

Brotha Lynch Hung

"There It Is - Brotha Lynch Hung"

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this songs dedicated...

2 all the niggas bumpin gums n talkin shit behind a niggas bacc, knowin i cant defend myself...if u trippin,oh if u trippin... it must be u im talkin bout... n if it aint u...dont trip

drop niggas like bad habbits, thats the truth, mothafuccas be runnin round actin like they bullitproof. how could i trust u, when u wouldnt bust 2, slugs 4 me? talkin bout u thug homie, u really aint got no love 4 me, any way what u do 4 me... nuttin, u wont let the 45 keep bustin, what u talkin bout in yo stuff? u dont live nowhere near gangsta street, n if i wanted 2, i could take out some of yo teeth n 4 da rest of my life have beef, n u know what i do with meat. known 2 cheat, creep from da bacc of da caddilac sivile, pull out the strap n attack 2 kill, n if it dont happen, ima keep doin music & talkin shit about u. never even mention yo name cuz! itll come all out,u a bitch ass nigga, u live yo life all secluded n if i wasnt around u wouldnt duo shit. talkin bout u jacc niggas, putt em inda bacc witta blue rg around they snuggle, used 2 have a huddle of siccmade niggas, now its only me 2 rumble, eat em up like gumbo...dont trip, how could i know? i was so comfortable u took advantage of the whole, situation, all that shit u makin was cuzza me, we was coo all those years cuz i was blind n couldnt c...

(chorus)

there it is...another nigga went balistic on me couldnt have his way so i guess he turned his bacc on me. n if he didnt im jus tired of shit id rather do it on my own, do it all alone (he was dipped) x3

he was dipped in some fake nigga paint, how was i spose 2 knew it, fat supply of liqua fluid n some green leaves that stank up da whole house. thats how we had it everyday, made sure my niggas was drunk n high in everyway. 3 o clocc inda mornin come home drunk n fall out, i didnt give a fucc, they was my homies i went all out. then i found out, most of em fake like van dam they knew about the game but couldnt break a damn can, with hallow tips in they hands, so i jook like a cracc sacc, make em feel hella bad n make sure they never comin bacc. they showed me 2 much shit, i couldnt

take it, couldnt make it another year dealin with all that fake shit. nigga yea! n nigga im tired of u spyin on me, kiccin it witt that other mothafucca that be lyin on me, y homie, i thought me & u was untouchable, u be tellin erbody what u know so bye homie...

(chorus)x3

he was dipped in some weak nigga sauce, da kind u put on spagetti. ima kicc bacc nigga but im armed n deadly n im shootin dem gangsta meldies thru ur heart n soul known to putta mini macc ina nap sacc get off da yacc n killa c.e.o.. den u can c me smoke circles out yo nieghborhood, witta tall can in my lap, 20 pacc n a 50 sacc from medal 2 medal, u neva wuld, thats how it is, i might run up yo spot n get yo kids, u know i could. u couldnt touch me witta silencer from long range tryda do all i could but u think its all games, u sit bacc at home drunken judgin niggas, u remind me of my uncle on alway havin a grudge nigga. n aint nun gon happen aposed 2 rappin, i close the gap n hit that ass with the mini macc, closed caption. cuz ima m.v.p. maximim violence perfected, n if u fuccin witt me, fucc u inda ass witta weopen, grew up inda g.b.c., a hood where niggas really dont give a fucc, smash past 1-time hittin blunts, smoke da whole parking lot up, but u awready knew dat about me nigga whats yo problem, keep bumpin dem gums like the green goblin we gon be squabbin....

(chorus)x5

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