

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "Spydie's Birth"

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Yeah, I'm in the dark on these niggas...  
Okay

[Verse 1]

Maybe they don't know I'ma, O.E  
You just a king cobra straight  
No via satellite, it'd take more than a car battery to  
juice me  
Killa appetite, never catch me actin' right  
Smoke a two hundred sack a night, like an AK when I  
shoot these  
Please believe I pack it right, produce rapid stripes(?)  
They call me Randy Johnson, hundred and twenty miles  
an hour  
...(?)  
Nigga you must be off that powder, I'm Spiderman  
Give me a blunt, pen, pad, and an hour, I'll make it  
shower  
My taliban, Siccmade Muzicc we keep it heated like  
Nascar (guess what)  
Plain and simple patna, fill up the clip and then blast  
ours  
Ain't no rippin shit, it's all S-I-double C, you trouble me  
I'm loco in the cabesa and I'm siccer than the rest-a  
I'll blow your chest up, he need an ambulance  
Two minutes left, he don't have a chance, not even half  
a chance  
Leave him with feces all in his pants when we pick him  
up  
I rip 'em up right out the dump truck 'cause I'm

[Chorus]

Spiderman, Spiderman, try'na see how much you know  
you can  
He sports the tec's, any size  
You playin' him close he might blow your mind  
He's deep in the cut, heat all around  
Tryin' to find him he's no where to be found  
Okay, here comes the Spiderman  
(Here comes the Spiderman...)

[Verse 2]

I'm like (?) snipers, I ain't try'na brag, but here  
You need these numbers to this place that be makin'  
body bags  
I'm the kamikaze magnum while I'm draggin' um  
To the spot, gotta get the ...(?)  
Like roast beef, nigga I ain't supposed to beef  
But I love meat and I got Sacramento enemies, So I  
love heat  
Got a sack of indo green leaves and I'm 'bout to twist it  
So move with me nigga, quick shit patna, you 'bout to  
miss it  
Now I don't smoke with them busted browns(?), I clutch  
the pounds  
And if you fuck wid it I rub ya down  
With seventeen rounds, crack the everclear now  
Forever real now, spittin' at the whole crowd verbs and  
nouns  
And no felonies so I pack somethin' heavy  
I took the Chevy to the levy, two hundred and fifty  
pounds of red meat 'n feddy  
You got it twisted up like crazy Eddie ...(?)  
From two hundred and yards away I make ya head  
bleed steadily

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Bet I could teach ya how to dissect your stomach  
muscles 'n eat 'em  
These days that ain't shit, cut 'em and bleed 'em  
I seen worse shit, fuck em and feed em bloody  
spaghetti  
That Siccmade shit, cuddy get ready, bloody your  
Chevy interior quick  
Muddy your driveway, that's what I say  
Fuck it, you 'bout to die today  
Got a chopper in the hideaway, don't make me use it  
Off a half pipe(?) with the Ol' 8 English, don't make me  
lose it  
I'm cry baby locc, that's it  
I'm from the block where you learn at sixteen  
to load glocks, pack clips and smoke pot  
Slumpin' Tupac, 'Me Against The World' cuz it juice me  
I got episodes and episodes like Ricky and Lucy  
Drama shit, dead momma shit, don't give a fuck shit  
Rough shit, shut you up in the back of the truck shit  
Them gangsta bitches love this, they jack off to it  
I'm Spiderman, bitch ass nigga I thought you knew this

[Chorus] x2

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