

Brotha Lynch Hung "On My Briefcase"

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(Lynch):

Now on my briefcase was some crumbled weed
A pack of Saravegas and a 24 ounce O.E.
Might as well skeez these couple of hoes
In my 69 Malibu sittin' on trues and vogues
For days you might have seen me in my cinnamon cut
chrome shoes
With some you can't see me tint on the windows Indo
syndrome
Smokin' it up, not givin' a muthafuckin' fizuck
Sold the cut, my ex-hoe said that nigga's sqautin'
what?
Got at the homie Carl, and got some of that bomb
Had me so fuckin' high I got off like Vietnam
Dead bodies and bitches clits simmerin' in the crock
pot
And the shit don't stop until my muthafuckin' chronic or
high drop
It's just that insane type of thang, let the Mac rain guts
in the drain
Siccmade niggas they make the world go round
And if you fuck with Siccmade Music you can get your
ass gunned down

(Phonk Beta):

I had a homie who stayed up in Alaska, used to transfer
flights over Nebraska
And flew me back about a ounce of that Alaska Indica
weed
And out of the whole zip possessed one seed
Had it wrapped real tight all up in cellophane
Can't have the K-9 dogs smell it, man
If only you saw what I was seein', the buds was almost
pure white, not green
Had to be one of those one hitter quitter dome splitters
That's the type a tweed that makes you wanna fuck
your baby-sitter

I roll a fattie, when I roll this fattie
Niggas'll be all noid wonderin' why they lookin at me
Bitches have the nerve to say my shit ain't bomb
But it'll have your lungs burnin', like your puffin' on

napalm

(Zagg):

I wipe that sweat up off my forehead, I'm off the
cusche
Lay back and take a comfortable hit, with a Q-tip, it's
splittin' my lips
And my dome stays split off toothpicks
I hit a lick with a quickness, dumpin' dead bodies in
ditches
Appreciate the fact, come correct, cuz I could be
vicious
Suspicion, comin' up on recognition I'm creepin' up
from behind
With a 12 gauge, non-fiction, I'm all prepared to go for
mine
So step in line, a couple of hits, dome split, I be lit on a
for real base
With a machete I'll slice your neck just like them Jason
cases
Murder traces, but I ain't pinned cuz there's no
evidence
Slight scent of that purple cusche plant, and I can
almost sense the essence
What's the lesson? Get tested, don't come if you can't
come correct
It's that West Coast shit for life I don't know what you
expected
I'm reckless, nevertheless I'm a pimp in a bulletproof
vest
Puttin' it down, pound for pound, you need to take a
step down
50 caliber rounds, I'm runnin' through your whole town
Buckin' em down like Doom set on deathmatch with the
BFG-9000 cartoon

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