

## Brotha Lynch

### "Death Dance"

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Til we run out the school, the school of hard knocks  
That's real  
Bout to show you somethin' new, don't worry about it  
Uh-huh, yeah

[Verse 1]

Never had a life, never had a wife  
I'd rather have a jack knife and creep through the night  
See my mind ain't right, just ran out of my Prozac  
(damn)  
This grind ain't right, I'm supposed to have fat stacks  
Certain people in my life, they didn't have my back  
It's hurtin' deep and I'm still fightin' to make a come up,  
you know what  
So I put the gun up, and I picked up the mic  
Then it all came out, it was a very bloody sight  
It was a very dark night, (pull out the tool)  
Do the death dance, I don't wanna see your hands  
'til we (run out the school), school of hard knocks  
We tote glocks and punch holes in 'em like polkadots,  
...(?) plots  
It's nothin', I handle raps like I handle lacs  
Plus I, I handle this like I handle that  
I got skills in this battle rap, matter fact  
You could meet me in the back, and we could spit shit  
like mini macs  
How many times must I have to spit, patna?  
And how many nines must I have to grip?  
Cuz I rip shit like a ice pick and I hit up your block quick

And if you can't see it you must got glock-coma  
I'm sicc in the head and I'm not sober

[Chorus] x2

Do the death dance, (C'mon)  
Do the death dance, C'mon  
I don't wanna see your hands  
Do the death dance

[Verse 2]

See, I'm try'na do damage to your soil

Half you niggaz can get your brains wrapped up, in  
some aluminum foil  
I'm hard-boiled like John (?), smoke bomb too  
You must be off that dope and dog food, I can make it  
all cool  
I've been stressed out, lookin' for the b

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