we don't  
love anymore  
While we always ignore, so it's like I said once before

[Chorus 2x]

[Phone skit after end of song]

Ay what's up Lynch, this V  
Get at ya boy mayne, you know I'm sayin' I need to use  
that camera mayne  
So we can shoot that shit, holla at me when you get this  
message, aight  
Peace, One Love and most definitely takin' over,  
SICCMADÉ

Visit [Brotha Lynch Hung](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.