

Brotha Lynch Hung

"There It Is"

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This song is dedicated to the niggas that be bumpin
gums and talkin shit
behind a nigga back knowing I can't defend myself.
If you trippin, oh if you trippin then it must be you I'm
talkin bout.
And if it ain't you ... don't trip

[Brother Lynch]

Drop niggas like bad habits that's the truth
Mutha fuckas be runnin around actin like they bullet
proof
How could I trust you when you couldn't bust two slugs
for me?
Talkin bout you thug homie you really ain't got no love
for me
Anyway what you do for me? ... Nuttin
You won't let the 45 keep buckin what you talkin bout in
yo stuff?
You don't live no where near gangsta street
And if I wanted to I could take out some of yo teeth
And for the rest of my life have beef and you know
what I do with meat
Known to cheat, creep from the back in the Cadillac
Seville
Pull out the strap and the tack to peel
And if it don't happen I'm keep doin music and talkin
shit about you
Never even mention yo name, cuz it'll all come out you
a bitch ass nigga
You live yo life all secluded, if I wasn't around you
wouldn't do shit
Talkin bout you jack niggas, put him in the back wit a
blue rag around they snuggle
Used to have a huddle of Sicc Made Niggas now it's
only me to rumble
Eat em up like gumbo don't trip how could I know?
I was so comfortable you took advantage of the whole
Situation all that shit you makin it was cuz of me
We was cool for all those years but I was blind and
couldn't see

[Chorus]

There it is ... another nigga went ballistic on me
Couldn't have is way so I guess he turned his back on
me
And if he didn't I'm just tired of shit
I'd rather do it on my own do it all alone he was dipped
[2x]

[Brother Lynch]

This some fake nigga pain
How could I of knew it fat supply of liquor fluid
And some green leaves that stank up the whole house
That's how we had it everyday
Make sure my niggas was drunk and high in every way
3 o'clock in the morin comin home drunk and fall out
I didn't give a fuck it was my homies I went all out
Then I found out most of em fake like Van Damme
They knew about the game but couldn't break a damn
can
With hollow tips in they hands I juked em like a crack
sack
Made em feel hella bad made sure they never comin
back
They showed me too much shit I couldn't take it
couldn't make it
Another year dealin with all this fake shit
Nigga yeah ... and nigga I'm tired of you spyin on me
Kickin it with that other mutha fucka that be lyin on me
Why homie? I thought me and you was untouchable
You be tellin everybody what you know, so bye homie

There it is ... another nigga went ballistic on me
Didn't think I loved him so I guess he turned his back on
me
And if he didn't I'm just tired of shit
I'd rather do it on my own do it alone he was dipped
[x2]

[Brother Lynch]

In some weak nigga sauce, the kind you put on spagetti
I'm a kick back nigga but I'm armed and deadly
And I'm shootin them gangsta medleys to yo heart and
soul
Known to put a mini mack in a nap sack and get off the
yack and kill a CEO
Then you can see me smoke circles out yo
neighborhood
With a tar can in my lap 20 pack and a 50 sack
Metal to metal then he won't settle til you in that wood
I can't help it that's how it is I may run up in yo crib and
get yo kids

You know I could, you couldn't touch me with a silencer
form long range
I tried to do all I could but you think it's all game
Sit at home drunk and judge niggas
You remind me of my uncle of always havin a grudge,
nigga
Ain't nuttin gon' happen that ain't suppose to happen
Appse to rappin I close the gap in
I hit that ass with a mini mack, closed captions
Cuz I'm a MVP, Maximin Violence Profector
And if you fuck wit me, fuck you in the ass with the
weapon
Grew up in the GBC, a hood where niggas really don't
give a fuck
Smash pass the one-time hittin blunts
Smoke the whole parkin lot up
And you already knew that about me nigga what's yo
problem?
Bumpin them gums like you Green Goblin we gon' be
squabblin

[Chorus 4x]

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