

Brotha Lynch Hung

"Mannibalector"

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[Intro]

Not again, fool, come on, man.

Alright, alright, check it out

Personal belongings in the basket

I got a bag for you right here, so just put the clothes in there

And take off them motherfuckin' boots too, I got some new ones for you

Go ahead and holler at me when you're done

I'll be in the back room, I got some shit for you, so

[Verse 1: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Now, that I know it's time to eat

I can feel it in my gut and I'm 'bout to run up

And put a gun up in 'em, cut up in 'em

Autocratic, automatic reaper

I will leave 'em bleedin' in the street with the heater

Diabolical, after I follow you I eat your meat up

Why he's hollow, I swallow a bottle as I eat the anatomy

Amityville, Mannibal can and he will

Man I'm an animal, when I'm heatin' 'em up I'm lethal

You don't want to be fuckin' with me, I eat dead people

I'm that nigga that's keepin' body parts in the freezer

Shit, fuck her and leave her

I'd rather put her up until I'm hungry then I eat her

The doctors, the coroners, the cops they'll never see

her

I eat that bitch up quicker than a crocodile, believe it

Now I wish a nigga would, that's what emcees get

These motherfuckers is bitches, I hit 'em in the

cleavage

[Hook: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Yeah, I'm Mannibalector

She's standing there naked, I'm 'bout to get naked

She's tied to the bedpost, I like to give head most

She likes to give head best, blood on the headrest

Strange Music, bitch, you can tell by the necklace

I carry me a chainsaw but this ain't the Texas

Chainsaw Massacre, nigga, worse than the Manson

Murders, I turn 'em to hamburger meat

[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

I put 'em in the trunk of the droptop
I don't wanna get blood on my Pioneer boxtop
Operation make pasta
Makin' it, test the spaghetti noodles, I'm a coo-coo
And a local in the? with a cleaver in the dresser

Butcher knife and machete, I do you in the poop chute
Poke 'em and I undress 'em and leave 'em in the recipe
I told you I was an atheist, eatin' 'em with lettuce and
meat
Puttin' niggas in a wok pot, takin' niggas to the chop
shop
Niggas is as soft as a box of cotton
Niggas be off that oxycotton
Probably rotten 'em, body rotten
Obviously potty tottened
Probably not in danger yet, internet cable
Watchin' ID channel cause I'm able
And cocaine in cellophane wrapped up under the table
Ready to murder rappers, cut 'em and clap 'em, reppin'
the label
Blue house in the stable, mini Macs on the table
Tornado, NATO, egos get? and they know

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Fresh out the motherfuckin' county jail
Pillows with no feathers and the county smell
Black sweat t-shirt, brown as hell
If a nigga try to fuck with me I crown his head
He don't wanna get bloody does he?
I'mma have to get muddy, buddy
Hit 'em with the chainsaw, Cuddy
Leavin' his brains raw, dummy
I'm gonna have to get silly putty
I'm gonna have to hit 'till he's ugly
I'm gonna have to get really ugly
Killing Cuddy, killing Cuddy
Mr. McGillicuddy, he's the high school teacher
Used to take the bitch to the closet to teach her
Until he took my daughter to the closet to teach her
Now I'm usin' his head as my album's main feature
Serial killers kill a nigga, I'm timin', I'm the creature
From the black side of town now I'm about to eat?
Cut her up and I eat her, crack domes like Easter
Easter egg, leave me, eat her

[Hook]

[Outro]

This right here, this is traditional brass knuckles
Easily penetrate any vital organs
Uh, this right here, I know you lose this a lot

Sick-ass brain works, so
Youknowwhatl'msayin'

Grrr

Hey, man, give me some bigger pants or somethin'
Some bigger pants

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