

Raw Edge Bullshit

Brotha Lynch Hung

Take a nigga like lynch goin' head up with the bullshit, with the nine
(while my niggas gettin loaded off st. idez)
Never let a devil go jailbait,
The bounty fuck so many wieghts, he don't trip off a ? ? ? ? ?
Lynch'll be that nigga that finds'em and greets'em,
Punks like y'all will be the one that feeds ya.

We rush'em a drank, and let'em try to act grown
Have the 40 gone, to the head, so it's on....

To the crib, forget the fuckin motel shot,
30 bucks for a nut in a bitch, I think not
And even if ya muthaphukkin bank grows phat, if I was you,
I'd say that I use to pay for the fuckin claps,
That the little bitch gave ya,
But niggas'll never learn, split ya fuckin dick perm

Niggas on the triple bout it muthaphukkin broke ass bitch, whos in it
(the triple sicx), and brotha lynch hung, we let a....
(bitch), be a (bitch), till he's use to it,
It ain't nothin but some raw edge bullshit...

(2x)

Ba-da-da-dee-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Hahaha slum bitch you still miss
Ya don't stop, just ya average everyday straight proper bitch

Lynch, givin it up smooth, the lynch with the muthaphukkin roll
Triple to the muthaphukkin , (sicx, with the muthaphukkin dough)
And every bitch wanna slang with this,
And ounce to the bounce so don't grind no slang,
Brotha lynch hung, bitch I can't take it no mo',
Put ya titties in the crack of the doe then open up slow
And everything where I left it, you can either be mad,
Such dick and accept it.

I got a nut for a bitch, who be a squirell who found one,
Same fuckin bitch with the hand job...

Call me the brotha lynch hung,
Never let'em out the house,
Never let'em off the dick, you don't like wsup?
Never let'em off the bitch,
Don't ever try and roll a sicx....

Get the money and go!
The bounties on the dice game,
A hand full of 10's and a pocket full of cocaine,
But my dimes too small, so im'a grab my 8ball
And go for the dice brall,
A young ass nigga wit a ol' man roll,
The gauges double up 'cause the grinds too slow,
Still hittin niggas with the tre and the 4,
The devils in the door with my nine held low,
The creek mobs loadin'em up,
Muthaphukkas better know wsup,
Don't look up punk! blam!

A nine for ya niggas that are use to it,
It ain't nothin but some raw edge bullshit...

(2x)

Ba-da-da-dee-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da
Hahaha slum bitch you still miss
Ya don't stop, just ya average everyday straight proper bitch

True lynch with the brotha, (fuck'em all)
To the raw edge bullshit,
Niggas on the same ol' trip,
About the same ol' bitch,
While me and triple six,
Bound to make a switch everyother week,
Now nigga got beef punk nigga you a bitch(bitch, too)!

Hit ya too hard with the raw edge bullshit,
Steady stressin with the triple six,
Fuck'em all I'm a creek thrilla,
Load'em up another nigga killa,
Hittin niggas with the cemy to the woomb,
Break'em and send'em home bitchin, lynch!...

I got the triple lynch, called triple six,
Let a nigga be a...
(bitch till he's use to it,
It ain't nothin but some raw edge bullshit),
And to ya niggas with a black god,
Im'a tell'em why.....
"everybodys gotta live their life...? "

Craig did it and the creek mob's,
(niggas never knew wsup), hit'em the
Creekers last night...
Niggas on the same ol' same ol' ,
Comin up smooth, while the tens of crack,
Nickles with a little moe,
(so give it up for da), give it up for the endangered,
To the creek, to the creek mob, (and we love no stranger),
For the fact that a young black nigga gotta go awol,
(rush'em wit lead untill we back'em to the wall),
[let a nigga be a nigga till he's use to it,
It ain't nothin but the raw edge bullshit!!]