

My Mind Ain't Right

Brotha Lynch Hung

Whats up man?
Whats that?
Its that prozac
How many - how many milligrams is that?
Shit, five hundred. Better watch out for these boys
Let me get some of that. I NEED it
Hahaha... Shit. What the fucks wrong with you boy. Whats up..

See - my mind ain't right - I got personal issues
Bout to drop your family off a box of some tissues
Cause they won't find your body - shine your lobby
With flashlights - run in your spot time the robbery

Last night ran in your spot - blinded the other three
Talkin to my A-K forty seven like cover me
I'm goin' in - here I go again
Back to fuckin' with that O-8 English mixed with gin
Back to tuckin' shit thats cold make things rip your chin
Crack your dome I'm takin' gold thangs - shake mixed with cocaine
No brain - nigga it ain't no thang to
Run up on you with the rain leavin blood stains - who
Wanna fuck with me - the psycho of the city
I spit poison like poison boy back in the eighties
And it ain't pretty - the Sacramento Frank Nitty
The black version - all you heard is the Mac burstin'

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Six minutes to get in and out - play time
Run up in your house with the toys - don't say nuthin'

See somethin' ain't right - I'mma need some prozac nigga
Mentally off balance and it shows in my tracks nigga
Smokin' on a pack of cigarettes and malt liquor
Put your brains on a plate for dinner - like Dr. Lector
Red spot your sweats up - only one slice and your necks cut
Squirtin' out that red stuff - all over your dinette stuff
Drippin' into your living room - Im dippin' through your stash
Wheres my cash - don't make me take it out your ass
Don't make me take it out on your family - fuck your thug homies
Who mug on me - I plug homies with slugs homie
Thought you really knew me but you - don't even know me
All you know is I drink O-E - thats from the songs nigga
You fuckin' with the wrong nigga bout to get touched up
Like car paint - O-E and weed - is how my breath stank
Spittin' at your war tank - for the more bank
Thats the only reason what you niggaz think - I got problems

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(shhhhhh)

Post your comments here - on my motherfuckin' nutsack
So fuck that nigga - I put his guts in a black sack
And in the back of the black S-U - ever since I was a test tube baby
I been sicker than Reservoir Dogs with the rabies
Just - smother it in gravy it'll work for me - but you forgot
Niggaz better pay me I don't work for free
Mix the O-8 and the gin and I'm like Hercules
Bout to - hurt your knees with these two two-threes
Make you hop like - Ju Ju Bees right off the motherfuckin' canvas
Its like liver and chitlins you niggaz can't stand this
I deliver the rip spit shit - that get ridda bitch quick shit
Hit niggaz with tips and split shit in half like citrus
And I dips dips - to the honeycomb - money gone
Now these niggaz mad 'cause I own shit and release my own shit
And got chrome grips and hollow tips - pointed at your face
Open your mouth - straight - ointment to the face

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