

# Dead Man Walking

Brotha Lynch Hung

Thus the nigga in that casket hotboxin  
How many muthafuckers wanna empty out they glocks in me  
The gangbangers most wanted  
The first nigga caught me in my side  
And my set didn't ride  
So I'm locc to the mutherfucking brain  
50 pounds of dank in my casket  
I'm bout to take my last splift  
Before I make that move to insane  
Records of a criminal for baby killin nothin  
40 ounces wit my game  
Them niggas that kill they momma for some fame  
For the ripgut trigga to hit what muthafuckers in my aim;  
Even my momma tried to take me out the game  
By heating up some Brandy and taking it to the dome because I c  
ame;  
With the siccness and it's just the dank that I smoke  
Making me load that millimeter putting deuce up in your throat;  
Murder she wrote, in the book, as a gang related homicide  
Reality check nigga for the fact she giving it up  
It's suicide for the do or the die  
True or the die each time  
One after each as I creep through the streets  
With a 9 millimeter up under my seat  
I pack heat, deep cuz a nigga like me can't be played cheap;  
blink, before I'm leaving this niggas guts up in the street;  
peep, ever since nigga deep I gotta carry me something  
Cuz everywhere I go niggas 12 gauge pumping  
I wan't them to know when my 44 bust  
I'm taking this niggas brain hookin him up  
And murderin niggas up  
Then I give it up, then I'm in the cut  
5 triple 0 double o Mosburg pump  
Point it at your grill  
Ready to bust for the fact some call me still  
The hardest nigga in that casket hotboxing  
So who those muthafuckers that wanna empty out they glocks in m  
e;  
Think 24 times fool fo you come wit yo punk 9's  
Cuz nigga you nigga me, my oozie say its dinnertime  
That ripgut cannibal mind for the shit that make them violent c  
rimes;  
That's atheist so feel the sign  
A deadman walkin