

Locc 2 Da Brain

Brotha Lynch Hung

Comin off that high it's that double-
set rapped around some funk in the trunk
I got the mossberg pump and bout' to jack a punk
And when that siccness hits I'm like a new stage
Watch my back, hit the dank, load the gat, make the grave
Twelve midnight, my niggas on the stroll,
Mr. Doc, Baby Reg, Brotha Lynch, Big Dan
We bout' to roll ridin deep hella high so nigga peep this,
Take ya glock off safety turn around and hit the street
When I got the milli pictured in my head
Ain't no stoppin 'cause the devil said I'm halfway dead
What can I say got them evil thoughts fillin' up my Head locc to the brain
On that insane tip E-be-K everyday
The block-style bitch smokin' dank
With my braids in my hair and I'm riding on a full tank
My nine on the side going Both ways,
Peel a niggas cap and then I'm sideways

Locc to da brain insane every day all day it's E-be-K
Where niggaz load they straps cause the rival's on the way

Locc to da brain...

Now try to peep this watt G straight low killa rollin five and the deuce
Locc to the brain set-trippin' after fucking with that sick juice
I fuckin' pump twelve rounds of that knot block the plot
(you down to ride?) yeah we fuckin' with them body drops stop
Hit the lights there them niggas go
Reach for your flags your straps and roll the windows low
Roll slow these niggas actin like they know us are here,
They fuckin' duckin' dodging bullets damn I emptied the clip
They bustin' back trying to hit us from the blind side Low,
A fucking doughnut and the twelve-gauge pump
Hang from the window what's up now nigga yee-ah
L-O-see to the brain and gauge blast equals rest in pain
Insane loc so a nigga don't give a fuck
It's in the hearts so these rival niggas straight stuck
I let the gauge loose damn I've never seen so much blood
It's all for gang and the gang shows no love fool
So if you ever see us rollin through your side it ain't all good,
I suggest you hide

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Come with me deep see how I'm bout to do it for this
Back with tight big shit
Them fools that say they'll kill the stinking hits not doing shit
When they get lit up on they turf
So move on with they life one even left
That since that time I haven't heard from him
Now that's my locc right damn, where'd you go folks?
Remember we're supposed to be the ones with brains this locc's
So nigga fuck it, I'll do it like your ass is dead
And touch them niggas with the mack-eleven out of the shell
I'm burning up the villiage nigga life is a bitch
Somes I set the tags and name on the wall you fucking snitch

So you'll make a switch on how you're gang-banging
L-O-see and to the brain real locc's don't play that way
See your niggas on the other side is best to hit the floor
And watch them flesh-shredders bout' to rip your asshole apart
And now it is said and what was said
Will come to pass from Mr. Doc amen, God bless your ass

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See I was standing in the middle of a circle 'cause' a nigga is trying to jack me

With a nine-millimeter ruger and a six deep posse

But I ain't going out for a jack move

The only thing on my mind

Is pullin my nine and these handles in these fools

Now tell me what you busters want with me?

They started talking about pockets on the ground you mean

Empty my loot out, you fools must be smokin' sherms

But I'll be glad to put my strap up in your face and let some gun powder burn

Now take a lesson from a Sac-Town criminal

I'm standing all alone in the street

And talkin shit to your circle and ain't no blastin y'all must be bluffin

Threw up my sign and grabbed my nine-millimeter nine

And started bustin on niggas and watching every mother fucker try to run

That locc to da brain got a nigga insane with a fucking empty gun

So imma continue to strike and stay alone and maintain my self-pride

'cause' when I ride it's always locc to da brain

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[Verse 5: Brotha Lynch Hung]

You can't see me for the fact that the inside of my strap's in your sight

Bout' to put some slugs in your throat and put your guts in my coat and hit

The night Drop a sack of indo in my pipe and it's

EBK everyday until the day I hit my grave-sight

That locc to the brain 'cause' it's all redrum

A couple of hits from the purple spliff

And I'm workin a fifth of the coke and rum

I have my twelve gauge-pump decorating niggas brains

Nigga nuts and guts is how we get sick them Northern Cal slayings

That locc to the brain shit ain't no game it's a gang

Them niggas that killed they mama for some fame it ain't no thang

It ain't no way, I dump and let them niggas live

'cause' where I'm from we rockin up on em'

Bustin them reps up in them niggas ribs

It's twelve-o-clock full of that spliff full of that ammo in my glock-nine

Creepin through your set hit the stop

Sign sideways bustin I see gat twenty-four see's

Feel the breeze from the slugs in my nine now

Rest in peace

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