

Brotha Lynch Hung F/ Baby Reg, Baby X, Big Dan, Mr "Locc 2 Da Brain"

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[Verse 1: Baby X-Rated Locc]

Comin off that high it's that double-set rapped around
some funk in the trunk

I got the mossberg pump and bout' to jack a punk

And when that siccness hits I'm like a new stage

Watch my back, hit the dank, load the gat, make the
grave

Twelve midnight, my niggas on the stroll,

Mr. Doc, Baby Reg, Brotha Lynch, Big Dan

We bout' to roll ridin deep hella high so nigga peep
this,

Take ya glock off safety turn around and hit the street

When I got the milli pictured in my head

Ain't no stoppin cuz the devil said I'm halfway dead

What can I say got them evil thoughts fillin' up my Head

locc to the brain

On that insane tip E-B-K everyday

The block-style bitch smokin' dank

With my braids in my hair and I'm riding on a full tank

My nine on the side going Both ways,

Peel a niggas cap and then I'm sideways

Chorus: repeat 2X

Locc to da brain insane every day all day it's E-B-K

Where niggaz load they straps cause the rival's on the
way

Locc to da brain...

[Verse 2: Big Dan]

Now try to peep this watt G straight low killa rollin five
and the deuce

Locc to the brain set-trippin' after fucking with that sick
juice

I fuckin' pump twelve rounds of that knot block the plot
(you down to ride?) yeah we fuckin' with them body
drops stop

Hit the lights there them niggas go

Reach for your flags your straps and roll the windows

low

Roll slow these niggas actin like they know us are here,
They fuckin' duckin' dodging bullets damn I emptied
the clip

They bustin' back trying to hit us from the blind side

Low,

A fucking doughnut and the twelve-gauge pump

Hang from the window what's up now nigga yee-ah

L-O-C to the brain and gauge blast equals rest in pain

Insane loc so a nigga don't give a fuck

It's in the hearts so these rival niggas straight stuck

I let the gauge loose damn I've never seen so much
blood

It's all for gang and the gang shows no love fool

So if you ever see us rollin through your side it ain't all
good,

I suggest you hide

Chorus: 1X

Locc to da brain insane every day all day it's E-B-K

Where niggaz load they straps cause the rival's on the
way

[Verse 3: Mr. Doc]

Come with me deep see how I'm bout to do it for this
Back with tight big shit

Them fools that say they'll kill the stinking hits not
doing shit

When they get lit up on they turf

So move on with they life one even left

That since that time I haven't heard from him

Now that's my locc right damn, where'd you go folks?

Remember we're supposed to be the ones with brains
this locc's

So nigga fuck it, i'll do it like your ass is dead

And touch them niggas with the mack-eleven out of the
shell

I'm burning up the villiage nigga life is a bitch

Somes I set the tags and name on the wall you fucking
snitch

So you'll make a switch on how you're gang-banging

L-O-C and to the brain real locc's don't play that way

See your niggas on the other side is best to hit the floor

And watch them flesh-shredders bout' to rip your
asshole apart

And now it is said and what was said

Will come to pass from Mr. Doc amen, God bless your
ass

Chorus: repeat 2X

Locc to da brain insane every day all day it's E-B-K
Where niggaz load they straps cause the rival's on the
way

[Verse 4: Baby Reg]

See I was standing in the middle of a circle cuz' a
nigga is trying to jack me
With a nine-millimeter ruger and a six deep posse
But I ain't going out for a jack move
The only thing on my mind
Is pullin my nine and these handles in these fools
Now tell me what you busters want with me?
They started talking about pockets on the ground you
mean
Empty my loot out, you fools must be smokin' sherm
But i'll be glad to put my strap up in your face and let
some gun powder burn
Now take a lesson from a Sac-Town criminal
I'm standing all alone in the street
And talkin shit to your circle and ain't no blastin y'all
must be bluffin
Threw up my sign and grabbed my nine-millimeter nine
And started bustin on niggas and watching every
muther fucker try to run
That locc to da brain got a nigga insane with a fucking
empty gun
So imma continue to strike and stay alone and maintain
my self-pride
Cuz' when I ride it's always locc to da brain

Chorus: repeat 2X

Locc to da brain insane every day all day it's E-B-K
Where niggaz load they straps cause the rival's on the
way

[Verse 5: Brotha Lynch Hung]

You can't see me for the fact that the inside of my
strap's in your sight
Bout' to put some slugs in your throat and put your guts
in my coat and hit
the night Drop a sack of indo in my pipe and it's
EBK everyday until the day I hit my grave-sight
That locc to the brain cuz' it's all redrum
A couple of hits from the purple spliff
and I'm workin a fifth of the coke and rum
I have my twelve gauge-pump decorating niggas
brains
Nigga nuts and guts is how we get sick them Northern
Cal slayings

That locc to the brain shit ain't no game it's a gang
Them niggas that killed they mama for some fame it
ain't no thang
It ain't no way, I dump and let them niggas live
Cuz' where I'm from we rockin up on em'
bustin them reps up in them niggas ribs
It's twelve-o-clock full of that spliff full of that ammo in
my glock-nine
Creepin through your set hit the stop
Sign sideways bustin I see gat twenty-four C's
Feel the breeze from the slugs in my nine now
Rest in peace

Chorus: repeat 4X

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