

# Dead Bitch

Brotha Lynch Hung

Send'em finna get butt naked (grrr)  
I don't know what happened, see I just saw a house  
An a lady up in the backroom  
An a cocaine had me dizzy I was hustle off that wet cigarettes  
So I don't know that gon do givin a nigga a permanent tattoo  
I spit poison, niggas call it kentrail, I'm mobb deep nigga an I think I got  
sickle cell  
Anyway, got to stay focus, got make sure this bitch gon smell  
I'mma cut the head off, send it to myself in the mail  
Bitch, it ain't no helpin' to yell, you gon make it quick a bitch  
Chewin muscles like lickerish, you wanted to die you'll get yo wish you bit  
sh,  
Human meat is my favorite dish, and I bitches for kicks  
(Grrr)  
I'm a tyrannosaurus rex, unpredictable I dont know victim's door next  
Get the stick in you torso or more so, cut'em up it was the main course tho  
Zip'em up an lock'em up in the zip lock cloth.

I did'n know (now I'm talkin' to a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (now I'm packin' up a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (now I'm sippin' off a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (I don't be trippin' off a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (I was toungin' to a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (I was study fuckin' a dead bitch)  
I did'n know (I was tonkin' off a dead klik)  
I did'n know (now I'm nuttin' on a dead bitch)

(Grrr)  
Now I'm smokin' on some loud, head up in the clouds (coff)  
An I get to the gas station, ride hella miles  
Put the body somewhere  
Cut up the bodies nigga, I'm leave one there and one there  
It was sum like a nightmare, kiss her and slit nigga,  
I don't fight fair or might there  
I told you I be high  
24/7 always hella drunk and ready to die  
Turned up  
Sum's wrong with my head I might be burnt up  
Brain tells gon extra ending the game all long  
Twelve o clock midnight I run through ya house  
Opposites is quiet as a mouse, we in ya hall way  
An I'm eyed grape in the garage I waited all day  
Scratchin' at ya dressa with a knife  
After I'm done it's about to be a messenger tonight  
Kept runnin (runnin), the bitch she made a left and a right  
And you can tell by the smell it's a murder session tonight.

Chasing his mother through the house

Come here bitch

Continuing chasing his mother through the house

Open the door! Ma!  
Ma! open the door  
You lock the...  
Open the door!

Open the door bitch!

Brotha Lynch Hung opens the door stabbing his mother

Ha.now... i...told... you... i...was... gon... fuckin... kill... come in...  
fuckin... kill... you... you... fuckin... bitch!

Brotha lynch hung panics after killin his mother and calls travis o guin

Travis o guin: this travis

Brotha lynch hung: A trav damn man, I think I just killed my mom man

Travis o guin: you, you

Brotha lynch hung: naw, naw I ran up in there man and this lady I saw her

Travis o guin: Lynch!

Brotha lynch hung: I was high an everything man just fuckin killed her man

Travis o guin: slow down, slow down

Brotha lynch hung: I got her in the closet, I got her in the closet bro I ju  
st fuckin did it I stab her and...

Travis o guin: Lynch!, Lynch!

Brotha lynch hung: what!, what! I just killed her man I ran up in the house  
man I did even give a fuck

I was so high man what, what!

Travis o guin: Lynch man your mother been dead for years what are you talkin  
about man

Brotha lynch hung: what!, what!

Travis o guin: your mom, your mom been dead for years i.i... don't understan  
d is this a what are you talkin

About man

Brotha lynch hung: Are you fuckin serious, well a fuck it I'mma do this then  
!, fuck it! shoots himself

Travis o guin: Lynch, Lynch! u there... alright man... ah... yeah

STRANGE MUSIC!

End of the sagaAnnotate