Brotha Lynch Hung F/ X-Raided ''Raided - Return Of Da Baby Killa''

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You better pray When you see me put that nine up in that pussy, ho Cock it back slow Rock it back and forth, wait for the nut, then let my trigger go BOOM! Pussy-guts all over the room If you ain't seen it, Then you're fiendin' For the meanin' Of that nina of doom 2 inches in and, uh, 4 inches out You back that nigga that pack that gat And hit that indo-sack It's like that Cannabis and tea've, uh, got me stuck on stump, fool All it take is a way, a fat, green-bud blunt and a stunt Cause it's that nigga that work 'em nigga deep And block creep And witness murder, baby, kill a seed Once it'll make you vomit Guts in a mama's baby, nuts in a bottle, maybe it's common Biatches keep fuckin' and suckin' and keepin' it comin' With they drama. POP! It's baby killa season Put 6 in the clip, put it up that clit And watch them baby's brains Drip out that fetus Bleed, it's that nigga that kill 'em I'll fill 'em all full for that sicc reason Season of da siccness broodin', got me trippin' for no reason Guess what daddy's bringin' home for supper Nigga nuts and guts and slabs of human meat, motherfucker Now eat! Cause daddy's workin' hard for you, real, huh?

Killas run around everyday that's why I'm hard for you, nigga!

Now eat!

As I creep, picture every human that I seek Slabs of human meat Cause my kids gotta eat I lives kinda deep, dark, up in tha cut Where niggas load nines, and barrel-fuck a slut Nigga, what? You ain't even seen me in my prime Eatin' baby brains, baby veins, baby spines I know they be cryin' when I'm cuttin' off the neck I'm peelin' off the skin for some bacon-fried croquettes Baby villain spine, that baby-killin' mind A fifth-pound of gin cause I know I'm doin' time So catch me now before I do my next crime My kids' gotta eat, somebody's baby's on the line, nigga

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Get ready for the nigga shit That siccer-than-sicc gut ripgut Pick-a-vic-up, fuck 'em up with a couple of nine-milla slugs And put 'em on the ground. Murder toll. Buck buck! Slugs to the womb Guts all over the room That legion of doom That S to the I-C-X With a locc and a tech for the throat and a neck full of gunsmoke it up, locc One for the nigga who kills them infants and senses Then this time, I hit 'em with a nine-millimeter, meter Now let's pick up me freakin' up your skin Never knew nigga-meat cooked so thin! So I pack me a nine-milla gat And creep in the back of the 'Lac With a sack of the indo

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That's right. Once upon a time A nigga that hella sicc up in the skids With a lie for the snitch As a victim's stoned, sayin' "I'll be bones to the pussy clits" They're a baby ditch to the mastermind Nine-millimeter shells, they're blind! Devils made a pact to fuck with match-to-heat, it's one of a kind Low enough to the shit got hella deep that I had to patch it To a soul who had the heart to put his mama in a casket Who could it be? Or can he be Locked up in the county cause the bounty finally found a nigga like me? X-to-the-R-to-the-A-I-D-E-D L-0-C What's up, my nigga? Pull this trigger And take my muthafuckin' legacy But watch your back. Niggas be claimin' that they sicc But really don't know which way to go when they be smokin' up with my lunatic Shiiiit, have you ever seen your mama's cock? (yeah!) Have you even seen a body drop? (yeah!) Have you even loaded up your glock? Well, I could gives a fuck cause even then, nigga, you not my nigga From that 24 Garden Block That's doin' time For shootin' shadows up in the dark And tryin' to bite before he bark And when his heart stops From the metal blue blocks up in the cut They try to lynch my muthafucka to make some dice up out his nuts And what the fuck goes thru my nigga's mind up in his cell? That 24 Deep, no sleep, much stress, nigga. Nigga must be livin' up in hell And here I am, same muthafucka that got my nigga sicc Tryin' to kill myself but slippin' more deeper into the siccness shit

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