

## **Brotha Lynch Hung "Sit in That Corner Bitch!"**

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No

Sit in that fuckin' corner bitch

(No just sit in that fuckin' corner and shut the fuck up  
Bitch)

Should've kept you off the internet

Just sit in that fuckin' corner bitch

Shut the fuck up

Verse 1

Razorblade the nipples, baby breastfeed me

I just saw your face on the TV, look at that, and they  
already think you're laying six feet deep

Took a nap, now they on the news talking 'bout how  
they want the hooker back

I gave her back to 'em, but not before I took a bat,  
bashed her in the head

Bathed in it and played in it and smashed in the shev  
back to the hideout

Shit, I took a machete and dug her fucking eyes out

Now I'm on the internet, motherfucker why not?

MySpace is my place; pick her up and tie knots

Got her on the bed playing dead, fuck it then I took her  
to the bathtub

And made her bloody red, no matter what he said

Nigga he's the ripgut, I saw him slice a nigga's dick up

And cut a nigga's bitch up, put her in the trash bag and  
that's that

He's on Facebook, she's in the space look

Chorus

Sit in that fucking corner bitch!

(Where's my motherfucking razorblade)

(Hey, I'm telling you bitch, you better take me serious)

Sit in that corner bitch!

(Remember when you got that computer for  
Christmas?)

(Yeah that's why you're here)

Sit in that fucking corner bitch

(Shit you should've told him you wanted sum umm  
damn Christian Louis Vuittons)

Sit in that corner bitch

(Now I'm about to cut you, and heat you and beat you

and eat you bitch)

#### Verse 2

She asked me for a cigarette, here you go bitch bet  
First pull out your titties and I promise I can get you wet  
After I slit your neck, I keep 'em brainwashed, cut open  
the score  
Cold water they get their brains washed  
I'm in the kitchen with the Ithaca ripping your bitches'  
britches  
And bitchin to get you to split the guts  
Outta my mouth, I'ma get that outta my house  
By cooking it and eating it and then I'm shitting it out  
Like I do MC's, you won't find shit all in the couch  
Shit in the bathroom and shit in the mouth  
And razorblades and alcohol, shit in the pouch  
Like 50 bitches on their period, I'm serious now  
It's about to take 3 hours like ham hogs  
Trust me I'm tryna feed all them kids and the damn  
dog  
I don't wan no ransom I'm sicker than Charles Manson,  
and some  
Like Chucky I'm cutting the butt cheeks

#### Chorus

Sit in that fucking corner bitch!  
(Yes, it's just about an hour left before dinner, you  
wanna watch a movie?)  
Sit in that corner bitch!  
(Instead of popcorn, I got popcorn alligator, you want  
some?)  
Sit in that fucking corner bitch!  
(Okay, well uhm, I gotta piss, so um, you need  
something to drink?)  
Sit in that corner bitch!  
(I also got diarrhea too, so uh, you want a milkshake?)

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