Brotha Lynch Hung

Look It's A Dead Body

Look! It's a body! That's what I do

Leaving grease is pieces My thesis, bitch give me something to eat with A brand new recipe anatomy deep dish Chk, chk, cha, anatomy deep dish

I'm so tired of this shit, my life's like My life's like nigga I'm twisted, the nice guy Always getting stiffed it and if this shit don't change I'ma get those brains and I'ma get those brains and brisk it And mix it, sick shit started the sickness Now bitches and niggas think I'm soft like biscuits But it gets hard like bitches nipples My shit goes hard room, feet in the toilet, won't flush Niggas think they fucking with Lynch, nigga don't hush Got a nigga's guts looking like wants crushing it If your house was a bitch nigga I'd run it up in your stuff Niggas think I'm nuts cause I kill and bust nuts I'll be off the X not even knowing what's what Rivals get cut up I can't smoke so I'm murdering for fun And that shit's fucked up

Look it's a dead body over here Blood all over the place like motor steel Niggas ain't fucking with Lynch You know the deal I eat 'em when I am done with 'em, nigga That's overkill

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I might kill her for nothing while I'm nuttin After they dead I'm fucking, aight Spit so nasty my teeth don't look right Fucking dead bodies at night I'm just sick in the head, getting the bread MC's getting the blade instead of the lead This time I'm keeping the brains instead of the head This crime is hitting the news instead of the feds Y'all niggas bust like fags, got 'em in Ed Have your whole family looking outta the red Have the hoes panties drippin, I'm straight trippin Light blue sic ?? but with the paint still dripping 24 street block throw it up daily Still having abortions nigga I don't need babies And I don't eat babies I'm sicker than the rabies Still hella mad cause I didn't sign with Shady Records, but I'm strange now, snake and the bat Nigga, sickest independent on the map, nigga back nigga Gat it like that nigga Wanna see a dead body? This is where it's at nigga

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That's not what you told me I read in the paper the other day that you were eating people again Taking their skin and cooking them And then devouring them Then devouring them...

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I know this is different, different A lot of people tell me I'm gifted, bitches! Tired of gettin' cheated, fuck this shit Shit gets worse, I'ma rent me a hearse Leave a nigga's balls in his girlfriend's purse Bad news is you'll never see where he lurks You don't even hurks, waterfall dripping out the skirts When it comes to rapping I am Captain Kirk Higher that the spaceship So I wrote the album Niggas try to put me in the middle like Malcolm YouTube sick TV, you see the outcome Lock 'em with a machete and I won't leave 'em without one

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