

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Q-Ball"

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(INTRO)

(Playing Pool in the background)

(Q-Ball Q-Ball Q-Ball)

So what really happened nigga? I understand ain't nobody did shit. Ain't nobody did shit for my cuzzin. Where dem niggaz at dat said dey'd put it all on da line? Cuz nigga... only a child could empty a gun toward da sky. I gotta know where niggaz' heads at, cuz my cuzzin still ain't got no peace yet. So all you muthafuckas wanna know where I stand? Nigga I stand right next to my cuzzin E Mill nigga, you know what I'm sayin? And dat's on da Blocc nigga. However you wanna handle dat shit nigga.

[Brotha Lynch]

Look up in da sky! It's a muthafuckin slug!

Some nigga done let one off and only my cuzzin sheddin blood

Dat loccest muthafucka from twenty ninth street throwin up his flag

Sum nigga got mad

And went to da crib fo da 44 mag

Return to da set up and let my cuzzin have it

Da nigga dat die for da Garden Blocc Gang, did time for da Garden Blocc

And ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket, but I don't be givin a fuck

I'm tappin up in yo program

Before you know it I'm creepin up on you in a licorice dark black drop top Brougham

Wit a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk

and a fat Purple Kush blunt

So call it what u want

I call it da fever of da funk house

Dumpin gauge shells in dat ass

Leavin ya face down, chest down wit a gang of guts  
hangin out yo ass

Nigga, you know da process. They wanna kill me now

I'm a dead man walkin till my funeral can you feel me  
now?

And if I die, before yo set get blasted

Dat's on da Gardens IÂ'ma rise up out my casket

[Chorus]

(2X)

I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control

So load yo clips, loccs, cuz we ridin for my folks

[Brotha Lynch]

And I'm out in da 6-5, hard top impala lookin for dat  
187

There he go! And I'm right behind him bustin wit my  
Mac-11

Straight bumper ta bumper 12 gauge pumpin was dat  
lil lex loccsta

Givin up his set and dumpin on niggaz just like he  
supposed ta  
Nigga dis is real deal. Shit, it's not about crip or blood

It's about payback, dat family love

So nigga now fuck yo whole clique

Like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me for my fuckin tapes

Dem baby rapes, so nigga get out my fuckin face

If I was really bangin niggaz would know cuz I'd have  
they whole set

Lookin like LA when da earthquake hit. Nigga, fuckin  
wit my Tec

I'm from da Garden Blocc no matter what nobody say

I'm makin my money not lettin dat bangin shit get in my  
way

Niggaz get mad, they wanna see da Lynch rippin

I'm wearin blue gear, but muthafucka, I ain't even  
trippin

But for my cuzzin Q Ball, Mr. Docc & Six

My cuzzin Eclipse and two of my kids, nigga, catch  
these clips

[Chorus]

(2X)

I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control

So load yo clips, loccs, cuz we ridin for my folks

(OUTRO)

[Brotha Lynch]

There ain't no fuckin way

My cuzzin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation

There ain't no fuckin way

Dat muthafucka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem  
muthafuckin glocks

There ain't no fuckin way

My cuzzin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation

There ain't no fuckin way

Dat muthafucka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem  
muthafuckin glocks

You know what I'm sayin? This time it ain't gon be  
shootin in da muthafuckin air nigga.

We takin out bones you know. Cuz dat nigga woulda  
did it for us you know.

I gotta do what I gotta do; you know what I'm sayin?

Tried to sit up here and do my music thang you know?

Then my cuzzin got rolled on you know? Dem niggaz  
from da Garden don't do nuthin now, we all gon get  
rolled up.

Like a fat ass blunt nigga. So wassup?

I'm puttin my life on da line for dis shit, they wanna kill  
me cuz I'm rappin, you know what I'm sayin? Wassup  
niggaz?

Dedicated to my cuzzin Q Ball. Rest In Peace nigga.

To dem otha muthafuckas, fuck peace.

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