

# 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 buchter 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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