

D.O.A.

Brotha Lynch Hung

Mr. Mann-A-bal Lector
It's all over the news right now
You couldn't have missed it
Do you have any idea what might of happened to them
Any idea at all
Everybody thinks you do
Not me, but lots of people do
Tell me what happened
(He died a violent death)

He won't have a head no mo'
He won't have no bread no mo'
I won't have to get fed no mo'
He's D.O.A. (Dinner on Arrival) bitch
Give him an-enem-o-vemom
And send em their endin'
10 of the minutes the minimum
I eat 10 of em
Tick-Tock on the clock taccin out many men
He's D.O.A. (Dinner on Arrival) (2x)

I don't do it to get famous
Sumthin' bout the brainless aimless
Body with the stainless
I'm a be in the 6-4.
A Schizo talkin other language
Yo' maine which your brain split
I'm a commit the hit flow
Til the shit blow
This the foe
Gangin and banging
Lie in the playpen
With the stainless
Put his brain in my apron
Then I'm escapin
Staple his legs
When I get the OK
I'm tapin his legs
When I get to door
Breakin his legs
Want a omlet
Better be breakfast and eggs
Ducc from the bomb hit
They finnn' to pay
Smoke when the bomb lift
They goin finnn' pass it
Or they get the acid
I'm bakin' that ass quicc
Rapin that ass quicc
Ryhme sound like I be takin' acid

Maybe the reason your so paranoid
Is cause you smoke you much fuccin' marijuana
Wouldn't you think?

I don't know
I just spit that shit

Like I do coke (you do coke)
I do hope
You get this shit quicc
Cause Spidy's broke (Spidy's broke)
I do choke
Got that shit that rip chinese dope
I do loc
I got crippin' shit in me like tiny loc
I ain't actin'
My nine milimeter make niggaz do baccflips
Get with them minimum practice
Just hit them witta little gymnastics
My heat is plastic
I beat the bastard
I eat that ass quicc for dinner
The winner gets the meat
And I don't have to be the nigga that spits the fastest
Mr.NASA A-S-A-P give me my cashes
Mummahed Ali niggaz swoopin there ass's
Grizlock be beatin their asses
I leak mollasses couldn't see me after 24 karats of glasses
You ain't the only one who gets goons
Shit that'o bloody up rooms
Rips that'o bloody up shoes
Pop the 64 pop the pistols
And I can get close enough
To hit those rocc to split those
You talk the good talk so walk the good walk
Get up and let's go
This the Mister piston niston sicc as this is
Get your kids quicc take'em and rape'em
This the siccness take'em and bake'em

It's quite obvious that people are addicted to your siccness
They all seem to be emulating you
Perhaps you should do something about that

I just know
Niggaz couldn't see me witta telescope (see me witta telescope)
I just hope
You tell'em Lynch Hung come so tell us hoe
Tell us Hoe
I got thicc big bitch so smell this dope
I mean sniff this coke
It's the rip vic shit drip out his nose
I don't need this
I carry a machete and I rip the cleveage
I carry 'em and bury 'em I'm leavin 'em deep six
Marin' and nall bearin' when I grind the teeth grip
I prefer a deep dish I'm a be hidin behind 'em witta meat clever
Momma be cryin I'm fryin with tha heat seeker
Probably be tryin' comin' with the heat seek shit
Peter Parker AKA Coat Hanga Strangla
They may pray but the Lynch is hangin'em
After she dead Lynch Hung is bangin' guts STRANGE
Ain't no tamin' us
We get your brains and veins and bringin' them with us
Getta tat and bang it with us
One thang we insane and bring'en it up
My tongue hangin when I'm aimin' aimin' at the guts
Nigga loc to da brain all wraped in one
Hot dog ass niggaz get wrap in the bun
Tongue slit neck brains' hangin' with Hung

The real siccness is bacc so get it and run
I'm a get this shit and attack when I aim at his done
I'm a get this shit and pack when I aim at his done
Siccness get your dick split

I can't control my own mind (my own mind)
(Is that so)
My mind It's uncontrollable
(Well just keep coming bacc and we'll figure it out)
So many answers I can give you
(But worry to much)
So many answers I can give you
(All right I'll see you tommorrow)
[Laughs]