

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "RIP"

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[Verse 1] I was a dead man, walking they say, so every night I hit the gates Load the AK and post up, in the window till come day, anyway hey I feel the pay back simmering in my brain The thoughts of death cloud my mind As my locs is gone away Many clips and 24 riches, packed But really, who got my back Bang, now that them blocks done hit the grave I'm killing them off for the old days 24 ways and a 24 sack of that purple kush And make me sicker than sick and even get Ripgut Cannibal if you wish cause fool It's EBK everyday all day to the day I die I'm creepin through yo set with a mini mac 10 AR-15 Ruger with a 12 gauge pump in the trunk and a black beanie disguise That fool that you can't see just cuz of these glocks to locs over my eyes Crept like a black cat with a mac With a mac 10 in my lap and a fat sack of that chronic Loaded up that clip cause i seen some fools wit a fo-fifth So I let 'em have it, ounces of OE 4-0 no doze Indonesian split And a 9 millimeter for da fool that'll dump and pump and put em in a ditch And put em in a grave with that empty 40 ounce bottle and don't leave a drip Then bounce to that ounce in a lac wit a mac and a fat fat sack of dat indo hit I'm sicker than sick them fools you gotta admit when I grab my clip you either gone or get caught with a hot one fool rest in piasssss [Chorus 4x] Call me Agent Double O Deuce 4 Blocc I got that 9 milli glock and ready to put one in your knot "Rest in Piass" [Verse 2] From the reps of the depths of the double O duece foe block With a glock in my pocket full of that sess you betta wear a bulletproof vest When I'm at your set better pack you a tech Cause I'm at your neck with a clip full of that rip Fool don't trip when I put one in your hip That cannibal hannibal now i got a dead man's blood all over my chest and stomach Running to the lac with my strap in the back twist me up a sack And I'm back at the Garden Blocc kicking it with Maniac that's the fool that'll mainly act Sicker than sick when a clip's in progress Put 'em on the ground with a brain full of them nine slugs read him in Reader's Digest Uh I found a new love trickeling in my brain Half of the doja half of the OE half of the fact that I'm that insane Fool it's that

duece foe blockster Where fools never put their glocks  
up And get their blocks up loc you just can't stop us Loc  
to the brain insane with a main game that will maintain  
untouchable Cut your throat and leave you in the street  
with a lynch around your throat Futhermucker, Cause  
you ain't got no love for the block Pop, kind of hot from  
that 24 street block Fool that took a shot rest in piaass  
Chorus 4x

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