

B.g. From Cash Money

"Bleeding House Mystery"

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[Verse 1 - Brotha Lynch]

Must be some leakage in my click, some niggas done
ran up in my shit
Forced to use the fo-fifth, leavin 'em layin' in Ol 8
English piss
Got me all stressin' and sick, pickin' up bodies 'n
draggin 'em, body baggin 'em
Try'na get it all done before the wagon come stashin'
them
Aye put Scarface on the T.V, put the volume up to ten
and a half
That way when the police come, Al Pacino bustin' caps
I got away with a killin', it was self defence
Had to rinse niggas off the hallway walls, send my hate
out to all they dogs
Yellin' like a psycho when I pulled it
It was cuttin' every bullet plenty of full clips
Fuck em, feed em tef' tips
Got a tool kit, filled of kill em up shit
I be puttin' niggas on the ground wid it, fuck niggas
who ain't down wid it
They can hit the back door, see I'ma handle this
I'm so scandalous, like a preacher to teach ya of this
(?) shit
If I gotta trip, I'ma heat ya and eat ya
I swear I'm serious, herious, feriously hittin' chest
plates
I hit them niggas up quick and have it all cleaned up by
the next day

[Chorus - Brotha Lynch]

See I was shootin' through the hallway
Try'na hit everything in sight
Thinkin' in my mind I knew this shit could happen one
night
Gotta hit that one right, when I hit that one left
And I'm in the room fillin' up the wycelf, quiet steps -
Boom!
Muthafucka what'chu doin' here, don't you know I got
kids?
Hold up, he ain't dead yet, one mo' to the ribs

Try'na get body parts to relatives, like nigga you don't get it?

I cut when I hit it, nigga nuts 'n guts ripped when I did it

[Verse 2 - Zigg Zag]

Night after night, I had another thought of destruction
Until this evening, couldn't believe it ran up in my home
with the heat, buckin

My baby's watchin' it, front row seated, with the chrome
to the (?) momma

No pain right now, but later on down the line with the
head drama

Didn't expect this to happen to me but this evening was
heated

When I walked outta the bedroom, witnessed 'em flash
by deep and all black eye ...(?)

I mean five or six of 'em, strapped, with the nine-milla
to my face

I (?) the hallway, backed up, and ran to the closet for
the 12 gauge

What could I do right now beside let it all surface

Then come fuck up your shit on purpose, I got your
whole system nervous

But you lied to me compulsive, hit me the hardest like
explosives

into your underground Black Market recordin' shit, get
focused

Dis Sicc made, can't nothin' possibly take that away

But if you make me mad, I get that rage

Inflict pain, then make arrangements

Labelled the most wanted, the most dangerous

Wake up out of a dead sleep, walkin' to the murder

Then flamed the rush

[Chorus] x1

[Verse 3 - Brotha Lynch]

See now it's two weeks later, I had to cut like a cheese
grater

Did in all black like a Raider and hit niggas up like a
pager, red beam laser

My trust got all fucked up so now I'm watchin' the lights
behind me

Tuckin' the metal stuff, try'na get that shit behind me

Testin' my ghetto luck, in the streets Zigg Zag, my
crimey

We lookin' for that prime meat

We lookin' for that man that plotted the crime to try to
tie my

life span, splatter my pipe dream

Leave you stiff like a mic stand

Yeah I'm the Burbank titan, whether you likin' it or not
Grew up right out of 24th street, yeah some call it the
block

And when they first hit the locks, see I was shot
All I saw was chrome and niggas in black ski masks,
comin' in my home
They try'na take my money, they try'na get paid, so I
don't blame 'em
But I wish I had the chopper to put the flame to 'em
But I didn't, just a hand pistol, same doin', bone gristle
Came to 'em, dumpin at shadows, and I was havin'
shoot-out battles

[Chorus] x2

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