

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "Feel My Nature Rize"**

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(Lynch):

Feel my nature rise, blood shot red eyes  
Waitin' in your back seat, catch you by surprise  
Situations and circumstances make you take them  
dangerous chances  
Leave you in your front seat with your neck slit, then I'm  
hittin' fences  
Now I'ma talk about the same dirty situation  
Shit you hatin', that's why your casket is waitin'  
Shine your ass up like a triple gold Dayton  
When I'm in your town you better cut like Walter Payton  
Studio man keep tapin', I got that bitch, she peratratin'  
Show your whole family, leave you on your front porch  
hangin'  
With a note that's saying: 'sincerely, Swartzaniggaz'  
Put your hands in your pocket, give it up  
I demand I need my tweed, potent refer, man  
Bandstandin' with the hand cannon  
Split my face, muthafucka, gimme your scroll  
And that Rolex in your hand, understand?  
Yeah, you gots to feel my nature rise

(Swartzaniggaz):

I can feel my nature rise  
Starin' at the marks that I despise  
Through evil eyes, high style thoughts turn homicides  
You gots to die, for tryna ride and get me  
Got some off, but none of them hit me  
Now on a payback tip, with a patched black mask  
On the grass with a 50 caliber weapon  
Hangin' up over the door of the Chev and causin'  
slaughter  
Sid's Malt Liquor be that motive when I be loaded off  
that water  
Saw the situation heavy rollin'  
Shotgun and a Chevy that's stolen  
Strapped up and ready in case these niggas wanna get  
deadly  
We can go there, I know there's a place for busta  
niggas like ya'll  
But I heard it's pretty deep down so you niggas better  
watch your fall

Too late for that 911 call, this murder's already in  
progress  
Home invasions like Asian got me obsessed like a  
Vietnam vet  
As I kick through the front door, blastin'  
And Lynch kicked down the back  
Operation: Peel-a-cap, you fools shoulda already had  
your gats loaded  
Cuz it ain't no tellin' when we comin'  
Back streets, sacs of weed get blazed as we gunnin'  
with the engine still  
runnin'  
Cuz real killers make them real quick get aways  
Spray the whole place and skirt  
As quick as we can, we does our dirt  
Whoever gets hurt, that's business  
So please don't take this personal  
It's just that murder's in my nature  
So four years now, that's what I've been searchin' for  
Cuz doin' dirt grows old when it's the same old thing  
That's why I try to take my murders to the highest  
extreme  
Make everybody scream, open up some spleens  
Still hearin' the blood spillin'  
It's just a little dream that I be havin'  
Man, I love killin'  
(Brotha Lynch):  
I got a hard dick for killin'  
Southside villain  
Protect your wife and your children  
Feel my nature rise

(Swartzaniggaz):  
Not quite knowin' about this nigga?  
Check your metro sections  
Then cross reference murders by streets and dates  
And how many times niggas' hoes' got raped  
Mr. No Prints, the reason one time runs out of yellow  
tape  
Fuckin' with a half deck, havin' niggas on hush  
Smokin' a bowl that I re-dust  
Open up your chest when I bust  
So suit up, cuz it's kill a nigga night  
Ain't no tellin' when Triple 6 gets to shootin' up  
Movin' up your death date, with a Tre-8 special  
It's way too late to wrestle, as I nestle the sword  
stoppers  
Split your ass open like pinata  
Loadin' up like a Rotweiler  
Lining up like Tyson snortin' cocaine powder  
Pure dank sniffer, some like a lot of fluid, but I beg to

differ  
One wiff of that shit and I'm on cloud nine  
Nigga, don't trip if you ain't got no nuts  
Cuz I brought mine all buffed and shined  
Untouchable when I'm fuckin' full of that nitrate wine  
That's when I bust on nineteen times and up  
Cuz I'm nuts, goin' out my mind  
Few, there's no luck, you fucked for life, for sho'  
Get your ass up on the floor  
Tryin' to catch me at that lateral, slippin'  
By my lonesome, but I'm on some, so who wants some?  
Fresh out the gates, ain't no room to make mistakes  
Try to make my tapes, but I feel the hoe hate  
Tuck my dick inside in the O-8  
Must of been the way the clip mate with the .45  
No body, no case  
Taste the meat, can't wait to eat  
Keep the street dirty, keep sturdy in your face

(Swartzaniggaz):

Ya'll niggas don't wanna feel my nature rise  
Cuz I get dirty, shoot up shit with my Clint Eastwood  
Leave your neighborhood lookin' like a ghost town,  
nigga  
You standin' on dangerous grounds  
When we come to Sac, better have your automatics on  
loaded status  
Cuz me and my niggas be on the savage, leavin' no  
prints  
Not givin' ya'll niggas a inch, cuz I'ma lynch you  
Fry your guts like Sizziline  
Have your homie reminiscing' about your gangsta lean  
Nigga, it ain't no fuckin' with my clique  
You can dial 911, but it ain't no rescue  
Man, I hope the dear Lord bless you  
Next to this nigga, ain't no one's nuts bigger  
Clutch your guts nigga, fuckin' with this Swartzanigga  
Cuz I done lost it, taggin' niggas like a pit bull with  
rabies  
Gone off 40 ounces of O.E.  
Creepin' up on you, like doin' my Magnum P.I.  
Lazy Eye with Lil' Blacc Mile  
Smokin' a hard dick for killin'

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