

Brotha Lynch Hung

"No D.J"

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Verse 1

We can go one on one
tango with the brotha lynch hung.
I come from under the garden,
looney retarded pull it out
and make ya heart split eatin
ya carcass. Now who think they
the hardest? Start it we can load
those cartridges. Niggas know me
it's that nigga that's in the casket.
It's my bedroom no it aint cause I
got blasted as you quicc and learn
call me the west best. red like
asbestos test us get two to the chest
Yes i'm a bowl the hole in ya victimized
holdin that ice picc steady cloccin
them victims eyes now you really couldn't
see me be me i'm spreadin this siccness
easy like it's a VD i'm a hit niggas up
like creepy please believe me rappers
picc up the cd and they find out they
beneath me on the franchise like Keke
Vandaway put the body in the plastic
and drive the van away.

Chorus X2

With no D.J. with out my D.J.
With no D.J. with out my D.J.
With no D.J. with out my D.J.
With no D.J. with out my with out

Verse 2

Now all the ladies in the house
throw ya M's up made sicc music
till they lay a nigga in the cut
I wish I could pull you on stage
and put it in the butt, but shit
goes down I might have to shoot
your man up since he claimed he
was a fan of lynch, but now he
didn't share his bitch now he's

out the picture like fucc that
nigga knife rippin that trigga
right aye meet me at the car
I'm a make sure it hit you right
you dicc van dyke i'm a get the
clip that night A.K.A act right
put a bullet up in yo gut side
then I'm a step slide over to
6 fo I'm a skitzo paccin a pistol
opposite of his skull cause I hit
fast rip grass get glass quicc fast
shit last to long now I got the tool on
it's goin down i'm bout to shoot up
the place embed it up down i'm about
to shoot up ya face then i'm a burn
up the tapes I'm a motha fuccin serial
killa puttin that poisonin in ya baby's
mommamas cereal here we go all up in ya
stereo like a vanerial hot like lava
partna pop you up in the saliva buccet
fucc it I'm a gangsta I do what I do
I'm blacc when I'm blacc I'm definitely blue
when I'm blue. Who wanted who what's with
it my nigga I dig ditches real fishes
this is the siccnness you missin pissin
this shit and ya stomach's splittin

Chorus

Lynch Speakin:

yeah this songs dedicated to the real spittas
in the game shouts out to lil buttpain we in
the top five spittas of all time my nigga
holla at cha boy

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