

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "Siccmade House"

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Yeah, the Baby Killa's back up in this mothafucka...  
Straight from tha grave, it gets so deep right under the  
Garden  
Blocc...  
Oh, me? Ya can just call me Manson...Yeah, we met  
before...  
But ya forget that I ain't gonna die so I'm back up this  
mothafucka...  
So peep the mothafuckin' words from the dead man,  
yeah...  
[Brotha Lynch Hung]  
And when I pack me a gun and, oh, when I was young  
I dreamed of feedin' them niggas niggas with a suflet  
a la gun  
Mothafuckas get hung, my bullet weights a ton  
The Garden Blocc Don, the valley of the slum  
Tha cannibalistic nigga that got that 9 millimeter gun  
That nigga that nigga that got them mothafuckas 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  
Bitches, they come but nut like the rest, caught one in  
the chest  
Shoulda wear 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 nine gets sick  
Them niggas either die or stays back off my dick  
Cause I'm that nigga they call Lynch, I got'em niggas  
fiendin' for my  
shit  
I empty clips, drinkin', fuckin' with tha splift  
And it's the nigga that kill for reason, it's the Season Of  
The Sicc  
That's why I got the urge to shoot that pussy clit  
And kill that infint, so what is my intent?  
To show mothafuckas that livin' life ain't shit  
I guess it gets real sick and eatin' bloody clit, the baby  
killa shit  
Put'em in a grave with an empty 40 ounce bottle and

won't even trip  
Cause livin' with tha Tripple-Six  
Ya learn to fuck 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  
I killed to cure my fit, the human meat fix  
Bitin' to the skin rips, that sick nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since...  
[Grisly voice]  
Yeah, do ya wanna know what that Siccness is?  
That Siccness is when ya hug ya mama and ya dick that  
whore...  
All ya do is walkin' with ya baby's mama and she's  
suckin' ya sons  
dick...  
That's the mothafuckin' Siccness...  
So, ya mothafuckas don't ya forget that shit...  
And don't forget where the Sicc came from...  
That nigga Lynch...  
[Brotha Lynch Hung]  
I take my mouth off up that cog and trip  
Cause eatin' dead pussy clit I make ya sick  
But it's the Season so my reason is legit  
I'm havin' fits, I dreamed of eatin' bloody pussy clit's  
since I was  
six  
I fiend for a dead pussy on dick, I gotta skits  
Meanin' I don't give a shit about ya biyatch  
That nigga that's from tha Blocc, killin' up tha cog, so,  
nigga,  
shii-it  
Baby barbeque ribs and guts and, ah, don't let me get  
too deep  
Fryin' baby nuts, sluts get ate out alike, dank is what  
crooked teeth  
heard  
I pull the Tampax-string out and straight put in work  
And puttin' work without that sick, so page a nigga  
quick  
So I can sell ya some of this shit and have ya murderin'  
ya biyatch  
Cause me and Tripple-Six grew up fuckin' bitches up  
the gut  
With tha 9-millimeter clip, Season Of The Sicc, picture  
this:  
Pussy meat ripped in pan full of nuts and guts and  
entrails shit  
I guess they chewin' on tha clit, the sick, they just don't  
understand

it  
it's so outlandish, chewin' nigga nuts to cure my fit  
The human meat fix, bitin' to the skin rips, that sick  
nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since

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