

Refuce 2 Looze

Brotha Lynch Hung

(4x)

I re-fuse to lose
Fuck them 22's
I got an AP 10 and a throwaway Tech 9
So you know you can't fuck with mine

If I was standing in the dark letting my nine spark
Maybe in the morning, motherfuckers might feel me yet
It's that nine tech nigga that got them motherfuckers tore up
As I smash of in a seven deuce cut, you holding your gut
Talking about
What the fuck you smoking on?
All dome as the chronics got me gone
Nigga it's on
On 'til the slugs come out
At night I do my murder red rum so tight
I'ts the third strike nigga
So now I'm aiming up at your dome
'Bout to make your brain split and hit the Fleetwood Brome
I'm like Richard Chase, mixed with Al Capone
If you want some ripgut shit nigga
Yeah, I got it sewn
So bone to the crib, or get your wig split fool, with the tech chrome
And say the alphabet backwards fast or find you a brand new dome
A criminal minded nigga that gots tefs in his nine
So head to the East side, 'cause it's red rum time, nigga

Nigga, it's that-Sac of Indo-Killaifornia State of mind
Where niggas put their gangster gear on, and bend corners
In a Chev 69
Wire rims
You can't see
With their neighborhood flags and their black Carthart beenie
I'm like Genie
As I swoop through the hood and get up to no good
And I wish you would
Test my tech, 'cause nigga, it loves to take out necks
And empty backs out, so I max out
350 on the black top
More smoke than chronic smoking
Loced out sherm, classic perm
In my ashtray, there's always a roach
Hit the left lane in case one times approach
I got, 5 warrants and some '89 tags
17 in the clip of my, auto mag
I'ts sad
I gotta watch my back, 'cause these niggas wanna throw me up in a black
leather sack, and throw me over their back
But fuck that
Why you think I got extended clips
'Cause I'm so high, most of the time
I just can't miss, nigga