

One Of The Last

Brotha Lynch Hung

Now bigger than life is...how I'm coming out,
rigorous, and vigorous,
you niggaz know what I'm talking 'bout,
I want cheeze and lettuce, and my wallet so fetish (fatish),
and I want to break through like Jerome Bettis, (pro-status)
all this time I got rhyme on my mind, every dime,
I spend it on some weed and some studio time,
drink O-E out the Mickey's big-mouth,
my point is, I'll be in the cut trying to keep these snakes out
my house,

I'm one of the last sick niggaz that you've heard thus far,
you can bump me at your crib or while you're off that nitro in
your car,
but I don't say that to say that I'm a super star, but if you g
et
high then you can feel me no matter who you are,

nigga now I shit lyrics, but I can't use 'em, have your son
tripping Brotha Lynch hung loopin',
they be off that bottle talkin' 'bout,
"Brotha Lynch be talkin' 'bout, sick shit I heard he ate his mo
mma
out,"

now how('s) this muthaphukka 'gon write some shit, about the Br
otha
Lynch hung 'cause he('s) killin' in his song,
he say, "that nigga(z) shit(s) tight, but he ain't shit",
he say, "god as my witness I heard he fucked them bitches"
which is supposed to be wrong criticizing my love song,
you get the rope fuckin' with the Brotha Lynch Hung,
roll in formation, make intimidation, 'catch you on your weed h
igh',
(echo)

I tore you up like a pitch bent, feelin' dick hard, well you be
tter
get your bitch then,
It gets thin, and I'm off this Black and Mild shit,
Tall-can told me it was smooth and now I'm buyin' boxes of it,
trying to relax and deal with these taxes,
'cause they be at my checks with them axes,
(and them) twenty sacks is, in the back seat,
I'm [fuck me if I know]->licin' this, (lacing this)