

# One Mo Pound

Brotha Lynch Hung

I was rollin' through the hood one day  
Thought shit den calmed down,  
"Gang-bangin'" den played out by the years since I den been around  
Ain't talked to nobody from my block  
Cause all my niggas is locked up  
And it's been all ever I seen wit a guillotine  
So I was in the "Cut Supreme"  
Fifteen grams and some "greenodine"  
Ain't seen a block nigga since  
But now I'm off that kill green  
(Mothtafuckas ain't got no love for me)  
(Niggas wanna put some slugs in me)  
So I'm double 0 seven, murder redrum wit my three fifty seven  
Brotha Lynch Hung, but the bitches call me Kevin  
They try to make me think they close to me, but Neb'in (never)  
You know I gots to (say high) stay high, keep receipts for alibis  
And the meat they ate from them drive-bys ain't mine  
cause mine's a supe' disguise  
As I swoop the skies high off that buddha  
tah mixed the cusche and the purple hairs  
And it got me high  
(Now I'm rollin on the river)  
Labeled Mr. FedEx  
(Cause them bodies I deliver)  
Got to get to my next plot  
Unlock the freezer get the meat for the "rocks" (rotweilers)  
And heat the heat cause it's the "nine-neb'in" ('97)  
and it's hot den a mothafucka  
(All day everyday) I'mma stay loaded up, "krondike" in the trunk  
And a pound full of James Brown  
Cause I gots to get loaded so hold up soldier

[Chorus: x2]

The count goes  
(One more pound of smoke and it's guaranteed to make a mothafucka choke)  
(Ain't got no down ass bitch at my side  
but I got some bomb ass weed in my ride)

Nothin but notches, booches  
Fill my pockets, hit 'em up everyday, gotta have my pay  
The gaungay got me high now I'm paranoida den these booches  
Filthy rich, I'mma take the loot  
And the dig a ditch, tell your neighborhood bitch  
to miss me with that hoe shit  
Cause I'mma get this nigga when he surface  
And that's on everything I love, I gots to split his wig  
Opened up the little blue packet, stung him like a yellow-jacket  
Rib cage heavily padded, hit him with the automatic shells  
Send him to hell express from his mailing address  
We got his name, for sho', then we went to the house and did that shit  
I know I said I do it alone in the pass, everybody in the neighborhood knew  
somebody betta jack his ass up like a six-four impala  
You floatin' on dirty water  
Pack your shit up nigga like it's on only you and your ?woda-goda?  
Track your ass down, smoke your last pound

[Chorus x2]

(If you smell any smoke it's just me and my homies gettin' blown)  
And I was late gettin' home, intoxicated  
Fight with my old lady  
she was comin at unreal, hit the blunt and now she's animated  
Motivate through you like a foggy mist  
You can hold me in your chest-plate like that nitro hit  
First Degree told me if the weed can toss  
It'll talk some shit, gotta get me an underspot  
make me a Hemp Museum like B-Legit  
I'm tryin to bump my head on the moon  
Live so high up in the mountains eatin' snake meat, fried raccoons  
With a attitude I need food to eat up  
smoke a fat blunt on my couch with my feet up  
Top notch program, DOS mode indo 95 upgrade siccmade  
Stay paid til the day on the ground, I'mma lay, I'mma stay loaded up  
In my trunk I got the blow you up and it'll blow you up  
And the count goes

[Brotha Lynch Hung sends out shout outs til the end]