

# Refuse To Lose

Brotha Lynch Hung

(Lynch and D-Dubb) 4x

I re-fuse to lose

Fuck them 22's

I got an AP 10 and a throwaway Tech N9ne

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 watch 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, 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 me

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 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

so sad

I gotta watch my back, 'cause these niggas wanna put 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