

## 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