

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "Get Bacc Time"**

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[Damn nigga what you been doin'?]  
I'm still walkin' this walk nigga  
[Uh, heard that shit]  
So watch out  
[Verse 1]  
See you know us nigga, we run up in ya house  
Run up in ya room and put the gun up in ya mouth  
Next thing you know, you just one up in a pouch  
That's what you fuckin' wid when you come up in the  
South  
I spit slugs, I be off them drugs kick it wid thug niggas  
Plug niggas, with blood on the rug  
Nigga we got gut splitters and shovels we  
gravediggers  
Wid troublesome ways and we bubble some days and  
some days  
We shovel ya grave and we wrinkle ya page  
We got shooters on the team like the Lakers we post up  
And then bake 'em wid the toaster  
From long distance or close up  
We send 'em heat rocks, put 'em up under the  
sheetrock  
Cheap talk, makin' all the streets hot  
With the heat from the glock  
And I pop holes in ya Chevy block  
And I pop those if ya ready or not get set go  
Burn you with the petrol, wet those niggas wid cold  
showers  
Crept on them niggas and they laid out wid gun powder  
That's one route I'm full of them scams  
Pull and advance through your livin' room window  
Then I'm leavin' wid blood on my hands  
I'm a nympho, murder ya kinfolks two to the temple  
Lay 'em on the ground from the five pound it's that  
simple  
You know me nigga, I stay up in the cut  
Every chance I get I get way up in a slut  
Every once in a while I gotta touch a nigga up  
So I hit the bomb and split ya palm wid paper cuts  
I'm a oven when it comes to this thuggin' I spit fire  
Chop ya lil rhymes to bits, 'til I'm tired  
Of the ecstasy and 'yac and kool-aid nigga I'm wired

I'm a sicc nigga I rip out ya bottom teeth wid the pliers  
And I'm ti

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