

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "Manision Mysteries"**

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My be some lecage in my clique some niggaz  
Den ran up in my shit forced to use the 4 fifth  
Leaven um layin in old 8 english piss got me all  
Stressin and sicc pickin up bodies and draggin um  
Body baggin um tryna get it all done befor the wagin  
Come stashin um a put the scarface on the tv  
Put the volume up to 10 and a half that way when the  
Police come alpachino bust a cap i got away with  
The killin it was self defence i had to rince niggas  
Off the hallway walls yellin like a physco when i  
Pulled it i was cuttin every bullet plenty of full  
Clips fuck um feed um gut tips got a tool kit fill  
Um kill um up shit i puttin niggas on the ground  
Wit it fuck niggas who aint down wit it they could  
Hit the back door see imma hand dis im scandles  
Like a preacher teacher if i gotta trip imma heat ya  
Meat ya i swear im seriuos herious feriuosly hittin  
Chest place i hitt the niggas up quick and had it all  
cleand

Up by the next day cause.

(hook)

I was shootin through the hallways tryna hit every thing  
in sight

Thinkin in my mind i knew this shit could happen

One night gotta hit that one left then i hit that one right  
now

Im in the room loadin up the y cleff quite steps click  
click

Boom nigga what u doin here don't u know i got

Kids see hold up he aint dead yet one mo to the

Ribs im tryna give body parts to relative like nigga u

Don't get it it cut when it did it nigga nuts and guts

Splitt when i did it.

(Verse 2)

Night after night i had another thought of distructin  
until this evening

Couldnt believe they ran up in my home wit the heat  
buckin my babies

Watchin it front row seated with the crome to my neck  
mama no

Pain right know but later on dow

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