

Murder Over Hard

Brotha Lynch Hung

I just got off the phone with DJ Kat
(Roberto, let's do it!)

(2x)

It was murder over hard, like I like my eggs
Eat 'em up, she don't need no motherfuckin' grave
We in love, me and murder, we tight like vice grips
She don't know the raw, I like my murder over hard

Yeah, I got some different, I'm grippin' the samurai
I'll be damned if I spit at your bitch and I am denied
I'm John Allen Muhammad, my son is John Malvo
Snipin' at you rappers and there ain't no need for I.V.
Or I.D. or poisonous ivy, nigga, try me
Now so niggas'll bubble up like some fried meat
Now those niggas won't try me, I got a variety
They try to be, lie to me, tell me that nigga's tight as me
Like the type that eats meat, I'll eat and not eat, I like the raw meat
Pussy meat, push me, I'll put you right in the saw seat
I'll cut your head open, it's Spidey, he's off the opium
Scopin' 'em right out the trunk and I'm 'bout to open 'em
I don't really wanna cope with the "Lynch is fallin' off" shit
I'm puttin' bodies in bags and haulin' off shit
I'm in the lobby with magnifiers and y'all's kids
I'm 'bout to burn 'em, you better come out, y'all bitches

Shit, real shit

What I talk about'll make you run out the house and kill shit
I've got famous from layin' 'em all out, sprayin' 'em all up
Like grave dig, put the shovel in the face and spin the corner
Long ride, jump out the doghouse with the cartoon nina
If we leave anything like she breathin', we eatin', leave clean-up
Mean muggin' to get your spleen tucked when I squeeze nina
Meat cuttin', the meat market, put your shot ?
Cock it to back, mean snub-nose out the front seat of the
He knows we killin' up shit like Vietnam and I'm leavin' 'em
Hangin' there, like puttin' seasoning, beats with a machine
Deep-freezin' 'em, cut 'em evenly in half after the meat is done
And I don't even need to finish this verse, y'all know I'm shit
Like potty training, I'ma be aimin' at targets hit
I mean, choppin' it up, cock it and lock it, like hot in the oven
Hot and ready, kidnapped in public (I like mine over easy)

This is all I think about, this is all I talk about

Trust me, if I cut off his legs, then he won't be walkin' out
Sacramento king, I don't wanna get Adam Vinatieri on him
I just klack him with the thing, wrap 'em up and then have at a nigga's spleen

That's what happened on the scene (What happened?) Dinner and a
Took him to the dinin' room and I'm splittin' him up like Bobby and Whitney
Nobody gettin' him up, sippin' on a cup of blood, right out the wine glass
Sittin' by the fireplace with a nigga's brains in my plate
I'm as hard as they come, I make niggas hard
When I spit to bitches, they come right out they leotards
I clean it up with my tongue, I love to eat skin
I like them bitches you really could sink your teeth in
Somebody save me, I'm 'bout to go off the deep end

You think I'm strange now, just wait 'til this weekend
Invite her to dinner and stab it in her