

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 bracelet
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 f
ame 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 n
ew album
If there are any changes you notice please let me know and I'll change it