

Catch You

Brotha Lynch Hung

Catch ya wit yo pants
Catch ya wit yo pants down, and maybe while you sleepin'
Don't matter what you saw, death is what you reepin'

I remain real like my cousin E-Mil
Packin steel
It's the Southside whorida
Can't fuck wit these othasidas
Eastside, Westside
This situation is dirty like chopped up nation
So I stay wit the best side
Nigga let's ride (Fuck that!!)
I stay solo like a black cat
Fuck a bad wrap
I seen it happen to my cousin
I'm like the Dirty Dozen
Wrapped up in buns
"He said he was buzzin"
But you know he wasn't
Cause if life was free I would say fuck money
You can douse me in monkey blood
Fill my pockets wit drug money and duck from me
You was a fuck homie only wanted the plug nigga
Cut yo shit off like smud nigga
I gotta say fuck niggas and buck niggas
And wit a passion and keep smashin'
Get away before the task bend the corner
On a mission for rippin niggas up like toilet tissue
Wit the German issue
Now yo family gone have to miss you
I'm sicker than racism
It's everybody killa
Hit you wit the fully issue
Like PG&E lit you
See me in 3D git you
Hit em up git rid of
Did em up like dirty draws
He was a jealous mothafucka
As the story was told 29 years old
350 Gs in the bank but nobody knows
I guess it's just that season I thank
When niggas be hos
Fuckin em in the cheap mo mos
Leavin em dead in the bath tub wit no clothes
Razorbladed Grove

I'mma catch you wit yo pants down
Since you was talkin that shit
You was hard on the Boulevard
Now I'mma buck this clip
On your self I make you shit
When antagonized if you don't realize
You must be the type that like surprise
I'll rise out the hood on chrome skates
Pull a top notch bitch and fuck her ass hard on the first day
Throwin it at me wit no debate (none)
But I ain't the one to be trustin em

Ain't finna get me for rape
Punk bitch tried to hand me a case
Until I dropped her on her face
Bitch!! Take that shit and skate
I ride wit these realas
These niggas ain't neva fake
Dope dealas and killas
Whateva product could lace
One time I always shake
See I'm hella fast on that ass get away clean
Most of the time count on the cash
Hata niggas I bake em
Playa nigga I make em
Major figgas my mind is up on
Gold diggas I'll shake em
I'm that real nigga that real figga
That real nigga from the fake
Cause real nigga look at a fake nigga
And they always tend to shake
Crossed me at one time
And I told you I'll be buckin at your wake
Cause when I tell yo ass one time it's all it takes
How many rhymes i'mma have tell a cat
Bitch I ain't fake
Betta listen to the Money Hungry album shit it's money to make
And when it's money to be makin'
That mean it's money to be takin'
So watch yo back cause I'mma be in all black theivin like Gary Payton