

Brotha Lynch Hung "Maniac Ridaz"

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[Soldado Joke Dogg]

I'm gangsta steppin
Representin my block
Jokes be the name
702 comin through yo hood
Putting hollow slugs all up in your brain
Throw it up for ya gang
I'm givin a fuck
I be the one that be gunnin for fun
Sin City gang with a bang
Really think you can hang with the sick ass Sin City
thugs
Fuck No!
I'm ridin dirty
With the heat in my hand
Stay bumpin when I'm swervin
All day, steady curbin
Wonderin why the bottle keeps turnin
I'm creepin and callin your homies
Up on it and you callin for help
But nobody's there
Now I'm the suspect of a bloodbath
And I left him dead 'cause nobody cares
Joke Doggy Dogg bringin heat everywhere that I go
'Cause a gangsta like me gotta watch his back
And a bulletproof vest on my chest in case anybody
blast
Fuck that I'm ridin
Wearin all black wit a hard hat hangin low over my eyes
And the briefcase sittin right by my side
9-milla glock and a chrome.45
And I know that all of my murderers
Heard of this gangsta, crackin necks
Runnin all night with a jet black 9
In a g-ride killin up your whole set
Givin a damn with a strap in my hand
Unloadin on every puto that I can
Fuckin up playas up in Las Vegas
Erasin these hataz is the masterplan bitch

[Chorus: Eklypss]

So now,

Whatchu gon' do when we hit them sticks
And hit your block like some maniac ridaz
So sick and do shit to you Ripley's wouldn't believe
We got some other sick tricks hidden up our sleeve
So just pass the liquor
Pass the weed
Pass us the PCP
And you gon' see
How we pull straps out of a hat and bust caps
And make you bitch ass niggaz take foreverlong naps

[Eklypss]

I twist 'em up like a tornado
Turn tasmanian
Crack a cranium
Devlish like that evil motherfucker Damien
Cuttin loose
I'm startin funk like farts
Doom juice with doom roots
I'm rippin fruit loops apart
I'm infested with doom
Infected with the plague
Got a bitch to lick my wounds
My enemies is dead
Pay attention, did I mention I'm down with Siccmade
niggaz?
That'll kill a bitchmade nigga
Twist 'em like a french braid nigga
Jump on a plane
We meetin Osama Bin Laden
You betta jump on your cellular phone
And call your mama
'Cause aint nobody gon' make it home
It's all drama
As I parachute up out that motherfucker
I yell Geroni-mo
But you don't hear me though
At 30, 000 feet up in the air, it's impossible
See I'm that nigga
That'll land in a bitches yard
Dick hard enough to cut through her patio glass and in
barge
And get my fuck on
Up in her crib
I don't need her permission
'Cause I aint gonna let her live
I stay sick with it
And come equipped with it
After I finish with that bitch they know Eklypss did it

[Chorus: Eklypss]

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[Pit]

I'm fresh out the county jail
Just graduated from an anger management program
I like to punish niggaz
Slow your roll like a traffic jam
It's the nigga with a smile turned upside down
I keep it rough neck style
I walk the walk
I talk the talk
It aint that punk David Banner
It's the motherfuckin hawk
Chokin bitch niggaz out
But I keep it gangsta with the sawed-off
Your body hauled off
Cause your motherfuckin face'll be tore off
Gotta keep it gangsta
'Cause we dog bitch niggaz
Got itchy fingers
Along with triggas that'll scratch em
And load 'em up, unload 'em
And let bitch niggaz have it
Ghetto savage
My claws 3 loaded automatics
That'll rip your ass like Wolverine
When I'm on that Ol' E and Listerine
A gruesome scene,
Seeing your homie gettin shot in the neck
Have your bitch ass smokin a stick
Just to deal with his death
Now, 1 plus 1 equals 2
That's what I assume
It mean bitch niggaz hang with other bitch niggaz
I got him now I'm comin after you
I'm wicked and doom
So hop your bitch ass in this infected canoe
Make no mistake
Yeah nigga you dead
I take his soul across the foggy lake
No escape

Bring the chalk
And the yellow tap
It's just another flat-footed cop
Closin a bloody murder case
I aint playin no games
And I aint speakin in riddles
But you niggaz is sweet and colorful
Like a bag of skittles
All about my skrilla and bittles
Always packin pistols
It's kinda mystical
My thug niggaz appear like ninjas
Off my gangsta whistle
Apocalyptic, season if the sickness
You must repent
I reveal your strongest weakness
When I hit yo block and leave you wicked
Some niggaz call me a demon
'Cause I see the future livin gruesome
Snoop on a snake ass nigga like an eagle
Sin City dark angel

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