

One A Da Las Sicc

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm one of the last sicc niggas that you herd thus far
you can bump me at your crib but while you off that nitro in your car
so I don't have to say that I'ma super star
but if you get high than you can feel me no matter who you are
well I got medevil but I had to leave'em weak niggas alone
situation dirty skweaky clean brotha lynch hung
That's right I gots to have my weed lord knows I'ma feind
bitch nigga don't respect me 45 for the peicsh nigga please
I been spendin "G's" hold up nigga freeze
come up off that weed cause you den fucked around and went up on me
I want the whole zip lock full of shamrock
and if you ditch it in yo pocket I'ma heat the heat and leave you in a meat
lock
now thats my knock heats to the side wit the mask on
I'ma give you 15 percent so if you need to get yo blast on
and that's a fat zone thats's a good start
you can sac off in the sevice take it to the heart
I'ma lil nigga thinkin big
cut off yo nuts and leave you screamin like a starved pig
hold you hostage in yo crib
plan the whole stuation out so I got first dibs
now bigga than life is how I comin out
rigorous and vigorous you niggas know what I'm talkin bout
I want cheese and lettuce in my wallet so fetish
and I'ma gonna break through like Jerome Bettis pro status
all this time I got ryhme on my mind every dime
I spend it on some weed and some studio time
drink O-E out the mickeys big mouth
my point is I be in the cut trying to keep these snakes out my house

You know I push I push play on brain one day
and it played back some shit some shit containing (some shit containing)
snakes (snakes)
I mean talk to me (serpants)

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but if you get high than you can feel me no matter who you are
nigga now I shit lyrics but I can't use'em
have yo son trippin Brotha Lynch Hungs loopin (loopin)
they be off that bottle talkin bout Brotha Lynch be talkin bout
sicc shit I herd he ate his mama out
now how this motherfucker gone write some shit bout the Brotha Lynch Hung
cause he killin in his song
he say that nigga shit tight but he ain't shit
he say god is my witness I herd he fuck them bitches
which is suppose to be wrong criticizin my love song
you get the rope fuckin wit the Brotha Lynch Hung
wrong information make atemadation
catch you on yo weed high (catch you on yo weed high)
tow you up like a pitch been
feelin dick hard when you betta get yo bitched in it gets thin
and I'm off this Black & Mild shit
Tall Cannon told me its smooth and now I'm buyin boxes of it
tryin to relax and deal wit these taxes
cause they be at my checks wit them axes twenty sac's

in the back seat I'm licenseless
hope motherfuckin baby mama ain't no shisty bitch
she wanna publish ah-ight thats cool
she want some other shit get that hydro tube
niggas always think I talk about'em because I talk shit
My worst nightmare was killin my bitch for tryin to get my grits
I'm like Marc Spits I swim a channel for my shit
and watch your heart split I'm doing damage to yo bitch (doing damage to yo
Bee-yotch)
and whlie your heart switch
you betta remember where you came from bitch

Know what I'm saying can't even get caught up-nitro hit
staring at the holic til they got'em on sicc
is ya'll niggas really even listening
for real doe is ya'll niggas even really listening
whatever the fuck whatever the fuck