

# Bleeding House Mystery

Brotha Lynch Hung

Must be some leakage in my click, some niggas done ran up in my shit  
Forced to use the fo-fifth, leavin 'em layin' in Ol 8 English piss  
Got me all stressin' and sick, pickin' up bodies 'n draggin 'em, body baggin  
'em

Try'na get it all done before the wagon come stashin' them  
Aye put Scarface on the T.V, put the volume up to ten and a half  
That way when the police come, Al Pacino bustin' caps  
I got away with a killin', it was self defence  
Had to rinse niggas off the hallway walls, send my hate out to all they dogs  
Yellin' like a psycho when I pulled it  
It was cuttin' every bullet plenty of full clips  
Fuck em, feed em tef' tips  
Got a tool kit, filled of kill em up shit  
I be puttin' niggas on the ground wid it, fuck niggas who ain't down wid it  
They can hit the back door, see I'ma handle this  
I'm so scandalous, like a preacher to teach ya of this [?] shit  
If I gotta trip, I'ma heat ya and eat ya  
I swear I'm serious, herious, feriously hittin' chest plates  
I hit them niggas up quick and have it all cleaned up by the next day

See I was shootin' through the hallway  
Try'na hit everything in sight  
Thinkin' in my mind I knew this shit could happen one night  
Gotta hit that one right, when I hit that one left  
And I'm in the room fillin' up the wycelf, quiet steps - Boom!  
Muthafucka what'chu doin' here, don't you know I got kids?  
Hold up, he ain't dead yet, one mo' to the ribs  
Try'na get body parts to relatives, like nigga you don't get it?  
I cut when I hit it, nigga nuts 'n guts ripped when I did it

Night after night, I had another thought of destruction  
Until this evening, couldn't believe it ran up in my home with the heat, buc  
kin  
My baby's watchin' it, front row seated, with the chrome to the [?] momma  
No pain right now, but later on down the line with the head drama  
Didn't expect this to happen to me but this evening was heated  
When I walked outta the bedroom, witnessed 'em flash by deep and all black e  
ye ...[?]  
I mean five or six of 'em, strapped, with the nine-milla to my face  
I [?] the hallway, backed up, and ran to the closet for the 12 gauge  
What could I do right now beside let it all surface  
Then come fuck up your shit on purpose, I got your whole system nervous  
But you lied to me compulsive, hit me the hardest like explosives  
into your underground Black Market recordin' shit, get focused  
Dis Siccmade, can't nothin' possibly take that away  
But if you make me mad, I get that rage  
Inflict pain, then make arrangements  
Labelled the most wanted, the most dangerous  
Wake up out of a dead sleep, walkin' to the murder  
Then flamed the rush

See now it's two weeks later, I had to cut like a cheese grater  
Did in all black like a Raider and hit niggas up like a pager, red beam lase  
r  
My trust got all fucked up so now I'm watchin' the lights behind me  
Tuckin' the metal stuff, try'na get that shit behind me  
Testin' my ghetto luck, in the streets Zigg Zagg, my crimey

We lookin' for that prime meat  
We lookin' for that man that plotted the crime to try to tie my  
life span, splatter my pipe dream  
Leave you stiff like a mic stand  
Yeah I'm the Burbank titan, whether you likin' it or not  
Grew up right out of 24th street, yeah some call it the block  
And when they first hit the locks, see I was shot  
All I saw was chrome and niggas in black ski masks, comin' in my home  
They try'na take my money, they try'na get paid, so I don't blame 'em  
But I wish I had the chopper to put the flame to 'em  
But I didn't, just a hand pistol, same doin', bone gristle  
Came to 'em, dumpin at shadows, and I was havin' shoot-out battles