

The Corpse Came To Dinner

Brotha Lynch Hung

It's a must that I bust any strap ya hand ta me
It's inherited, it runs in the family
Niggaz in the town got pounds of beef
Threaten a niggaz life, make it sound so sweet
I peel 'em back like corn-on-the-cob, cap peel 'em
Make 'em sound like a whore on the job
Witta Mac in the backpack, fulla that crack sack
Gettin' it off (Better have my muthafuckin money)
Bitch where my sicc made 'til I die shit, nobody saw
So I was able ta wipe the blood off the hallway walls
Ain't got nothin ta live for
Can't even trust a bitch, might have ta leave her alone
Ma had ta dig a ditch, shit so rigorous
Dealin' wit hataz, snitchaz, and bitchaz, get they brains gone
Find a new home, you one life is gone
Cuz I'm O-One, check the clock
And if these walls could talk, muthafuckaz'll be shot
I'm about ta go 51-50, got nobody wit me
Stressed out like Whitney, Bobby Brown, weed and whiskey
Smokin' Newports, no support
But like Too Short I keep it goin'
Shootin' up forts, who in this sport wanna fuck wit me
Come on the court, rippin' out insides
Puttin' stains on thangs, that's when I rip-ride
And I slip-slide through the Gardens witta bloody t-shirt, it won't hurt
Look at this way, 6 feet deep in the dirt won't hurt
Flirtin' wit murda, I leave 'em unheard of
And I'm sicca than period pads drippin'
All over your hands gettin'
The back seat or the trunk, it's your choice
Dead or alive, smothered and fried
The way you better uncover your eyes, I'm in the skies
Witta 9 tryin' ta take out your spine
Nobody know crime, throw up that sicc sign
And strike hard like stricc-nine
No recovery, you other G niggaz betta duck
Leave you in the tuxed up
Psycho, off the wall like Michael
Always paranoid cuz I be blowin' out that nitro
All day, every day, murda spray, got you in Glad Bags
Headed for the pad, and you can ask my dad
I was a scavenger, 14 years old eatin' scabs
Graduated ta nigga meat, but I don't wanna brag
Fuck Jeffery Dohmer, he a muthafuckin fag
I got nigga nuts and guts in the bag, draggin' 'em ta the pad

(Corpse came ta dinner)

Ziplock, body-bag, toe-tag, wet t-shirt, black mask

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Fuck under the influence, I'm hella fucked up
Swervin' down the freeway, spillin' my cup
Tryin' take you out this rap on the Underbelly
He ain't shit, he 'bout ta be in the trunk smelly
By me and my Relly, you never know
Whatever tho, I got auto magazines and that weak intro
What you got against me?
Don't you know I rip niggaz up, turn 'em ta minced meat
Well if you got some sense, beat it, like raw eggs
I used ta have hella homies, now they all hate
But I'ma leave it alone, I'm on my own like a voodoo nigga
If a nigga want ta get ate, what would you do nigga
I was too cool wit 'em, group of niggaz and they tripped on me
Gave 'em a little bit of fame, then they dipped on me
But you know, it's all in the game, tell the crip homie
Ta hit 'em witta slug in the brain, that's what you get from me
Crash dummy, your careers defected
And you ain't sold a record last time I checked it
You just keep knockin', I feel disrespected
Now your neck got disconnected by the Lynch Hung necklace
Hey, I leave 'em red, and I don't eat the head
Let the Tec spit and chop niggaz down ta the ground like Judge Dread
Come up in the door lookin' just like a fed
And you call yourself a rap vet
Get out the bed, and let me fuck her like she should be fucked
All in the butt, wit the 9 milly, swallowin' nut
And you see me in black clothes, creepin' from the back
Don't know how ta act, black blankets fulla Mac's
I use 'em for nutsacks and full body sacks
Better not let your daughter out, end up in the slaughter house
Chokin' and spittin', chest open and bleedin'
And me fuckin' her from the back, and I hope for you ta see it

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(Hey Folks, open the door nigga)

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(Nah, nah, open the trunk)

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