

Brotha Lynch Hung "Raw Edge Bullshit"

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Sicx (with Brotha Lynch):

Take a nigga like Lynch goin' head up with the bullshit,
with the nine

(While my niggas gettin loaded off St. Idez)

Never let a devil go jailbait,

the bounty fuck so many wieghts, he dont trip off a
?????

Lynch'll be that nigga that finds'em and greets'em,
punks like ya'll will be the one that feeds ya.

Brotha Lynch Hung:

We rush'em a drank, and let'em try to act grown
have the 40 gone, to the head, so its on....

Sicx:

To the crib, forget the fuckin motel shot,

30 bucks for a nut in a bitch, I think not

And even if ya muthaphukkin bank grows phat, if I was
you,

I'd say that I use to pay for the fuckin claps,
that the little bitch gave ya,

But niggas'll never learn, split ya fuckin dick perm

Brotha Lynch Hung (with Sicx):

Niggas on the triple bout it muthaphukkin broke ass
bitch, whos in it

(The triple Sicx), and Brotha Lynch Hung, we let a....

(Bitch), be a (bitch), till hes use to it,

it aint nothin but some raw edge bullshit...

Chorus:(2x)

Ba-da-da-dee-da-da-da-da-da-daaaaa

hahaha slum bitch you still miss

ya dont stop, just ya average everyday straight proper
bitch

Brotha Lynch (with Sicx):

Lynch, givin it up smooth, the Lynch with the
muthaphukkin roll

Triple to the muthaphukkin , (Sicx, with the
muthaphukkin dough)

And every bitch wanna slang with this,

and ounce to the bounce so dont grind no slang,

Brotha Lynch Hung, bitch I cant take it no mo',
put ya titties in the crack of the doe then open up slow
And everything where I left it, you can either be mad,
such dick and accept it.

Sicx:

I got a nut for a bitch, who be a squirell who found one,
same fuckin bitch with the hand job...

Brotha Lynch Hung:

Call me the Brotha Lynch Hung,
never let'em out the house,
never let'em off the dick, you dont like wsup?
Never let'em off the bitch,
dont ever try and roll a Sicx....

Sicx:

Get the money and GO!
The bounties on the dice game,
a hand full of 10's and a pocket full of cocaine,

But my dimes too small, so Im'a grab my 8Ball
and go for the dice brall,
A young ass nigga wit a ol' man roll,
the gauges double up cuz the grinds too slow,
Still hittin niggas with the Tre and the 4,
the devils in the door with my nine held low,
The creek mobs loadin'em up,
muthaphukkas better know wsup,
dont look up punk! BLAM!
A nine for ya niggas that are use to it,
it aint nothin but some raw edge bullshit...

Chorus: (2x)

Ba-da-da-dee-da-da-da-da-da-daaaaa
hahaha slum bitch you still miss
ya dont stop, just ya average everyday straight proper
bitch

Brotha Lynch Hung (with Sicx):

True Lynch with the brotha, (Fuck'em all)
to the raw edge bullshit,
Niggas on the same ol' trip,
about the same ol' bitch,
while me and Triple Sicx,
Bound to make a switch everyother week,
now nigga got beef punk nigga you a BITCH(BITCH,
too)!

Sicx:

Hit ya too hard with the raw edge bullshit,

steady stressin with the Triple Sicx,
Fuck'em all Im a Creek thrilla,
load'em up another nigga killa,
hittin niggas with the cemy to the woomb,
Break'em and send'em home bitchin, LYNCH!...

Brotha Lynch Hung (simultaneously; Sicx)
I got the triple Lynch, called Triple Sicx,
let a nigga be a...
(Bitch till hes use to it,
it aint nothin but some raw edge bullshit),
And to ya niggas with a black God,
Im'a tell'em why.....
"Everybody's gotta live their life...?"

Sicx (with Brotha Lynch); [together]:
Craig did it and the Creek Mob's,
(Niggas never knew wsup), hit'em the
Creekers last night..
Niggas on the same ol' same ol' ,
comin up smooth, while the tens of crack,
nickles with a little moe,
(So give it up for da), give it up for the endangered,
To the Creek, to the Creek Mob, (and we love no
stranger),
For the fact that a young black nigga gotta go AWOL,
(Rush'em wit lead untill we back'em to the wall),
[Let a nigga be a nigga till hes use to it,
it aint nothin but the raw edge bullshit!!]

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