

## **C-Bo & Brother Lynch**

### **"There it Is"**

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This song is dedicated to the niggas that be bumpin  
gums and talkin shit  
behind a nigga back knowing I can't defend myself.  
If you trippin, oh if you trippin then it must be you I'm  
talkin bout.  
And if it ain't you ... don't trip

[Brother Lynch]

Drop niggas like bad habits that's the truth  
Mutha fuckas be runnin around actin like they bullet  
proof  
How could I trust you when you couldn't bust two slugs  
for me?  
Talkin bout you thug homie you really ain't got no love  
for me  
Anyway what you do for me? ... Nuttin  
You won't let the 45 keep buckin what you talkin bout in  
yo stuff?  
You don't live no where near gangsta street  
And if I wanted to I could take out some of yo teeth  
And for the rest of my life have beef and you know  
what I do with meat  
Known to cheat, creep from the back in the Cadillac  
Seville  
Pull out the strap and the tack to peel  
And if it don't happen I'm keep doin music and talkin  
shit about you  
Never even mention yo name, cuz it'll all come out you  
a bitch ass nigga  
You live yo life all secluded, if I wasn't around you  
wouldn't do shit  
Talkin bout you jack niggas, put him in the back wit a  
blue rag around they snuggle  
Used to have a huddle of Sicc Made Niggas now it's  
only me to rumble  
Eat em up like gumbo don't trip how could I know?  
I was so comfortable you took advantage of the whole  
Situation all that shit you makin it was cuz of me  
We was cool for all those years but I was blind and  
couldn't see

[Chorus]

There it is ... another nigga went ballistic on me  
Couldn't have is way so I guess he turned his back on  
me  
And if he didn't I'm just tired of shit  
I'd rather do it on my own do it all alone he was dipped  
[2x]

[Brother Lynch]

This some fake nigga pain  
How could I of knew it fat supply of liquor fluid  
And some green leaves that stank up the whole house  
That's how we had it everyday  
Make sure my niggas was drunk and high in every way  
3 o'clock in the morin comin home drunk and fall out  
I didn't give a fuck it was my homies I went all out

Then I found out most of em fake like Van Damme  
They knew about the game but couldn't break a damn  
can  
With hollow tips in they hands I juked em like a crack  
sack  
Made em feel hella bad made sure they never comin  
back  
They showed me too much shit I couldn't take it  
couldn't make it  
Another year dealin with all this fake shit  
Nigga yeah ... and nigga I'm tired of you spyin on me  
Kickin it with that other mutha fucka that be lyin on me  
Why homie? I thought me and you was untouchable  
You be tellin everybody what you know, so bye homie

There it is ... another nigga went ballistic on me  
Didn't think I loved him so I guess he turned his back on  
me  
And if he didn't I'm just tired of shit  
I'd rather do it on my own do it alone he was dipped  
[x2]

[Brother Lynch]

In some weak nigga sauce, the kind you put on spagetti  
I'm a kick back nigga but I'm armed and deadly  
And I'm shootin them gangsta medleys to yo heart and  
soul  
Known to put a mini mack in a nap sack and get off the  
yack and kill a CEO  
Then you can see me smoke circles out yo  
neighborhood  
With a tar can in my lap 20 pack and a 50 sack  
Metal to metal then he won't settle til you in that wood  
I can't help it that's how it is I may run up in yo crib and

get yo kids  
You know I could, you couldn't touch me with a silencer  
form long range  
I tried to do all I could but you think it's all game  
Sit at home drunk and judge niggas  
You remind me of my uncle of always havin a grudge,  
nigga  
Ain't nuttin gon' happen that ain't suppose to happen  
Appse to rappin I close the gap in  
I hit that ass with a mini mack, closed captions  
Cuz I'm a MVP, Maximin Violence Profector  
And if you fuck wit me, fuck you in the ass with the  
weapon  
Grew up in the GBC, a hood where niggas really don't  
give a fuck  
Smash pass the one-time hittin blunts  
Smoke the whole parkin lot up  
And you already knew that about me nigga what's yo  
problem?  
Bumpin them gums like you Green Goblin we gon' be  
squabblin

[Chorus 4x]

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