

Brotha Lynch Hung

"The Plot - Brotha Lynch Hung"

Visit "[The Plot - Brotha Lynch Hung](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You know I'm off the Mad Dogg 20/20 I'm plottin' for money
This old man greedy he tryin' to keep shit for me I live him stiff as a mummy
What become of me I'm desperate 'bout to let it spit unless he break bread
I want the lettuce and cheese whole sandwich you know it
I should be poundin switches down the streets and plannin'
No head is how you found him theres was plot

The spot's surroned by pitbulls and rots' you get past them you get shot
It was about 9 o'clock I was at the grindin' spot Niftted got the word where he work at
It's time to get that 9 millimeter heater and hurt that belevie I squirt that
Led in your life deadin' your wife with the led pipe redin' your white sheets
With said in your life you might as well snipe'em writin' obituary rippin'
Scary punk ass bitchinary stichin' you carry is complimentary of [SiccMade Musicc]
We keep it crackin' automatics we rappin' niggas of cellar

Thats right before the 4th of July I didn't make it somethin' was off
'Cause I saw it in my sleep wake up coughin' dripin' sweat almost couldn't breath
Took a minute to accept just had to get calm and collect'd wipe the sweat up off my face
Then felt the blood on my neck just like invasion don't wanna give the police no statement
Look around see if maybe a drugged somebody to the basment couldn't recall
Guess I dunk too much of that Madd Dogg last night 20/20 like 3, 2, 1 I blast off
Back in the day when I use to ride the train I saw acouple of events I say I wish I never seen

So I feel like anytime I gots to leave my house I got to
get my pistol and have my pitbull keep look out

See now it's a dirty situation you makin' don't be
mistakin' I shakin' scrappin'em off the concrete to the
Lincoln

I should've raped 'em they rapein' me fuckin' me like a
hotel slut even though he dead I put the .12 gauge in
his butt (BOOM)

No matter what I ain't goin' to the pen this Uthazim I
use to get for matieral now I posion his cearyl
I was a good kid turn'd bad(good kid turn'd bad) never
had a dad and I sent fire to his pad(too his pad)
Broke into his home and if he was home (home alone)
hustla so good but this thing not ready hee we go
I rather load up the Ooh to remove his mind to
spaghetti Zigg Zagg you know

And I had realized how I let off on his wife also figured
out the blood on my neck was from his knife
He come to get my mann from what I guess better be
my bless thats right 'cause if i catch'em
Now it's goin' be a mess not even 2 days next after that
I heard the news
record company know for flexin' got gunn'd down wit a
duece-duece gotta watch my back now
'Cause I did his wifeÂ ? took I large chunk sratchin'
hoppin' on an early flight met up with Lynch Hung
COS told him what happened well it looks like they
could've guess'd it already know whats craccin'
Close to a meal ticket that what we should have
knockin' and the third of profit
That's goin' straight into my pockets (Thats right)

Visit [Brotha Lynch Hung](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.