

## **Killa by Brotha Lynch Hung**

### **"Return Of Da Baby Killa"**

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You better pray  
When you see me put that nine up in that pussy, ho  
Cock it back slow  
Rock it back and forth, wait for the nut, then let my  
trigger go  
BOOM!  
Pussy-guts all over the room  
If you ain't seen it,  
Then you're fiendin'  
For the meanin'  
Of that nina of doom  
2 inches in and, uh, 4 inches out  
You back that nigga that pack that gat  
And hit that indo-sack  
It's like that  
Cannabis and tea've, uh, got me stuck on stump, fool  
All it take is a way, a fat, green-bud blunt and a stunt  
Cause it's that nigga that work 'em nigga deep  
And block creep  
And witness murder, baby, kill a seed  
Once it'll make you vomit  
Guts in a mama's baby, nuts in a bottle, maybe it's  
common  
Biatches keep f\*\*kin' and suckin' and keepin' it comin'  
With they drama. POP! It's baby killa season  
Put 6 in the clip, put it up that clit  
And watch them baby's brains  
Drip out that fetus  
Bleed, it's that nigga that kill 'em  
I'll fill 'em all full for that sicc reason  
Season of da siccness broodin', got me trippin' for no  
reason

Guess what daddy's bringin' home for supper  
Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat,  
motherf\*\*ker  
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you, real,  
huh?  
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you,  
nigga!  
Now eat!

As I creep, picture every human that I seek  
Slabs of human meat  
Cause my kids gotta eat  
I lives kinda deep, dark, up in tha cut  
Where niggas load nines, and barrel-f\*\*k a slut  
Nigga, what? You ain't even seen me in my prime  
Eatin' baby brains, baby veins, baby spines  
I know they be cryin' when I'm cuttin' off the neck  
I'm peelin' off the skin for some bacon-fried croquettes  
Baby villain spine, that baby-killin' mind  
A fifth-pound of gin cause I know I'm doin' time  
So catch me now before I do my next crime  
My kids' gotta eat, somebody's baby's on the line,  
nigga

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motherf\*\*ker  
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you, real,  
huh?  
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you,  
nigga!  
Now eat!

Get ready for the nigga shit  
That siccer-than-sicc gut ripgut  
Pick-a-vic-up, f\*\*k 'em up with a couple of nine-milla  
slugs  
And put 'em on the ground. Murder toll. Buck buck!  
Slugs to the womb  
Guts all over the room

That legion of doom  
That S to the I-C-X  
With a locc and a tech for the throat  
and a neck full of gunsmoke it up, locc  
One for the nigga who kills them infants and senses  
Then this time, I hit 'em with a nine-millimeter, meter  
Now let's pick up me freakin' up your skin  
Never knew nigga-meat cooked so thin!  
So I pack me a nine-milla gat  
And creep in the back of the 'Lac  
With a sack of the indo

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Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat,  
motherf\*\*ker  
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you nigga  
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you,  
nigga!

Now eat!

That's right. Once upon a time  
A nigga that hella sicc up in the skids  
With a lie for the snitch  
As a victim's stoned, sayin' "I'll be bones to the pussy  
clits"  
They're a baby ditch to the mastermind  
Nine-millimeter shells, they're blind!  
Devils made a pact to f\*\*k with match-to-heat, it's one  
of a kind  
Low enough to the shit got hella deep that I had to  
patch it  
To a soul who had the heart to put his mama in a casket  
Who could it be?  
Or can he be  
Locked up in the county  
cause the bounty  
finally found a nigga like me?  
X-to-the-R-to-the-A-I-D-E-D  
L-O-C  
What's up, my nigga?  
Pull this trigger  
And take my muthaf\*\*kin' legacy  
But watch your back. Niggas be claimin' that they sicc  
But really don't know which way to go when they be  
smokin' up with my  
lunatic  
Shiiit, have you ever seen your mama's cock? (yeah!)  
Have you even seen a body drop? (yeah!)  
Have you even loaded up your glock?  
Well, I could gives a f\*\*k cause even then, nigga, you  
not my nigga  
From that 24 Garden Block  
That's doin' time  
For shootin' shadows up in the dark  
And tryin' to bite before he bark  
And when his heart stops  
From the metal blue blocks up in the cut  
They try to lynch my muthaf\*\*ka to make some dice up  
out his nuts  
And what the f\*\*k goes thru my nigga's mind up in his  
cell?  
That 24 Deep, no sleep, much stress, nigga. Nigga  
must be livin' up in  
hell  
And here I am, same muthaf\*\*ka that got my nigga  
sicc  
Tryin' to kill myself but slippin' more deeper into the  
siccness shit

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Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat,  
muthaf\*\*ka  
Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you nigga  
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