

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "Fundamentals Of Ripgut Cannibalism"

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hit the dank n took my glock off lock  
n on, to the 21st block  
im rollin in a drop top  
fever zero that black criminal  
mac mac nigga that pop pop  
a couple of rounds n when i test'em  
ey fuck a smith n wesson  
i got my 9 at my chest n  
i got my dime bag of stress weed  
a 40oz of OE n  
im creepin up on some niggas in a mobb n a nigga  
claimin OG (pop)  
\*something i cant understand\*  
so wrap that nigga up  
put'em in a herse n im hittin 50  
goin sideways to the next light  
you know  
n i hit that corner of 24th street  
some nigga be nuggin lynch  
n i aint fittin to get got  
ima shoot before im shot  
for the fact that im smokin up this:  
double u- double e d(weed)  
reachin in the glove box  
for the welfare weed thats fillin a nigga's sock  
so its like  
dead bodies in an oldsmobile  
while im skirt past the corner with an empty 9 and some  
burban  
right  
i just adjust to the fact that niggas aint got no hope  
im fillin'em up with 16  
and lettin em know:

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