

G-Status

Brotha Lynch Hung

My peoples... My peoples
We must maintain G- Status

Thinking about living with out you

Based on technicalities, Ill nature and our future. Fuck
Work with the mic, work with the mic

I put the pedal to the metal in that niggas rag top
after I left him in his back seat, chockin and hopin that his life won't end
tonight
Had to take him for his fifty, cause it was so tight
Hit the corner in it, In a minute
I'm bout to decorate somebody mortuary wit bone dust
Fuck niggas I don't trust they venomous
I bend a muskrat nigga like you in half
Have you takin short breaths inside a death blood bath
Pullin niggas apart like bammer weed, takin em for their 3-fifty
Hit the corner of Watt and Whitney, that's where that green shit be
Fifty sack and i'm out with a bitch that I don't know
About to hit the momo back to lose a ho gain a ho
So who's to know bruise a ho up like me or not
Whether i'm livin out my momma house or in the back of my whatchamacallit
Doin thangs us niggas do
Get me another one of them faulty bitches pervin off the ole 8 brew
Then what you do, I smile in they face
Then leave they muthafuckin body in a casketcase
I'm a basketcase, everyday all day to the day I die
I'mma kill'em all up fill'em all up lick'em, wheel'em, deal'em
Dig'em a ditch then stick the bitch

Thinking about living without you

Blackout blackout when the lights off pound the clubs
just like cars pound them cars, feel like i'm lost...
blackout blackout when the lights off. Got a nigga on
Blackout blackout when the lights off pound the clubs
just like cars pound them cars, feel like i'm lost...
blackout blackout when the lights off

My nigga... I'm off this muthafuckin O'E bottle on the throttle
cause these little niggas is catchin up grabbin the tec and buck
Stab in the neck and struck body in the back of the truck
And strap the Midevil tape to the dead body, Maserati, John Gotti
Made nigga, Put you in duct tape and leave you sinkin in the river
Take my kindness for weakness if you want to
I lost my baby Nevin, can't tell you what a nigga do

I got voices in my muthafuckin head
Choice to leave muthafuckas dead, puddle of red, sat on the bed
Put my muthafuckin strap down, put my hands on my face
Gotta beat this muthafuckin case

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