

Brotha Lynch Hung "Sicc Made"

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(Devil)

Yeah, the baby killa's back up in this muthafucka.
Straight from the grave, the grave dug so deep way
down in da Garden Blocc.
Oh me, you can just call me Manson, yeah we met
before.
Thought you devils don't die, so I'm bacc up in this
muthafucka.
So peep the muthafuckin words from a dead man,
Yeah.

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

And when I pack me a gun, and oh when I was young.
I dreamed of feedin them niggaz, all nigga nutz and
sufft alaton.
Muthafuckas get hung.
My bullet weighs a ton.
The Garden Blocc don.
The valley of the slum.
That cannibalistic nigga that got that 9 millimeter gun.
That nigga... that nigga that got them muthafuckas on
the run.
They thought that I was done.
But Lynch is not the one, to go out from a gunshot
wound.
Nigga I'm not done that soon.
Bithes they cum, but nut just like rest.
Caught one in the chest.
Shoulda' wore a vest, and oh what a bloody mess.
Puffin off the cess.
Dealin with the stress.
Killin off the less fortunate.
But they trip when my 9 get sick.
Them niggaz either die, or stay stuck up on my dick.
Cause I'm that nigga that they call Lynch.
I got them niggaz fein in for my shit.
I empty clips, drink and fuck with that spliff.
And it's the nigga that kill for the reason it's the season
of the sicc.
That's why I got the urge to shoot that pussy, clit.
And kill off the infant.
So what is my intent?

To show that muthafuckas livin life aint shit.
I gets to gettin real sicc.
And eatin bloody clit, the baby killa shit.
Put em' in a grave in a empty 40 ounce bottle and don't
leave a drip.
Cause livin with that Triple Sicx,
You learn to fuck the devil in his mouth and eat the shit
out of his bitch.
And I admit, my brain is kinda sick.
But now I'm like J. Dahmer, I'm chewin up all the
evidence.
And I killed to cure my fit, the human meat fix.
Bitin till the skin rips.
That sick nigga, so sick, livin dead ever since.

Yeah, Y'all wanna know what the siccness is?
The siccness is when you hug your momma and your
dick get hard.
Or when you walk in on your baby's momma and she's
suckin your son's dick.
That's the muthafuckin siccness.
So y'all niggaz don't shit, and don't forget where that
shit came from.
That nigga Lynch.

I take my mouth up out that cot.
And trip, cause eatin dead pussy clit'll make ya sick.
But it's that season, so my reason is legit.
I'm havin fits, I dreamed of eatin bloody pussy clit's
since I was 6.
I feined for dead pussy on my dick.
I got the skitz, meanin I don't give a shit about your
biatch.
That nigga that's from that Blocc killin up that cott, so
nigga, shit.
Baby bar-b-que ribs and guts and uh,
Don't let me get to deep fryin baby nuts.
Sluts get ate out like a date, these crooked teeth hurt.
I pull that Tampax string out and straight put in work.
It wouldn't work without that sicc.
So page a nigga quick, so I can serve you some of that
shit.
And have murdering your biatch.
Cause me and Triple Sicx,
Grew up fuckin bitches up the gut with that 9 millimeter
clip.
Season of the sicc.
Picture this,
Pussy meat ripped in a pan,
Full of nigga nuts and guts and intestines and shit.
I gets to chewin on that clit, the sicc.

They just can't understand it.
It's so outlandish, chewin up niggaz nuts to cure my fit.
The human meat fix, bitin till the skin rips.
That sicc nigga, so sicc, livin dead ever since.

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