

## Bambis

### "Break Ya Loccs"

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[Lynch Talking]

About to leave the studio it's 9-11, 2002  
Up in here wid my nigga C-O once again  
Ya know what I'm sayin?  
And the motherfuckin' bad news is  
What? Suspicion is back  
Ya know, here we go

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I got that spit venom shit that'll wrinkle up ya denim shit  
Fuck them niggaz they all hoes I run up in them quick  
Turn 'em into statues, lead tattoos I stay  
Twenty four deep and bring niggaz the bad news like  
The Metro Section I spit petrol like gas nozzles  
Bang wid my thangs nigga, you the last models  
From the Garden to the creep module  
I'm off the bottle makin' money like I won the lotto  
You wanna follow wid ya tongue stickin' out ready to  
lick these nuts  
Had a dream watchin' me get out the four door to get  
these guts  
I spit flames, beat niggaz like Rick James get aim  
Cause like Pac's attraction I grip thangs  
And it's hard and cold it'll make ya heart a cold  
I sweat so much I'm so hot, I'm hard to hold  
And I'll tell you somethin' else fool Suspicion for life  
Have you comin' home from work late, missin' ya wife  
And ya kids and ya cribs tore up, I leave ya ribs tore up  
Nuttin' else better I do, than cut up cold cuts  
I'm a meat eatin', skin collector been connected  
Wid some niggaz that'll cut you in the neck and leave  
you butt naked  
Layin' dead in ya Lexus, what you doing?  
Fryin' niggaz like they do out in Texas, Why?  
Lyn' to niggaz cause they fakin' the love  
You be the one takin' the slug  
And you show me that you ain't got no love for me I'm  
done cuz

[Hook]

Niggaz that say they real fake as fuck

Have you left set up dead in a vacant lot  
No matter what they can talk all that gangsta shit  
If ya gangsta walk still ain't shit  
I break ya loccs and run up in yO shit  
(x2)

[Suspicion]

Look we roll shit blow shit, I been blue shit  
Old shit new shit, keep it true shit  
Always in a blue fit, and old school kicks  
Posted where they move bricks if it was me quick  
I sold shit stole shit, I had to move shit  
Old shit new shit, to keep a few chips  
Man my life wasn't nothin' sweet  
At fifteen years old was livin' out on the street  
With rocks between my teeth like where the fuck I'm  
gon' sleep  
Grandmomma don't want me and I ain't seen dad for  
weeks  
And momma ain't never been there for me  
It's like she probably never cared to shed a tear for me  
So now the whole world's like a glare to me  
Through all these hard times can barely see prepared  
to leave  
But I dare one of these cats wid no haps for they fame  
This rap's for the tracks yeh they wack but they flames  
Tryna dirty up my name, I leave 'em stained  
Gunshots to middle of they brain, I leave 'em drained  
Duck cops from here to the gate, I leave 'em dazed  
Bust shots at all of them cops this shit be crazed  
Cause fuck goin' back to that place I take the grave  
Whether you see me go out ridin' or as a slave  
Just look at how they got us, dealin' wid drama  
Fuck it pour another shot of that Vodka load up the  
chopper

Hook (x2)

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

I'm young black shit wid mack shit  
In the back shit make 'em do back flips  
You must be off that crack shit  
Fuckin' wid the tactics got spitz like a gat spit  
And I'm gonna rip a nigga to bits for instance  
I burn incense and think about shit  
I don't need your ten cents juts break 'em right quick  
(then what?)  
Shake 'em right quick (then what?), make 'em bite dick  
You suck lug nuts ya love nuts I plug stuff, cut guts up  
Ya tough luck punk, fuckin' wid flames around gas  
Heat, enough heat to cook ya turkey fried deep like

Louisiana blow sacks like Santana might  
Run up in ya spot with the dark blue bandana right  
Wid banana clips takin' you out, run in ya house  
Let the nine milli cum in ya mouth  
Runnin' the South like Cash Money  
I bang niggaz in the head you a crash dummy  
I mash niggaz

Hook (x2)

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