

# Spit It Out

Brotha Lynch Hung

You're a bad man!  
You're a very bad man!

If anything tastes funny spit it out  
Don't trust it don't eat it  
Somebody's trying to poison me  
Somebody's trying to get in my life  
Motherfucker make them eat it all blood all over the wall

If anything tastes funny spit it out  
Like this glock in the studio  
But Im'ma get it out  
It was time to just do my though but won't follow directions  
Cup of liquor at the intersection now I'm clenching on my weapon  
Contemplating suicide thinking about little Kevin  
Thinking about my girlfriend  
Thinking about my situation  
Thinking about will my world end tragically  
So many people mad at me  
I make them go away magically  
But I just.....  
Put it behind me until they find me  
This is perfect timing  
This is hurtful rhyming  
This is put you in the bushes if you try and try me  
This is what you wanted so I'm going out for the fried meat  
And when I die please burn me up and smoke me  
Sorry I can't believe the fucking lies that you told me  
Cause loyalty is loyalty but you don't know about that  
Right after this COS rap I'm coming right back

If anything tastes funny spit it out  
Can you taste it?  
Can you smell it in the air?  
Smells like bodies in the basement  
Come take a walk with me down a road so sacred  
Dead man walking scars underneath the braclet  
No leaves on the trees dusty roads, no pavement  
No sun  
No shine  
Just a lot of raining  
One gun, one mind  
Who am I to save it?  
I'd rather pop the clip and blaze it  
Bloody stage shit  
Every room vacant in the house and I'm shaking  
I'm colder than the glacier  
Even where my heart breaking  
Everything aching can't repair myself  
Every mirror in here broken like I can't stare at myself  
I see clear through the smoke cause I got air in myself  
But every time they give me rope they think I tear at myself  
Like I'm the plane crashing into the building  
Like I'm the death  
Like I'm the train coming off of the tracks  
Guess I'm a wreck

If anything tastes funny spit it out  
Throw it up, sew it up, right out the 50 throw it up, right out the kidneys  
toe it up  
Trying to get with me it's tough like trying to eat  
Old meat  
Left out  
All night  
Aw me  
Oh my  
Now I'm going through the pain and I'm the blame, they think the money and fame equals insane  
It's a strange game  
Looking at my strange chain  
Thinking I'm about to change mane  
Imma let it stay the same  
I'm online when I play the game  
On time nah maybe not  
On grind nigga I'm probably the hottest  
I'm a problem, I got problems, I can't solve all of them, hitting me at the same time  
That's why it seems like I'm hitting you with the same rhyme game time  
Niggas ain't in my lane I'm  
Hard to get along with sometimes  
That's hard life  
Compare it to the hard right  
I put it on the black top  
Cause it's going to be a hard fight  
And it's going to be a long night  
And it's nothing to bitch about (it's nothing to bitch about)

I noticed that this wasn't anywhere on the internet so I had to post it  
It is one of my favorite songs by Brotha Lynch and easily the best off his new album  
If there are any changes you notice please let me know and I'll change it