

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Gotta Die Soon"

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Well fuck you too  
Shit I know I gotta die soon anyway  
Fuckin wit me I have you bustin niggas any day.  
Yeah that's how i gotta be.  
With a murder on my shoulders,  
Now I'm a straight O.G.

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I couldn't trust a nigga in my family.  
So how the fuck you think I could trust you.  
You don't understand me.  
I got problems too, my mama just died.  
And I can't stop drinkin on e. (??)  
And I'm predicting my death.  
My guess is bleeding I can feel it in me.  
I don't want no body at my funeral.  
So fuck you fake ass bitches.  
Cause all you wanted was my riches.  
I wasn't even rich.  
I made you think that.  
I was with a fucked up record company.  
But now I'm right back.  
Its all siccmade music though, that's how Paul made it.  
So fuck blackmarket.  
And shots to X- raided.  
Nigga we go way back.  
Labels can't keep us apart.(??)  
I don't give a fuck what them niggas are telling you.  
Nigga you in my heart.  
And I hope I'm in yours.  
But if I'm not, Damn.  
Just another relationship in the frying pan (ssssss)  
I got it.  
Expand the plans seperate from the hatas (???)  
But if you ever in my town hit me up when you touch  
down.  
So many niggas been waitin to drop.

Half of em talkin dirty about your rigged up partna  
Funk startin up for nothin, no lovin.  
Shit, the heaters in the oven.  
If you ready to cook somethin don't make me have to  
hook somethin  
For me muggin.  
Cause niggas i'm quicker than bombs(??)  
You on me one minute and the next they flipping hate  
in their senses.(??)  
But that aint gonna get you no scratch ola.  
Because the worlds cold like the polar.  
You can get your bullet proof coat or you can get tow  
up.

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I paid for my own mama's funeral.  
I know you don't give a fuck  
I just felt that you should know,  
Cause you supporting me, just the know the shit I spit is  
real.  
And if I have to kill, you can have this on some dc(??)  
you can know the fucking deal.  
From '91 to 2 mil.  
All I knew was siccmade.  
Nobody wanted to kick it then.  
So all I could do was get paid.  
Dropped a couple tapes and I had to change up.  
Niggas threw a curve in the game.  
And the game got stranger.  
But I be the re-arranger.  
Call me yo homie then yo stranger.  
Hit em up wit one finger.

One thumb, never high anger.  
And the thing was mother fuckers didn't love me.  
See me in the streets and it could get ugly.  
Like the inside of an ass crack.  
As that real bitch could be pass that (??)  
I'll be the last dragon.  
Passed sackin.  
Magnum in the black cat.  
For the niggas because they fuck me like dream cats.  
Get dumped in the casket.  
Now I don't fucked my whole career up.  
Because the millimeter blasted.  
But I put them out to fast.(??)  
And that's real.  
That shit spill bloody molasses.  
Down floods out to cook cavil.  
Because me and my homie really don't give a fuck.  
We peel yourself if we got to.  
Drop you.  
Way down in the cupboard  
Where niggas can forget all about you.  
Doubt you.  
Feel you can touch me anyway nigga.  
You better stay wit about 50 pounds of heat a day  
nigga.  
And all them niggas that hate.  
You know they envy you.  
I wouldn't have learned it but its obvious.  
You know this niggas don't wanna squab wit us.  
Puff them up like puffy stuff.  
That's definite.  
Pull the trigger .  
Leaving nothing left.  
Then clean up your whole set with it.  
The block is gonna represent.  
That's why I'm throwing up the double c's.

You talking about fuck me nigga.  
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