

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "Season Of Da Sicc"**

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Hit the dank and took my glock off lock, and off  
To the 21st blocc, I'm rollin in a drop top  
Three for zero that black criminal mac mac nigga  
That pap! pap! me hittin a couple of rounds  
And while I test him, hey fuck a Smith & Wesson  
I got my, nine at my chest and I got my dime bag  
Of stress weed, a 40 oz. of OE and I'm creepin  
Up on some niggas in a mob and a nigga claimin OG,  
Pap! hit him in that dome and it was that nigga's worst  
Put him on the ground wit a brain, full o' dem nine  
slugs  
So wrap that nigga up, put him in a hearse  
And I'm hittin 50, right around that curb, tight,  
Rollin up in a 64, 4 doors sideways to the next light  
(YOU KNOW)  
An I hit that corner of 24 street, some nigga mean  
mugging  
Lynch, and I pop in a clip and I'm not finna get got,  
I'ma shoot before I'm shot for the fact I'm B-U-Double  
D-E-D  
I'm reaching up in my glove box, for the welfare weed  
That's fillin a nigga's siccness so I miss dead bodies  
In an, oldsmobile, up on the curb and while I'm skirtin  
Pass the view wit an empty 9 and some bourbon  
(riiight)  
I just adjust to the fact that niggas aint got no hope  
I'm fillin em up with 16s, and letting em know

### Chorus

It's either that die, or that sickness, and it's the nigga  
that nigga that  
One you come see, with that 9 millimeter meter watch  
them 9 millimeter meat  
Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah come,  
Wikkihtah E-drop, styling,  
If I don't get you with me nina then me, you, scream,  
And two pop nigga that mine in the deuce for the  
deuce  
Without them gun shells, firing, fidda them don't know  
me when me high  
Off them doughshot killa weed, me take-a me nine

millimeter nine,  
And me blast him, enemy for the die, 'cause of dat  
siccness dem creep  
And ten baummy and a them say

Load up that nine I'm finna finna go boom!  
Them no dubbin up that nina cut them in half with some  
of them  
Ripgut, quality, for the fundamental cannibalism  
Got them black enemy runnin in and when them,  
Sickness kick in a million, baby dying, boom!

Hit em with my G like every day, nigga,  
From the creek to the Garden Blocc,  
I was creepin from the double dead red till all the  
drama stop,  
And 50 150 is all that shouldn't even be on a niggas list  
'cause since for the fuckin with I've been crazy times 6  
charging in '66 and um,  
Niggas cant see my folk when I dump them .44 slugs  
all down they throat  
It takes one time, all night, to peel your tonsols  
From the phone post, you know,  
All up in the cut with the real deuce deuce four love I  
got  
But you know that nigga from the creek so peep at what  
this trigger got  
Come follow me sin, come quick 'cause I'm bustin all  
up on your, blocc  
Shakin up yo nuts like dice deuce four in the don't  
strike twice  
Them gon all go say "oh...oh"  
about 44 times till so,  
Much later than you go, better off dead, but nigga  
instead  
That I let your mama know, she might wanna follow this  
Fahlivum shit  
'cause a nigga wont last much longer, with wraps in the  
cut  
Chewin all on your nuts like my nigga Jeffrey Dahlmer,  
Cant load that shit that sickness gets me harder than a  
corpse  
Till I reach for the greeds that nigga start jackin off  
until it hurts  
Swallow my shit so thick this nigga run loccs up on you  
almost daily  
For the digs then I'm off dick grow soft with lynch I'm  
chewin up babies  
We gonna stay sicc, for the crazy run em up gospel shit  
kicks in  
It's the nigga named 6 with the locc to the brain style

fix  
Eatin up your dead skin

Chorus

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