

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Situation"

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(Lynch):

The only one who ever saw my face, I must erase, had  
to get filthy dirty  
Left him in his driveway soaking wet, hope nobody  
heard me  
I'm out that muthafucka with about 4 pounds of that  
Shamrock  
Zip lock, body bag, toe tag, wet T-shirt, black mask  
In and out fast, murderous, vast vigorous  
Stroke that nigga like a zig zag rolled cigarette,  
and I do it to get my dick wet  
Brain grain rotten, I was a 12 year old gettin' raped by  
my momma's partner  
So I've been in pussy since I could start nuttin'  
I'm off that Cloraseptic and that Robotussin  
Had a appetite for the wrong nigga, said he was real  
meat but I knew he wasn't  
Had me dumpin' out the back of Cadillac's on Walter  
Got a stinky smell to him, can't even hug my momma  
I'm so sick I can't sleep at night, might swallow my  
tongue  
Get all the gas deposits out the closet, let the water run  
Get the flame thrower, lighter fluid, paper plates, cuz  
we barbecuin'  
In a funky situation that's how we do it

Chorus:

Situation, baby it seems I'm in a situation again  
I fuckin' realize it's a situation of sin  
Sometimes I just wanna stop tryin'  
Why must this shit always involve dying?

(E-40):

Runnin' shit like Sosza, Big Bank Hank  
Smebbin' in a high performance zooped up Nova,  
pushin' crank  
Callin' shots on my gossipper, faulty chip  
1-800 locker number, on the left side of my hip  
Neighborhood watch better watch that ass  
I'm a paperboy and I collects that cash  
One more muthafuckin' complaint and your ass ain't  
gon' last

On a block where I clock cash so fast  
This is a stick up, nigga, don't even try it  
If you go as far as to blink an eye, muthafucka you gon'  
die  
Pressure I apply, no lie, I got just finished doin' 10  
For what? For killin' my best friend  
And I'll murder again if I'm forced, then I must  
After the first time the second time was a rush  
What about the third time? The third time felt like sex  
What kind of guns did you use? Choppers, Uzis, Teks  
Whatever one works best  
I'll make a mess upon shooting flesh, 'bout 15 holes in  
his chest  
Vandalism, taggin' all muthafuckas names on the wall  
Scandalism, dyin' over all kinds of senseless shit that's  
small  
Auto theft, stealin' cars for fun  
Snatchin' purses cuz I'm young and dumb  
If you a tourist check yo' map, don't make the wrong  
turn  
Might end up in the hood where you gon' be learnin'

#### CHORUS

(First Degree):

Rock it, don't stop it, rock it, don't stop  
I got this dirty yemp distributin' my womp  
But if it was up to her, fool we'd be fuckin' like beavers

But I'm an over achiever around these heaters  
I don't need a bitch, society done fucked up and  
cheated that bitch  
Now she lookin' for a nigga like me to feed her and shit  
Dumb bitch better quit, that muthafucka First Degree  
keep a leash on his dick  
Take notes, sit by the poor folks, I tell you 'bout my  
strokes  
But I done been gave that up, ain't healthy no more  
Cuz a this yappin' and feelin', she strapped with the  
homies  
And her weak mind got all of Sacramento in a bind  
Lizzy Ann must die, the situation just ain't right  
Cuz she got to bumpin' her gums like her momma, so I  
called her  
I said I got mines, get off your ass and raise your  
daughter

(Twamp Dog):

Peniles at my door, three in the front, nigga, four  
through the back  
Talkin' bout takin' me down to the Sac town county jail,

strapped up cuz I did a jack  
Armed and dangerous, waited 6 months to come and  
get me  
Knowin' I'm into straps, cuz every time I get caught one  
was sittin' with me  
2 time before this, now add one more to the program  
quick  
Shackled down, now I'm on a mission to a one man cell  
with the quickness  
Think about the work that I did that night and what went  
wrong,  
to get a rider caught  
30G bail cost to get me off, fightin' on the street,  
fuckin' watched  
Every 2 weeks another court date, thinkin' I can win,  
that's no lie  
Kept on goin' on for some months, lookin' the judge  
right in the eyes  
Feelin' his anger,  
watched fools before me do petty crimes and he's  
givin' 'em time  
Bein' a bitch about muggin' on me, nigga talkin' shit to  
me, heated like  
Pointing guns at individuals, huh, I despise  
muthafuckas like you  
So it ain't no love for me judgin' you, watcha gon' do?  
Take it to another court room?  
And that's the first step for me, my lawyer knew the  
D.A.  
You know, so he tried to hook a brother up, you see  
If I did take a deal, it's only one year guaranteed  
But I'm bout to give work for dough in a couple more  
weeks  
Tryin' to give 10 years, if I go to trial and lose the  
muthafucka  
Then I messed around and had to go back to the first  
judge,  
sayin' don't work for ya  
I wasn't gettin' off that easy, my case had a little  
substance  
And the odds are stacked against me, no frontin'  
Choices need to be made on the 7th  
A catch 22 in my midst, cuz either way I'm fucked  
Go to trial where I'll probably lose, or take my ass on  
the run  
Or take a deal to a lesser charge, either one I'm gettin'  
struck  
Cuz doin' time is a mando thang and that got a  
muthafucka stuck

CHORUS

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