

Angelina

"Lethal Weapon"

Visit "[Lethal Weapon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yung Buk

Oh yes I'm lethal

I make my shit equal to no one

like shogun I blow one

I don't rap I flow son

You cain't fuck wit my criteria

cuz in my high school cafeteria

I'm known as superior

but now I rock stages

I used to rock the cover of books

but now I open'em up and rock them pages

massive dope shit I drop and brother's not

comprehendin

that's why this nigga raps like it aint no endin

no brother can two upon the one

cuz I'm the nigga who recked the Chi

and locked it up when I was done

you wanna funky rhyme you ain't gotta force me

a young nigga droppin shit like a horse G

I take your crew and wipe'em like mildew

and as for you I got a class that slaughter too

you can sit your ass down and learn the bits of this

psychodrama shit

that you cain't fuck wit

correct so when I inject all you bitches keep steppin

cuz I'm a lethal weapon

Chorus: Yung Buk, NewSense

As lethal as I'm flexin

niggas still talkin bout who dat? (who dat?)

so the next time I bust a cap

it'll be on you black

As lethal as I'm flexin

niggas still talkin bout who dat? (who dat?)

so the next time I bust a cap

it'll be on you black

we gettin that motherfucker

PsychoDrama, too much for the industry to handle

PsychoDrama, too much for the industry to handle

PsychoDrama, too much for the industry to handle

Verse Two:

I'm versatile wit my style
this juvenile can come harder
and kick some wicked shit as fat as Nell Carter
when I flow my rhymes grow like a embryo
still fa sho and then come back like your feenin' hoe
you wonderin who's the best
some punk might say maybe me
but when I flex I'm drastic like casualty
I'm straight underground
no nigga can take mine
fuck a bitch man I'm sleepin wit a tech nine
I bury a body and break a bitches back
cuz you's a sad ass
you sissy soft sucker I'm a bad ass niggaro
and I figured yo you cain't hang wit my mental slang
hell yeah I shoot that motherfuckin thang
I'm hard as fuck so motherfuckers disbelieve
and got mo' hoes than Santa Claus on Christmas Eve
you can not fuck wit me your homie will say yes he's
right
I'll take your rep, your bitch, you'll flip from me like
Jesse White
and love ya tender
I bend a body like a fender
and to them bitches front to back aint no surrender
here never

Chorus 2x

Verse 3:

Any and every punk bitch thats fake
I leave'em soggy like corn flakes
motherfuckers try and die wrapped to your brainwave
bitch itty itty bang bang
shit static dismissed niggaro
fuck yourself up because you fuckin wit this ill shit
I won't blow you a kiss I punch in your fuckin mouth
bitch
nigga just chill or catch the steal fist
now when I says I'm a Yung Buk
don't get an idea nigga fuckin
that you can come and fuck wit this here
the shit that I kick ain't simple
a nigga layin in the river dead wit his dick drilled in his
temple
I guess that's how it's gotta be
niggas jumpin up and gettin they ass played like the
lottery
dialog fonky punk you fail to realize
diggin through your crackerjacks and shit try to find

the prize
but aint no prize fool
yeah you can get your ass bucked by a nigga fresh
outta high school
wit dialog to kill you like a hog
chase you like a dog
slit your throat and drink your blood like egg nog
and thats a still

psychodrama, yeah that other shit
recognize bitch
ChiTown, ChiTown

Chorus 2x

Visit [Angelina](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.