

## Maniac Ridaz

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm gangsta steppin  
Representin my block  
Jokes be the name  
702 comin through yo hood  
Putting hollow slugs all up in your brain  
All up in yo gang  
I'm givin a fuck  
I be the one that's gunnin for fun  
Sin City gang with a ??  
You can hang with the Sin City gang  
Fuck no  
I'm ridin dirty  
With the heat in my hand  
Stay bumpin when I'm swervin  
All days to the curbin

Wonderin why the bottle keeps turnin  
I'm creepin and callin your homies  
Up on it and you callin for help

But nobodys there  
Now I'mt he suspect of a bloodbath  
And I left him dead 'cause nobody cares  
Joke doggy dogg bringin heat everywhere that I go  
'cause a gangsta like me will bust back  
And a bulletproof vest on my chest in case anybody blast  
Fuck that I'm ridin  
Wearin all black wit a hard hat hangin low over my eyes  
And the briefcase right by my side  
9-milla glock and a chrome .45 and I know  
That all of my murderers  
Heard of this gangsta crackin necks  
Runnin all night with a jet black 9  
In a g-ride killin up your whole set  
Givin a damn with a strap in my hand  
Unloadin on every punto that I can  
Fuckin up playas in Las Vegas  
And erasin these hataz is the masterplan bitch

So know whatchu gon' do  
When we hit them sticks  
And hit your block  
Like some maniac ridaz

So sick and do shit to you Ripley's wouldn't believe  
We got some other sick tricks  
Hidden up our sleeves  
So just pass the liquor

Pass the weed  
Pass us the PCP  
And you gon' see

How we pull straps out of our hat and bust caps  
And make you bitch ass niggaz take foreverlong naps

I twist 'em up like a tornado

Turned tasmanian  
Crack a cranium  
Devlish like that evil motherfucker Damian  
Cuttin loose  
I'm startin funk like Fox  
Doom juice with doom roots  
I'm rippin fruit loops apart  
I'm infested with the doom  
Infected with the plague  
Got a bitch to lick my wounds  
My enemies is dead  
Pay attention, then I rinse down with siccmade niggaz

That'll kill a bitchmade nigga  
Twist 'em like a french braid nigga  
Jump on the place  
I'm meetin Osama Bin Laden  
You betta jump on your cellular phone  
And call your mama

'cause ain't nobody gon' make it home  
It's all drama  
As I parachute out that motherfucker  
I yell geroni-MO  
But you don't hear me though  
At 30,000 feet up in the air it's impossible

See I'm that nigga  
That'll land in a bitches yard  
Dick hard enough to cut through  
A pack of glass and in barge  
And get my fuck on  
Up in her crib  
I don't need her permission  
'cause I ain't gonna let her live  
I stay sick with it  
And come equipped with it  
After I finish with that bitch they know Eklypse did it

I'm fresh out the county jail  
Just graduated from an anger management program  
I like to punish niggaz  
Slow your roll like a traffic jam

It's that nigga with a frown turned upside down  
I keep it rough nigga style  
I walk the walk  
I talk the talk  
It ain't that punk David Banner  
It's the motherfuckin hawk  
Chokin bitch niggaz out  
But I keep it gangsta with the sawed-off  
Your body hard off  
Your motherfuckin face be tore off  
Gotta keep it gangsta  
Because we dog bitch niggaz  
Got itchy fingers

Along with triggas that'll scratch em  
And load 'em up unload 'em  
And let bitch niggaz have it  
Ghetto savage  
My claws 3 loaded automatics

That'll rip your ass like Wolverine  
When I'm on that OE and Listerine  
A grousome scene  
Send him home and get shot in the neck  
Have your bitch ass smokin a stick  
Just to deal with his death  
Now 1 plus 1 equal 2  
that's what I assume  
And many bitch niggaz hang with other bitch niggaz  
I got him now I'm comin after you  
I put it in and do him  
So hop your bitch ass in this effect  
Make no mistake  
Yeah nigga you dead  
I take his soul across the foggy lake  
No escape  
Bing the chalk  
And the yellow tape  
It's just another flat-footed cop  
Closin a bloody murder case  
I ain't playin no games  
And I ain't speakin in riddles  
But you niggaz is sweet and colorful  
Like a bag of skittles  
All about my skrilla and bits  
Always pack pistols  
It's kinda mystical  
And thug niggaz appear like ninjas  
Off my gangsta whistle  
Apocolyptic season if the sickness  
You must forget

I reveal the strongest weakness  
When I hit yo block and leave you wicked  
Some niggaz call me a demon

'cause I see the future livin grousome  
Creep up on a snake ass nigga like an eagle  
Sin City Dark angel