

Spitz Network

Brotha Lynch Hung

Yuk that project nigga, I was forced to hustle
I was forced to tussle drugs makin that coroner bubble,
Nigga back and forth to court in trouble
Cuffed by the task force in trouble
I won a Porsche on the double,
Pocket full of stones like Barney Rubble cursed by the devil
Birds on the level of a kingpin smirk on the bezel
I hit the hood inside my Esco-lade, make the ghetto say
Yuk so ghetto wid his ghetto ways
My ghetto pays, three and four bricks a day
Pop Cris and play, the hardest representin' the Bay
I fuck free puffin' trees inside me luxury way
Y'all ain't tellin' me shit I'm tryna fuck celebrity chicks
Yo rockin' a throwback seventy six, I got grand from eighty seven
Ya bitch nigga always said I'd be rich
The fans hit dead at the strip
I still get executive chips
Distribution deal executive shit
Yuk and Lynch what's better than this
Let the veterans spit
Infra red in the clip deaden ya lip
Ya bitch rappers better step shit up
Call me Texas Yuk, fuck a van I rock the Lexus truck
Wit the Smoke-A-Lot logo , uh oh
Get ya coastal on a promo
Yuk out of this world like Hans Solo
Rap-A-Lot mafioso cop birds from Acopolco
Real talk them not vocals
Fuck the cops and po-pos, headlocks and choke holds
They put me in again I pop the four-fours drop them homos
And learn that the glock is no joke
And learn that the Blocc is no joke
Slang rocks and snort coke, we cook kis like gumbo pots
We chop O-Z's to jumbo rocks, pay off Colombo cops
Beef with me the fo' won't stop
The gun expert let the tech burst the Spit Network

It's the Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
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call me the human gas nozzle, twenty four gallons a shell on you
Then I bail on you, somethin' smell on you you tell homie
I'm sicker than malt liquor wid the gin mix wid a fifth of brandy
And I'm hard like Chinese trigonometry you niggas can't understand me
When I, go to plan C and shift gears like a five point 0
get clear, I'ma let one go, everybody get on the floor
I got that petrol, and my momma ain't around and I can't let go
And I'm bound to run up in a high school butt naked and let the techs go
Bound to give my otha two children and hit the retro
Catch me on a summer night, bleedin' ya sector
Eat 'em up like Hannible Lector leave blood on the walls
meat in my jaws, heat in my claws bleed up the walls

beat up your dog with these
Teflons and I'm so tired of bein' stepped on
And when I'm done with you niggas you'll be so tired of bein' crept on
In blue with my nigga, Yukmouth he in all red
I'll leave 'em all dead call me the hog head spit raw lead

You see I hops outta somethin' bout as old as me
And then I drops off somethin' or I pops off somethin'
look 'all these hot dogs stuntin' I'm just playin' my part
Back streets back and forth, I like to stay in the dark
I pack heat that crack bubbles so just let the games start
Gimme a quarter, I got hustle I'll be ballin' by dark
So fuck the feds and the money, they just slowin' me down
Cause I be paranoid now when I be rollin' around
But I'm shark out the water call me deep sea rider
Hop out the lark wid four five and then I sneak three by ya
Before ya realise you aint hit my nigga Lynch beside ya
With the nozzle of his barrell stuffed an inch inside ya
Flood ya nostrils wid ya hollow we make ya bleed like hoes do
When we plug you wit revolvers, make you freeze like poles do
It ain't nothin' 'til ya partner's got the greasy nose too.
Holdin' his tummy for weeks at a time livin' like old dudes
Ya see down in the alley sippin' on old brew
It's the East levy road alley, strap up the old school
Nikes bout to confiscate paper like it was owed to me
You bitches hoes to me, you'll give the O's to me
These streets are gold to me, it's gettin' old to me
Now I drink straight out the bottle just like it's sold to me
Now I don't believe in tomorrow until it's shown to me
I put ya name on my hollows spit at ya homies

I'm bout to set it off like death scary scary,
Shoot up ya little house on the prarie
Eat out ya raw insides if ya dare me
Open up ya heart like a Christian be aware of me
Fixin' niggas like a hysterectomy, you won't get respect from me
Right up in ya chest wid these, heat up ya whole set wid these
T-O-E's cause I be offa these O-E's
Handin' out these nose bleeds like food stamps
I'm givin' niggas stomach cramps
You hear me and Yuk and C-O you start to panic
I'm a, manic depressant givin' motherfuckers chest lifts
choke niggas we the siccmade necklace
Better respect this before I
get to fuckin wid that wet shit and
dope get ya neck slit and
To the ninety sixty fo'
Drippin' blood off my hand G that's death
Without poverty jam straps in ya rib trust me
Better act right fuck a jack knife that night
Bullets'll hit ya crib shootin' through cushions in ya livin' room
You won't be livin' soon, it's goin' in 'em soon
from the asshole to ya womb nigga
Ya like that don't ya?, good, I'm right back dumpin
At that ass and I'm fast to flash
Cut you up like Grandmaster Flash
And I pass the ash, dumpin' lead toes at ya pad
And I bag the cash, you sit and wait for the Glad bags
and the aftermath, coroners come grab the bags and pack the truck
While I stack the bucks put you in the back of the truck nigga
That's what's up nigga