

Watta

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm the hardest nigga you never heard of
And I'm a pro when it comes to these tools a four four
When it comes to these raw venomous spit send him his dick
In a wool shoe package, peel back his cap wid this automatic
Cold hefty and black shit I make a rapper disappear like magic
It's Siccmade, all the way to the motherfuckin' casket
And six feet deeper, get these heaters right off the lips
I stack chips and I, sip these litres on the hips
It's some shit that'll split ya wig
You can't spit enough shit, that'll get ya big
Get the gig, you pay him first then I'll lay him next
Niggaz be weak just like latex, cheap as Tampax
I walk through the room wid a handful of anthrax
Shakin' niggaz hands, makin' niggaz dance like
Paula Abdul when I pull out the tool
Ya kids get napped when I run out the school
Ya nig did that, it's the motherfuckin' Lynch
Take a long barrel four four and run up in ya bitch
Real shit, cause it turns me on and
What kind of shit do these nerds be on and
What kinda clips should I put in this chrome four
What kind loopy-loop ya on
Pass me the Newport and let's get it on like Marvin
I've been starvin' creep through the trees like Tarzan
Ya meat we carvin'

It's watta, watta, and ya know I'm thirsty
And even though it hurts me
I stay blood thirsty for watta, watta
Take it how you want nigga
So make it how you want nigga
(2x)

You punk niggaz want war we make shit happen
When it comes to the money drugs scrappin' and cappin'
I'm a veteran and I bet when I pull my thang
You hoe niggaz run faster than cut out segas
We some spiritual lyrical individuals nigga
I ain