

# Deep Down

Brotha Lynch Hung

Yeah I could load a 9 up everyday, but why  
My locc's told me homie make them tapes  
And keep that 24 block alive  
But if I feel I'm in need, I got's to ride  
Carry a 9 for straight business, not just a side  
Man it's the night-mare, creepin up in the cut  
I'm hittin dice games, barbeques, no matter what  
The things I've seen'll make ya throw up  
Flaunt your flag, shoot your gats, hit your dank  
Where I'm from that's how ya grow up  
Man it's that wicked and 9 millimeter  
Carrier bein stereo-typed daily  
Ya got's to feel me, foo it's that baby  
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm strapped  
Ya heard it I got my own back-fade  
Out into the 'lac and hit the city of Sac  
Them homies given me that  
But you got them fools that want a foe then  
They wonderin why I'm carryin me a 12 gauge pump  
Man I ain't no punk  
The average everyday thug that's how it sounds  
I'm defendin myself, and loadin that mili  
And leaving em layin

(4x)

Deep down, there's a place for hope

I guess it's hard to explain why I'm feelin how I'm feelin  
I guess I'm feelin sorrow cus my homies got some stealin  
And foos would say that it's my fault I bet  
See cus I wasn't strapped yo, but I can't fuck my set  
How could I know that them foos would blast?  
Later on, on my folks  
It's funny how this bangin's got its different strokes  
I think about my loccs and how they made it  
Though I'm stressin from the fact  
They gotta suffer from a bullet hole  
And Mr. Doctor just don't have hope locc  
It's only been a month, since my last down partner got smoked  
And rivals is deep, up in my city foo  
Since I'm on the underground team, I can't have no peace  
My life is tore up so I guess I'm stuck  
Yeah, I got my St. Ides, I'm turnin it up  
To get drunk, then I post up on the street  
While I say to myself, for the block  
Homie rest in peace

They say that ain't the way to handle that type funk  
But now I'm loadin up the strap, smokin on that blunt  
Just cus the Brotha Hung is flag-up  
What that mean, I can't ride?  
Why G's up in my face, I'm bout to help them ride  
I keep a low pro, drink the 4-0  
And lounge until it's time to go  
Shinin up the forty-fo  
Rollin up the boogey-boo, indo  
And hopin if I should die, before I'm high

That they bury me in 50 pounds of chocolate thai  
I got them homies from the south-side givin it up and  
Them homies from the east-side slangin that stuff and  
I'm right up in the middle tryin to hang on and  
Tryin not to end up like them niggas doin time in the pen  
But then again  
I'm down for when the homies is ready to roll em up  
You know, stick in a dark-blue cut  
And as I'm creepin through ya set  
Trip, don't get caught up, shot up  
The gardenblock locc's, man we leave em layin