

## Secondz A Way

Brotha Lynch Hung

Shit done changed, the strip got bigger  
To make my ends I got the wheel and the trigger  
I get my swerve on with the 80 P liquor  
The liquor bring out the nigga in this nigga  
Got me huntin' with my musket, barred down with substance  
Bringin' my ruckus to the rival fuckas in rival clusters  
I'm still givin' birth to perfect joints, I keep it steady  
Still mixin' up with skeet sours, I like them heavy  
Heavy'll put a little bass in your voice  
Yamps choice, no Rolls Royce but I keep it moist  
I keep it saucy, ya bossy bitch talkin' that costly shit  
Bossy bitch think she too flossy to trip  
I'm First muthafuckin' Degree, not your average,  
I'll have your boulevard hoppin'  
Poppin' off when a baller pack a package of suckin'  
Fuck you fuckin' up duck, stuck like Chuck, now, now getcha dome in the trunk  
As we donut, I dump, I seen too many moons, took the minds of too many bufoons  
Fools with no clues that love to watch my aura glisten,  
they still don't listen  
I...I got pot that's hot to trot, can't stop, won't stop  
I got Lynch Hung in my backseat sniffin' for cops  
I receipts of tweed purchase, medical purpose, write off at text time  
So ya'll go home, light the smoke, it's relax time

Now I apologize for smoke on my mind  
I been workin' hard and I got to unwind  
About the J.O.A. stayin' in my brain  
But I'm seconds away from goin' insane  
Now I need to lift away

Now you niggas know I come sick like a lunatic  
Man, they must be high cuz they really don't know who they fuckin' with  
I used to have them all bombed out  
Drink Alize wine, then rhyme and smoke tweeds till we dropped out  
I got the chop out, no doubt,  
cuz if it ain't about rappin', gunplay's gon' happen  
Cuz I'm tappin' at yo' window, off that Indo, more sacs than Santana  
Better check your antenna on your radio or your stereo or your video  
Cuz I'm not that pretty, but in the bedroom I'm critical  
You got your chance, now use  
Hit you with the Loaded album, coutesty of Siccmade Music  
Evidently you got something against me  
Don't you tempt me, minty smells of the 20 sac of Indo, Killafornia's best  
Player haters die a slow death, slow death

I don't wear no Chuck Taylors and don't sag my pants  
But I still lift the switch and make this 64 dance  
More niggas with me now than I had in the hood  
And they down for whatever and that's all to the good  
Wish you would test my technique and heart, nigga what?  
Nigga, fuck that, bitch nigga what? Baby, duck!  
What you wanna do now, ya bleedin' from the floor  
Nigga wanted beef, now he wants beef no more  
That's how I'm coming 9-6, bitch, rich and mad  
Hoes in bikinis, rag Lambroginis, overseer runnin' mad streets

Creepers with beepers and stash spots for glocks  
And under car Escobar style, buck wild, you been there, you know the terrain  
Niggas go insane, tryin' to get the green  
I'm just surviving on the streets with my peeps  
And I'm livin' for the day I catch a punk on the creep, yeah