

Brotha Lynch Hung

"Good Night"

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[Verse 1:]

I mix it with a bit of bakin soda,
In this crack sack in the back pack before I make em
older,
I put em in the game, nigga imma franchise player,
Put it in his brain, nigga, than a zen dialator,
Roll in the quiet, I pull heavy metal when you can fry
quick,
Like sizzline, all I wanna know, is is he clean,
If its not, it's right off the levy, smash off in a Chevy,
If it's hot, smoke up the whole area like Richard Petty
In his brains and his guts in his backseat, lookin like
spaghetti in the pot,
Ready or not, I stay steady with the shot
From long distance for instance break out like Eddie
Rock
Before I'm leavin em leavin you bleedin on yo block

[Chorus:]

Good night, don't even fight, just let it go,
And too many live, when they get hit with the technical,
I don't sweat it though, I just roll,
I ain't gotta prove it I just know,
It's all ready betta get used to it

[Verse 2:]

I do hose, so if you see me on the streets and you got,
beef,
Believe me nigga I do blow hella niggas brains out,
Fuckin wit mine, cuz what I do got, I got it while I was
stuck on the grind,
Carryin two glocks, gettin off these rocks, gettin my
rocks off,
Fuckin slut bitches with nines and to the cops soft
fuckin stuff dicks in ya mind,
Fuckin ya block off, nigga, fuck you faggots, you
niggas cock-soft

[Chorus:]

Good night, don't even fight, just let it go,
And too many live, when they get hit with the technical,

I don't sweat it though, I just roll,
I ain't gotta prove it I just know,
It's all ready betta get used to it

[Verse 3:]

I'll put ya brains in a trash compactor, I'm smashin
backwards,
And blastin at ya spot with the mac n,
I gets to crackin like a bad hair gaskin,
I'll take ya nuts, to ya momma in a basket,
I don't give a fuck, touch em up quicker than earl shine,
Dip on that ass in the pearl white and then good night,
Don't even fight, just let it go, and too many live,
When they get hit with the technical, but I don't sweat it
though,
Imma blocc nigga like C-Bo, make ya bleed slow,
Jumpin over you niggas like I was Eval Knievel,
When I hit that right strapped up, you G niggas betta
back up, pack up,
Cuz bodies bout to stack up, when the moseroty wearin
black stuff,
And I'm back in the cut, fuckin it up, you young niggas
betta wait yours,
Imma sicko psycho run in the house get so psycho
blood type-O
Dancin with the devil with my hands on heavy metal,
oh,
On every level go, when I put the pedal to the flo
It's good night...

[Verse 4:]

Some say I'm sicka than syphilis nigga get the picture?
I'll rip ya spleen out and cook it and go have dinner wit
ya,
I'm sicker than head like Charles Michael than it takes,
to get ya,
To paint different pictures if it's in the way hit ya with
the siccness,
Get this nigga imma keep it gangsta,
See you in the club and run up on ya ass then bank ya,
Ain't the, nigga to be fuckin with when I got revenue,
If anybody got niggas that are rubia pop you nigga
Kevin do,
I gots ta keep it that way, carry the outlaw like who is
you?
I'm in grand blue like imma Dallas cowboy,
24 on my jersey hit em up by the 03,
In the morning catch em stretchin and yawnin and
stretch em out,
on a [??? west so 30??], I put em in trash bags and put
em in the backyard,

like I was livin in Baghdad, I be givin niggas they hat
back,
And they heart in my backpack, and they guts and they
nuts,
And they intestines up in the Cadillac,
Good night, don't even fight, I split that black flag,
Niggas got it mixed up like baking soda in a crack
sack,
Gotta get ya back cracked open, imma southside
strangler,
Creepin up in all black like Oakland imma be the thang
in ya

[Chorus: x4]

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