

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "One A Da Las Sicc Niggaz"**

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Lynch x1

Im one 'a da las' sicc niggaz that you heard thus far

You can bump me at the crib

Or while you off that nitro in your car

But i don't say that to say that im a superstar

But if u get high

Then u can feel me no matter who u are.

Now i got medieval

And i had to leave them weak niggaz alone

Situation dirty

Squeaky clean

Brotha lynch hung.

That's right i gotsta have my weed

Lord knows im a fiend

(this nigga don't respect me)

45 for the piece.

Nigga please

I be spendin g's

Hold up nigga freeze

Come up off that weed now u done fucked around and  
went up on me.

I want that whole zip lock full of shamrock

And if you ditch it in yo pocket I'ma heat the heat and  
leave you in a

Meat lock

Now dats my nogga

Hes to the side with a mask on

Im's give u 15 percent so if u need to get yo blast on

And that's a fat zone

That's a good start

U can sac off to the service

(or what)

Take it to the heart.

Im a lil nigga

Thinkin big

Cut yo nuts off and leave you screamin like a starved  
pig

Hold you hostage in yo crib

Plan the whole stuation out so I got first dibs.

Now bigger than life is how I comin out

Rigorous and vigorous

You niggaz know what im talkin bout.

I want cheese and lettuce in my wallet so fetish  
And im on a break through like Jerome Bettis pro  
status.  
All this time i got grime on my mind  
Every dime i spend it on some weed and some studio  
time  
Drink Ol E out the Mickeys big mouth  
My point is  
I be in the cut tryna' keep these SHNAKES out my house

(Lynch Hung)  
You know I push play on brain one day  
And it played back some shit-  
Some shit containing  
(some shit containing)  
SHNAKES  
(SHNAKES)  
I mean talk to me  
(serpants)  
Lynch x2  
Im one a da' las sicc niggaz that u heard thus far  
U can bump me at yo crib  
Or while u off that nitro in yo car  
But i don't say that to say that im a superstar  
But if u get high u can feel me no matter who u are.  
Nigga now i shit lyrics  
But i can't use 'em  
Have yo son trippin  
Brotha lynch hung loopin (loopin)  
They be off that bottle talkin bout brotha lynch be talkin  
bout  
Sick shit  
I heard he ate his mama out.  
Now how this mothafucka gon' write some shit  
Bout the brotha lynch hung  
Cause he killin in his songs  
He said-  
That niggas shit tight  
But he aint shit  
He said-  
God as my witness i heard he fucked thim biytches  
Which is supposed to be wrong criticizing my love song  
U hit the rope  
Fuckin with the brotha lynch hung.  
Roll information, make intimidation  
Catch u on yo weed high (weed high)  
Ill tow u up like a pitch bin  
Feelin dick hard when you better get yo bitch in  
It gets thin  
And im off this Black & Mild shit  
Tall Can told me it's smooth and now im buyin boxes of

it  
Tryin to relax and deal with these taxes  
Cause they be at my checks with them axes  
20 sac's  
Im in the backseat  
Im licenseless  
Hope my mothafuckin babys mam aint no shiesty bitch  
She wanna publish shit  
Aight that's cool  
She want some other shit  
Get off the hydro too.  
Niggas think i always talk about em cause i talk shit  
My worst nightmare is killin my bitch for tryin to get my  
grits  
Im like Marc Spits  
I swim a channel for my shit  
And watch yo heart split  
Im doin damage to yo biytch (doin damage to yo  
biytch)  
And while yo heart switch you better remember where  
you came from  
Biytch.

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