

Meat Cleaver

Brotha Lynch Hung

Comin' with the meat cleaver
Cut her in her neck
leave her
Put her on the ground like a beaver
See 'em
Yeah I'm comin' to get her
Run up and get her
with a machete
They comin' to get her without the liver
Nigga
With a meat cleaver
leavin' the street bleedin'
Heapin' a heat-seeker
Nigger
I speak ether
He about to leak feces
Wipin' up the streets with her
Get em' GRR

Reminiscing the wako
Take hoes
and put 'em in the box
they may chose
I hate 'em
Cook 'em in Crisco
and I filleted 'em and ate 'em
filleted 'em and ate 'em
Bakin' potatoes

Hot totties
Stickin' the fork in the hot body
Hittin' the porch like a box robbery
Not sorry
I'm a nigga hotter than hot coffee
Nigga
Shittin with no potty

Mommy
Tell 'em I'm a sicko psycho
Tell 'em Imma hit the night though
Tell 'em I'm nitro
Tell 'em Imma growl like a motorcycle revvin' em up like a tight rope
GRR
My brain is empty
I can't think, I'm insane I'm simply
Sick in the head
Get in the bed
I'm a murderer
Mannibal cannibal
Niggers really never heard of her
GRR

He's a meat doctor
Put her in the pot
made it hot then I chopped her
I was floatin' in the air
Helicopters

Put butter in the pot then the hot sauce
Yea a lot of motherfuckers wanna talk soft
All shocked when somebody else glock pop
And they layin' in the box
Mannibal like they right up in the grass
Operation foxtrot
GRR
[x2]

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Yeah
Imma get deeper
Creepin' up in your backyard with a meat cleaver
Either
You or your wife about to get it
Shoelace choke the neck
Coke the next
It's like open sex broke the neck
Then I put the body in the back of the Lex
I got a bad habit
Stickin' my dick in the corpse
Rip it and pick it apart
Sick when we get in the car
Yeah now better do it
GRR
Imma rip right through 'em
Cut 'em in half
Butter that ass when I chew 'em
Choppin' em up then I get a brand new one
GRR
And I always love it
I just jack off when I thinkin' of it
You better back off imma heat the oven
I'm like Jack Frost and my teeth is ugly
You just that soft but the beef is lovely
Reheat that shit then I eat that shit
Then what 'cha do
Then repeat that shit
Then repeat that shit
Then repeat that shit

Nigga
Better let the cops know
I keep more meat than they keep at Costco
They don't really want it
Cook 'em up in the pot slow
I'm a mini Roscoe's chicken and waffles

AY
Ay
AY
A- are you suckin' your sons dick

Bitch you suckin' your sons dick bitch
You stupid bitch get the fuck out my house

GRR

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[x2]

I don't know
Fuckin' around and put your brains in a bowl
Imma be comin' with it insane in the dome
Thinkin' of murderin' meat when I came in your home
GRR
Mannibalector
Three more dead got blood on my necklace
These all said I could eat it for breakfast
Eat raw lead then I put it on record
Cut niggas up sector by sector
Next to her dead first cousin and nephew
Next to her bed
Bloody intestines
Next to her bed
Other intestines
The rest is history
It ain't shit to me
All I'm thinkin' about is gettin' the meat
And Imma eat
The next day gettin' the creepin' on 'em Imma beatin' on 'em
The next day texas chainsaw
When I eat your brains raw
Come around the corner with a chainsaw
Cuttin' some things off
And feed 'em to the Feds while I'm rippin' the stage off
I'm on another page nigga rip that page off
Locc 2 Da Brain nigga y'all just sayin' something
I'm the strangla, I'm like Adolf
Fuckin' around and get your brains ate off
Cuttin' the town up and then made off

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