

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Liquor Sicc"

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[Brotha Lynch]

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  
Some nigga got mad and went to the crib with a.45  
Mag  
Returned to the set-up and let my cousin have it  
The nigga that died for the Garden Blocc gang  
Did time for the Garden Blocc  
And ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket but I don't  
be givin a fuck  
I'm tappin up in your program, Before you know it  
I'm creepin up on ya in a licorice, dark black, drop-top  
Brougham  
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 Gardens cause I'm gonna rise up out my  
casket

[Chorus] [2X]

I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control  
So load your clips loccs cause we ridin for my folks

[Brotha Lynch]

And I'm out in 65' Hardtop Impala, lookin for that 187  
There he go and right behind em bustin wit my Mac-11  
Straight bumpa to bumpa, 12 gage pumpin was that  
little X locsta  
Givin up his set and dumpin on niggas just like he's  
supposed ta  
Nigga this is real deal shit, it's 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] [2X]

I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control  
So load your clips loccs cause we ridin for my folks

[Brotha Lynch] [2X]

There aint no fuckin way  
My cousin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation  
There aint no fuckin way  
That motherfucker died for the Blocc  
So lets heat them motherfuckin glocks

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