

Nutt Bagg

Brotha Lynch Hung

mmmm, im so hungry, i think its time for dinner...hehe...yeah

Dinner time....hehe

I gotta...

I gotta kill for my dinner, thats what it is.

Seven Provided - The Ingredients to this song, all im bringin is the salt and pepper and hot sauce ya smell me...

cuz im a mothafuckin nuttbag!, fill it out

I dont give a fuck about what you think

I dont give a fuck about what you feel

Drop that album how the truth feels

crack that yack bitch pop that pill

or rock that steel

sittin in a cage i got an appetite to crack and pop that still

and pop that veal

yall mothafuckaz is not that real

im a nutt bagg

I dont give a fuck bout how you feel, bout me

i kill, for free and until, we meet

I dont give a fuck bout how you feel, bout me

i kill, for free and until, just me

Im a gut bag em up and toe tag em

kick like enter the dragon dont agonize me,

put rat poison up into my I.V.

try me, took rap niggas right to the crime scene

im a crime scene maker, life taker

take em on the stage and rape em no apron

im scrape his face and face satan

ima take his place and get a jason

mask, better be ready to duck fast

never be ready to face me i cut grass

leavin em dead, i put 3 in his head

and then i feed him to dead and proceed to cut stab

i aint need to flip it i spit sick

got syphilistic ya bitch get licked

im tellin ya this is the sickness shit

im smellin ya this shit can get twisted

im in a rage, i didnt get paid now my life is stuck in a cage

i stay with the same glock and the gauge

my hearts burnin im turnin the page

anybody who face me i get em filleted

laid in the shade with a bag o naze

i spit sicker than a bag of AIDs

bout to blow back up so i have grenades

get sick ta this get a butcher knife

slit ya bitches wrist now ya took her life

in a 56 and a hooker light

ya bitch is wit me tell her hooker night

im 51 51 50

dont get the hung, lick

ya gon get lit dont sit too rich

lynch is gon get it

gon get to this quick i spit liquid

they call me the nuttbag

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i kill, for free and until, we meet
I dont give a fuck bout how you feel, bout me
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ima put average niggas up in the attic
take dead bitches and stab em up in the abdomen
leavin bodies on madison avenue im havin you
for dinner and a movie after i stab at you
you got a bit of the sickness nigga haven't you
its like cocaine so i aint got an attitude
bada bing bada boom im in ya room and all i wanna do is
sing anotha tune and bring another tool and bring another who?
get cut up what up shit nutt up wit us get fucked up with us
or dont fuck with us
get cut up the butt kick shut up ya butt slit
razor blade ya todays the day cuz you paved the way for 2 days to get ate up
shave his legs and tooth paste get blazed up
eat his brains and put flame in they guts
amarola gassi ya posse you dont see what i see ya not me
with this shit ima get my monopoly
not even a freight train can stop me
not even the straight cane can rock me
use weed to maintain at top speed
low down ta slow down with the fo pound
oh now ya go now (Ya know now)
im in a rage, i didnt get paid now my life is stuck in a cage
i stay with the same glock and the gauge
my hearts burnin im turnin the page
anybody who face me i get em filleted
laid in the shade with a bag o naze
i spit sicker than a bag of AIDs
bout to blow back up so i have grenades

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she didnt? aight, im up in here
I aint drunk, what you say?

uhhh, aight..she call?
whens the next meetin?
aight we got it then, just let me take this out to the back