

## Brotha Lynch Hung "X-Caliba"

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[Chorus: Brotha Lynch Hung]

That motherfucker kept sniffin for goods  
Put the plastic in his mouth the back of his neck left  
And you don't know nuthin but the killa gotta away  
Before 4.30 in the morning I'm gone in the 6-Tre  
Wit the windows up, must have had gin in the cup  
'cause I'm swervin in the fast-lane gotta be spinnin em  
up  
(X-caliba \*echo\*)

[Verse 1: Brotha Lynch Hung]

It all started when I twisted the lid of the Olde E  
And see E-A-R-double-O-E... .. (??)  
Where my motherfuckering siccmade jacket at  
'cause that's the only one I could use  
When I saw you at the war yeah when I lifted you out  
your shoes  
It was the pressure from the twenty gage(the twenty  
gage)  
Felt like it could split your chest whide open wit it  
Well nigga you should when I'm round talkin that shit  
Bout the nigga that's my kin-folks  
Should've known the deal while you was givin out that  
info...  
...mation, I'll be of that Parry Mason  
When I hit em all up, creep em all up, kill em all up, fill  
em all up  
Real deal, dig em' a ditch, then take they grip  
Put em in the back of the Cadillac show em how my  
Mini-Mac gonna act  
My tactics is lethal  
Leave the whole town hella smokey  
like that band that steppin over dead people  
It's like that, and you wouldn't know it 'cause I'ma cool  
ass mufucca  
Done delt witt a gang of succas  
as I wait for the city to heat up like a Hot Pepper  
Gotta whole load fulla Evian  
and a trunck fulla FO take no's and I can't let go  
Catch you at yo show slippin  
Hoes trippin, rows rippin in the street after I heat my  
heat

off the hook with this siccmade shit, straight made  
nigga  
Fuck it, pass me the straight lace liquor to the face  
nigga  
Off the Thunder Burger and Kool-Aid and O 8  
Easy on the liver still make me kill a nigga  
Split you head like a pineapple  
Die natural!  
Five at your dome send em home in a pinebox  
I mean Lift you out your sox  
Pay attention to the Clock  
Its like Half pass a niggas ass lay em in the grass take  
suitcase fulla cash and mash  
16 in the clip crumble the urb roll a sliff bout to whatch  
you brain split in half  
Bloody bath watter, infried nigga nuts and bones  
locaded at home I think him name is Tyrone  
But you know...

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(X-caliba \*echo\*)

[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

You can call me black Sadam Huseain  
Pump St Idees through my vein ass nigga  
You can see me on the southside of the street  
Man remembered by the ((opposet)) nigga that flod the  
city  
Get ready for some pretty if you sicc like Frank Nitty  
Sucked blood from my momas tittie - instead of milk  
Played murda muzicc in my tape deck - instead of Silkk  
End up killen one of them motherfuckers  
So fuck them hoes, they like Grim  
havin killin niggas like they gots to go  
woke up at 3 am - got high til seven  
Jumped in my what you ma call it headin throughwards  
heaven, whit my  
50 sacc of some shit, that'll make you get there  
About 11:30 with your T-shirt dirty,  
I'm worthy strapped like James as ventured in this  
faulty game  
In a mainframe, that I ruffed n bucked away, then hit  
the plane  
15 guts on a tripple beam scale nigga

acual contact from the strap that I hale nigga

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[Verse 3: Brotha Lynch Hung]

They got this motherfucker twisted up  
And from the sound of the barrle I got hella  
motherfuckers runnin up  
What should I do about these fuckin fleas?  
Give em all they want and put they seeds in they weed  
Figga a way out this nigga I know you got me in file  
But I got you on scanner so plan anotha way (anotha  
way)  
Told me it was (?Coda steady?)  
But I catch you slippin like pimpin  
and shake bankin like (?Trail Leonard?)  
Hit your mind workin these swine  
tripp time get's deepa as you meat the Grim reapa  
in the form of a man double M 24 5 got your brains  
leaking I'm peakin  
That's why these nigga wanna rip keep me  
I'm rollin squeeky and what you ma want call it  
witta .45 in my pocket and I'm a young alcoholic  
Like P-Folks I had to make it happen  
Sacramentos most wanted I gotta keep packin, 'cause  
of that  
My favorite cousin just go four years  
And when his little brotha died he showed me no tears  
your point is shit get deep as the ocean  
Take a shiesty niggas blood and rub it on like lotion  
It was like: once upon a time a long time ago  
I was sticken 9 milis in a pussy hole  
Get of the Ol 8 old Murda moe then i gotta go to a spot  
when they don't know I'm the leath nigga given up my  
info

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