

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Sit In That Corner"

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[Intro]

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  
They already think you're layin six feet deep, Took a  
nap  
Now they on the news talkin 'bout they want their  
hooker back  
I gave her back to 'em, Not before I took a bat, bashed  
in the head  
Bathed in it and played in it and smashed in the Chev'  
back to the hideout  
Shit, I took a machete and dug her fuckin eyes out  
Now I'm on the internet, Muthafucka why not?  
MySpace is my place, Pick her up and tie knots  
Got her on the bed playin dead  
Fucked her 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 niggaz dick up and cut a niggaz bitch  
up  
Put her in the trash bag and that's that  
He's on Facebook, She's in his face look

[Chorus]

So sit in that fuckin corner bitch!  
(Where's my muthafuckin razorblade?)  
(Hey, I'm tellin 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)  
So sit in that fuckin corner bitch!  
(Should've told them you wanted sum damn uh,  
Christian Louis Vuittons)  
Aye, Sit in that corner bitch!

(Now I'm about to cut you, meat you, heat you and eat you, bitch! )

[Verse 2]

Yeah, She asked me for a cigarette, Here you go bitch, bet

First, Pull out the tiddies and I promise I'll get you wet

After I slit your neck, I keep 'em brainwashed

Cut open the skull in cold water, Get your brains washed

I'm in the kitchen with the Ithica, Rippin your bitches bitches up

Itchin to get to spit the guts outta my mouth

Imma get it outta my house by cookin it and eatin it

And then I'm shittin it out like I do emcees

You will 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 they 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 want a ransom, I'm sicker than Charlie Manson and some

Like Chuckie, I'm cuttin up butt cheeks

[Chorus]

So sit in that fuckin corner bitch!

(Yeah, It's just about an hour left before dinner)

(You wanna watch a movie?)

Sit in that corner bitch!

(Instead of popcorn, I got pop corn alligator, You want some?)

So sit in that fuckin corner bitch!

(Oh okay, Well um, I gotta piss so uh, You need anything to drink?)

Aye, Sit in that corner bitch!

(Yeah, I also got diarrhea too, So uh you want a milkshake?)

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