

Brotha Lynch Hung "Liquor Sicc"

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[Hung]

Look up in the sky it's a motherfuckin slug
Some nigga done let one off and only my cousins
sheddin' blood
That loccest muthafucka from 29 st. throwin up his flag
so nigga got madd and went to the crib with a .45 mag
returned to the set-up and let my cousin have it
that nigga that died for the garden blocc
gang did time for the garden blocc
and ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket but i dont
be givin a fuck
im tappin up in your program before you know it
I'm creepin up on ya in a licorice dark black drop-top
broham
with a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk
and a fat purple cush blunt so call it what you want
I call it the fever of da funkhouse
Dumpin gauge shells in that ass leavin you face down
chest down with a gang of guts hangin out yo ass
nigga
you know tha process they wanna kill me
now I'm a dead man walkin to my funeral can you feel
me
now and if die before your set gets blasted
that's on the garden cause I'm gonna rise up out my
casket

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control
so load your clips loccs cause we ridin for our foes

[Hung]

And im out in 6 5' hardtop impala lookin for that 187

there we go and right behind em bustin wit my mack 11
straight bumpa to bumpa 12 gage pump was that little
X loccsta
givin up his set dumpin on niggas just like hes
supposed ta
nigga this is real deal shit its not about crip or blood
it's about pay back that family loves

so nigga now fuck yo whole click
like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me fo my fuckin tapes
them baby rapes so nigga get out my fuckin face
If I was really bangin niggaz would know
cause I'd have they whole set lookin like L.A. when da
earthquake hit
nigga fuckin wit my tek I'm from da garden blocc
No matter what nobody say I'm makin my money
and not lettin that bangin shit get in my way
Niggaz get mad they wanna see the lynch rippin
I'm wearing blue yeah but motherfucker I ain't even
trippin
but for cousin Q-Ball, Mr.Doc, and Sicx my cousin
eclipse
and 2 of my kidz nigga catch these clips

Chorus

[Hung]

There aint no fuckin way my cousin's
gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation
there aint no fuckin way that motherfucker died for that
blocc
so lets heat them motherfuckin glocks (2x)

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