

# I Plotted (My Next Murder)

Brotha Lynch Hung

I seperated myself from most homies  
Cause my enemies started out to be close homies.  
Hehehehehe  
Yeah! Dinner and a Movie!  
Go buy my album (that's a fact)!  
Brotha Lynch Hung!

Yeah  
I was sitting in a room with a pistol, schizo  
Fist full of bullets and my grip stoked, I'm mad  
They say my music ain't Strange enough  
So I signed at the dotted line with strangest stuff  
Now I'm back (I'm back), I'm bad like LL and ladies love me  
But fuck 'em I make they bodies smell, I got a psycho bitch  
She'll cut you well  
Leave her in a trashcan, you better get my mail  
I'm so serious, believe it  
I'm furious from fuckin' them bitches  
While they on their periods, I'm seasick  
See, here's my brand new meat dish  
Intestins and bell peppers and onions  
An salt my delicates, ya see  
Trick, I want you to want me  
Then I turn around and put ya head in my humvee

I plotted my next murder in the bedroom  
Gripping on a pistol  
Way too potent n' like sisco  
Overdose  
You ain't getting up in the morning  
Hit you over dinner and a movie  
I'm schizo  
I plotted my next murder in the bedroom  
Gripping on a pistol  
Way too potent n' like sisco  
Overdose  
You ain't waking up in the morning  
Hit you over dinner and a movie  
I'm schizo

Somebody roll another motherfuckin' blunt  
Other motherfuckers want  
My siccness spit  
Put it up in ya mother cunt  
Put it up in ya daughter's butt  
And just when that's happening  
My psycho bitch is running up and she gone put a cap in em  
Slashin' em, cut em half and butt it in that ass  
And after the fact  
I'm a keep coming with psycho shit  
Murdering others like michael pitt  
Matter of fact, liposuction  
Gutt em up, cutt em up  
My face is in the paper  
All it said was "what a nut"  
Ya buttercup  
You can't even get with me did I stutter, what?

Motherfucker, somebody shut him up  
Before I plug him up, gun em up, when is enough?  
Nigga, nuts and hamburger  
It's just another damn murder.

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