

Colostomy Bag

Brotha Lynch Hung

Dinner and a Movie
I'm Bacc Nigga
That's what it is

Yeah I might as well get wet
Give me a Newport I'm a little strange now
On fire like a human torch
Just get warmed up
Aint nobody can fucc wit me even luccily
Get cut in three I'm a fuccin beast I tucc the three
Fifty-seven and keep me revin'
Mr. Tech Ryhme, pure white cocaine spit not even stepped on
Sort of like blue magic
The pussy i stab at it
And stab at it, I'm an addict it bleeds when I tap it
Manic Depressive
And if you test'em
Mann is the lesson
Plan it get your chest split
Dance smith and weston and it will test'em
Hand it to Kevin
Cannibal session
Man full of intestine
Kansas is wit me
Strange Music is wit'em I think they breath littlely
I still see sicc'em
From long distance for instance
I get wit'em I spit sicc shit
Sniffin' cocaine

Coathanger
Throatsta Strangler
Your folks get mangled up
Cut'em up from the navel (uhhhhhh)
Put you in the hospital fast
Have you wearin' a oxygen mask
Wit the doctors in the surgey
Gettin in a Colostomy Bag (2x)

My whole cigarette is wet
I'm about to smoke it
Get hard like East Oakland
Rappers I super soak'em
After the kruger get over'em
I be standin over'em wit nine milimeter
Hit'em like a wide reciver
Like Jerry Rice
Them niggaz think I'm weak cuz I'm very nice
All I do is think about eatin them every night
So I got to carry every knife, every machete
I'm steadily deadily it's heavily bevely gettin' cut up
I'll be a the motel fucced up
Blood in my cup witta fine bitch hugged up
'Til my heart get plugged up
I'm still going to be in my Dickies shit thugged up
Nigga throwin up blood throwin up guts nigga whats what
We kind of strange nigga we eat nigga nuts and guts

You already know what I eat your insides
And break down your enzymes
And take out your insides
Sniffin' Cocaine

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I need a cigarette I cut a nigga neck
And watch the blood drip out
Hit him witta tech
Just like them niggaz watta fucc my bitch let'em sweat
She smile at you and cut your mothafuccin' neck
I hang a nigga and strangle niggaz wit barb-wire
It's little strange listebn to what i desire
I put the tools in they nuts twist wit the pliers
I'm a hot rod you a hot dog like Oscar Meyer
I drop logs nigga shittin' like dirrahea
You get the bucther knife too the eyes if you try to see him
Either that or my bitch see you right at the club
Put the whop de wop in your mug and your graves dug
I got it made cuz makin Strange Music to lisen and dissin you
Cuz that how strange do it (do it)
We sicca then hard liquor which ya'll it's know thang
Coathanga Strangla spitin the cocaine nigga

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