

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
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You ain't waking up in the morning
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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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