

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Flippin Chiccens"

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[Chorus]

We flip more birdies than Kernels chicken  
And I ain't shit without my niggas and my bitches  
Y'all can't see me, 3-D on T.V.  
We the T-H-U-G-L-O-R-D's [x2]

[C-Bo]

Y'all niggas that don't know me why the loc be frontin?  
Just cuz 38 a day I'm bluntin, trey 8 for nuttin  
But incase for the waist for bustin, close range erase  
your bluffin  
Like major snuffin, blaze the oven  
Boiling hot everytime I drop  
Metaphor get caught get addiction like rock on the  
block  
And my glock closed down shop  
It's like "Cops" I'm a Bad Boy  
Catch me frontin back in the rag, boy  
C-Bo keep niggas all up in they peepholes  
But hold up I'm lethal like blowin up a Reagle  
Full of your people, Desert Eagles to your kids  
I'm sick and I can't help myself  
Somebody please help me before they melt me  
But naw dog you ever felt me  
So it's a must that I clutch guns pop pills  
To keep my feelings real, illings will but hold up  
It's a bust of the dough blow up  
I bet that I make the world get these Nike's like sho nuff

[Chorus 2x]

[C-Bo]

Teck, I'm Cowboy the pistol holder, the missile loader  
Call me Christmas, death wish under the missile toe-ah  
Off of Crys will I piss or throw up? They diss and load  
up  
Roll through the scene with a peace sign as they get  
blowed up  
Mob figure til I die, Westside off the roof with the  
bubble lie  
Y'all don't want no trouble, guy

You rap about all that ice I could had that  
Grab that, make you stab that and blast that but I'ma  
pass that  
We ruthless, we get em up until they toothless  
Killin me on the West Coast nigga it's useless  
I run from Seattle to Dago with my lasso  
Callhourt to Paso, new force from that Avanal  
29th Street to Avalon  
Long Beach, Compton, Watts, E.C's and Magnums  
357, Ghost Town, Gebermona  
Hoovers and 6-O's the rest better get ghost  
Fuck with real niggas that bang  
Not a bitch ridin a dick or the next nigga gang  
With a teck that I stang from the neck to the brain  
When I step in the range I get respect you know I flame  
Boilin hot, make my gat roar on the spot  
Disrespect the block fuck how much they got, the cops  
When my weasle go pop you gets the last sound  
If he ain't dead when I dump then we beat his ass down

[Chorus 2x]

[C-Bo]

I pack two glocks, drop bodies with two shots  
Run a code if they got bitch it's gots on the rocks  
When my pen and pad connect, plaques I collect  
Then gats I collect to keep these nacks in check  
You wanna handle this with guns the stamina, son  
I run tons for Pamela, one show shit forget the dough  
I'm all in the get the blow  
Fully automatic, cuzz, you know how shit get go  
Flipmode when shit work more than a ship load  
And a grip flip like in a double zip code  
Your whole city locked down til the big bird drop  
Cut for the recoppin color gettin for the block  
Dancin, ballin snortin coke at the mansion  
Add a mill plus like what the fuck  
Ecstasy pills and kill, boy we play in the fields  
And that 4 mill we spent sittin way in the hills

[Chorus 2x]

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