

Brotha Lynch Hung "Reachin' For Fame"

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[Lynch Talking]

Yeh, yeh..

Back at that ass once again

Had to do it, bitch niggaz in the town

Ya know what I'm sayin'

I'ma tell 'em what I know

Know what I know

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Word on the streets is don't quit ya day job

I own spots while you won't even get to own a spot

I'm unconcious sippin' on that sugary Saint I-des

Your raps need that Midas touch while mines rhymes

It's suicide fuckin' wit me, believe it

I'll tuck the fifty cal now cause some niggaz tried to get me

Split me in half like a joint bitch, I had it crackin'

Slugs went flyin' through ya window, nigga I'm the captain

You just rappin' to get by, might have to get to wrapped in a 6-5

Might have to get that truckin' and get locked

Nigga you taste good like sour cream and chives over potatoes

I'm a tornado, you just a puddle

A poodle talkin' shit 'bout to get one put in ya noodle

Biotch ya got the nuts to be attackin' back at me

My chap I'm strapped have the fifty pound metal in the back seat

And it's all legal, got me dumpin' at ya Regal wid the do dirty

Gotta get mine done no matter who hurt me

Every bitch I got I got the key to the spot

Better hide yo bitch before I get the key to your spot

Stand right over ya bed wid yo glock

Put one right in ya head ya whole cake

You ain't even gon' play my shit rock up just like cocaine

You a no name I'm preachin' you still reachin' for fame

[Tall Cann]

Same old shit but a different day

Back at these niggaz like boomerangs

Nigga wanna come around and do my thang

Bangin' these niggaz for the dead issues
Call the paramedics to get you
Not fuckin' wid me in this lifetime
Not

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