

**Bananafishbones & Franka Potente****"Watta"**

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[Brotha Lynch]

I'm the hardest nigga you never heard of  
And I'm a pro when it comes to these tools a four four  
when it comes to these raw venomous spit send him his  
dick  
In a wool shoe package, peel back his cap wid this  
automatic  
Cold hefty and black shit I make a rapper disappear  
like magic  
It's Siccemade, all the way to the motherfuckin' casket  
And six feet deeper, get these heaters right off the lips  
I stack chips and I, sip these litres on the hips  
It's some shit that'll split ya wig  
You can't spit enough shit, that'll get ya big  
Get the gig, you pay him first then I'll lay him next  
Niggaz be weak just like latex, cheap as Tampax  
I walk through the room wid a handful of anthrax  
Shakin' niggaz hands, makin' niggaz dance like  
Paula Abdul when I pull out the tool  
Ya kids get napped when I run out the school  
Ya nig did that, it's the motherfuckin' Lynch  
Take a long barrel four four and run up in ya bitch  
Real shit, cause it turns me on and  
What kind of shit do these nerds be on and  
What kinda clips should I put in this chrome four  
What kind loopy-loop ya on  
Pass me the Newport and let's get it on like Marvin  
I've been starvin' creep through the trees like Tarzan  
Ya meat we carvin'

[Hook]

It's watta, watta, and ya know I'm thirsty  
And even though it hurts me  
I stay blood thirsty for watta, watta  
Take it how you want nigga  
So make it how you want nigga  
(x2)

[Luni Coleone]

You punk niggaz want war we make shit happen  
When it comes to the money drugs scrappin' and

cappin'  
I'm a veteran and I bet when I pull my thang  
You hoe niggaz run faster than cut out segas  
We some spiritual lyrical individuals nigga  
I ain't fearin' no negro we leavin' bullet holes nigga  
When a soldier bow down we leave him alone  
Tape his tail to his ass cheek and send him on home  
I'm a motherfucka nigga ain't you heard of Co-le  
My music it use niggaz like a guard against Kobe  
Hittin' hard like Shinobi, you niggaz don't know me  
I throw 'em harder than Drew breathes  
And shake 'em like police  
I mean who tryna take it there let me know  
We leave him cryin' like when a kid get a Nintendo  
Coleone, I'm known to stay high as a kite  
And shoot notes to X-Loc keep my cuz alright

Hook

[Brotha Lynch Hung]  
While you be internet thuggin' I'll be in ya set muggin'  
You be in the bathroom tuggin' cause you can't get  
lovin'  
I'll be in the last room pluggin' while you in the front  
room drippin'  
I bust nuts on ya livin' you come in the back room  
kissing  
So don't trip cause I'm harder than you  
Just like every motherfucker that's a part of my crew  
Gimme a carton full of Newports and a metal junt from  
the Midwest  
And I'ma disappear and come back the sickest nigga  
you ever met  
What happens next nigga, whatever happens  
We pull techs nigga, whatever crackin'  
We pitbulls in a backyard full of poodles  
And I'm foamin' at the mouth like Kuja  
Put blood and guts in yo spaghetti noodles  
I got problems in the head  
Got ya lookin' for slugs, well it's probably in the bed  
Got me lookin' for love all in the wrong places  
I'm tasteless and I chew to the bone homie  
Now, look at ya faces it's watta

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