

## Merry Clayton

### "Da Lynchin'"

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Shiit, right back at cha'll again  
(right back at cha'll)  
This the one they call whody  
(Stop saying whody and say Sporty(Records) boy  
Shit ain't nothin' change like I told y'all anything you  
make  
can and will be flipped against ya' you be exhibit three  
coming for me(like I  
told ya'll be a man about it)  
(like I do, I said ya' name boy, I said it)  
Uptown section of the newspaper  
Downtown as well  
T-bone on the track  
We raising hell

Chorus(Repeats)  
{You got rope round' ya' neck(two rope sounds)  
Duck Tape on ya wrist(tape stretching sounds)  
Pistol whips to ya' skull(get em' get em')  
Now here come my pist(pissing sound)}

Verse 1:

You tried \*Guerilla Warfare\*  
Now try this killer wheel chair  
Punk ya' hear?, Still there?  
You get drilled and killed there  
I gives a fuck about you bitches  
Y'all just hot cause i'm cold  
Look I been talking to you bitches  
Ain't saw you on the street so  
Juvenile I know ya'  
B.G. don't make me come show ya'  
I'd like to bling Lil' Wayne  
I'd like to sting with rain  
Bitch ya'll thank I can't prove it  
Set the date and lets do it  
Set cha' stage on fire and watch the wet boys run threw  
it  
See Reggie be bustin' heads, Gansta bout busting  
heads,  
K.C. be bustin' heads, Juvey be sucking heads

B.Geezy B.G. you's a junkie fo-sheezy  
Boy ya' lips stay swole, black, sleezy and greasy  
All that muthafuckin' reppin' on ganster murder  
weapon  
You pimp ya whole fuckin' label, but ahh quiet as kept  
in  
I got nothing but love for ya' baby  
The way ya pimping ya artist through that dope got em'  
crazy  
Yeah you sold dope all ya' life  
Got pop, flip the script, started ratting thats trife

Chorus

Verse : 2

I can ganks and make a million  
And P, but cha'll reppin' his muthafuckin' business in  
the streets  
I don't hate cha' Baby it ain't that critical  
I just flip ya' artist cause they pitiful  
Junkies what they are  
Drivin' nothin' but jive cars  
Real soldiers behind bars  
Wont say ya' name but they are  
You like to rap' all day'  
But bring ya' beef my way  
You like to gamble? you was real?  
Yo' Rolex, my cable bill  
Up here nigga lets bet  
I want even break a sweat  
I'mma take ya' rolex the first round  
Hot Boys gon' slip and get wet  
Wan' say I'm thuggin' when I wasn't  
Sayin' I got it when I doesn't  
Look to me thats not helping  
Claiming you rich when you not wealthy  
Get cha' mind right Lil' Wayne  
B.G. leave that shit alone  
Pull ya' pants up on ya' ass and carry ya' young ass  
home  
I'mma say it one more time  
Bitch you gets no love  
(Junkies is what junkies does)(distorted voice)  
Boy I catch cha' slippin' i'mma beat cha' like a hoe  
Have yo' friends peepin' that set in the metro  
Girl that juvenile, you ain't know it he was on fire  
Sporty done pressure-washed em', knocked black  
magic off his tires  
Rest of y'all steal a car and come ride through my hood  
So I can clean ya' Dirty World and super soak ya' goods

B. Geezy what chu' say you can't wait to see lil'  
L.Teezy  
Its a must I keep it real, you got that look thats easy  
It's a dirty world and you bitches loosing  
You can't do nothing about it cause i'mma keep you  
loosing  
You can't make good songs cause i'mma do you wrong  
I take ya' hit flip ya' shit and make my pockets strong  
It's a dirty world and you bitches loosing  
You can't do nothing about it cause i'mma keep ya'  
loosing  
You can't make good songs, cause i'mma do ya' wrong  
I take ya' hit flip ya' shit and make ya' move on  
Yeah I see yo ass ridin' dirty up my block  
But if you stop you get drop with the glock off top  
I see you roll in yo compressor  
I snatch that ass hot boys one lesser  
I see you roll in yo compressor  
I snatch that ass hot boys one lesser  
Yes brah'

Chorus

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