

Went This Way

Brotha Lynch Hung

Two years ago, a friend of mine
told me to write me a tight ass rhyme
and so I, I wrote this rhyme that I am about to say
the rhyme is tight and it went this way
And I'm on my briefcase wit some crumbled weed
shystie niggas keep staring at me
I had my 45 and my 44
i put one on my briefcase so them niggas'll know
lives get took
that's it just like a book
do you want a meathook
smoke a fat blunt on my couch wit my feet up while you get took
fo yo skrill
hundred dolla bill
take yo pill muthafucka
while you bullshittin dis shit is real
i ain't no twelve inch
can't mix me up in this shit
i got full clips
and alone i do my shit
so trust me you information faulty
and i wouldn't eat you cause your meat's too salty
i'd rather, step through a fire ring wit some gasoline draws than fuck
wit you
cause you the type of nigga that'll tell'em everything you saw, wit my
big bad forty auto mag
twenty sac nigga get yo money back if you don't think you of that sli
znack
motivated, totally undominated
i got that sickness and the remedy, my momma made it
easy fo me i didn't have to work
fourteen years old in the backseat drinkin o.e. like kirk

now just the other day a friend of mine
told me to write me a tight ass rhyme
and so i, i wrote this rhyme that i'm about to say
the rhyme is tight and it went this way
i know it's been a long time, i shouldn't left you
without a tight rhyme to step to
think of all them weak ass albums you slept through
well i'm yo medicine, sorry i kept you
went to my brother's house, without a doubt
twisted one up with the nigga, smoked'em out
got to writin some of dat sicc made my own bacc fade type script
high enough to write a whole career full of shit
i mean blitzed, toe up, drug cost up, ready to fuck, throw up
man i got my cheddah cheese ass nigga know what
i don't hold no grudges i just ain't fuckin wit you no mo, mission stay
ay
sicc made and don't let nothin penetrate my barricade
barricade barricade barricade, barricade