

Q-Ball

Brotha Lynch Hung

Q Ball!

So what really happened nigga? I understand ain't nobody did shit.
Ain't nobody did shit for my 'causezin.
Where dem niggaz at dat said dey'd put it all on da line?
'cause nigga... only a child could empty a gun toward da sky.
I gotta kno where niggaz' heads at, 'cause my 'causezin still ain't got no p
eace yet.
So all you muthafuckas wanna know where I stand?
Nigga I stand right next to my 'causezin E Mill nigga, you know what I'm say
in?
And dat's on da Blocc nigga. However you wanna handle dat shit nigga.

Look up in da sky! It's a muthafuckin slug!
Some nigga done let one off and only my 'causezin sheddin blood
Dat loccest muthafucka frum twenty ninth street throwin up his flag
Sum nigga got mad
And went to da crib fo da 44 mag
Return to da set up and let my 'causezin have it
Da nigga dat die for da Garden Blocc Gang, did time for da Garden Blocc
And ended up stuck in a muthaf**kin casket, but I don't be givin a fuck
I'm tappin up in yo program
Before you know it I'm creepin up on you in a licorice dar kblack drop top r
ohan
Wit a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk and a fat purple cus
h blunt
So call it what u want
I call it da fever of da FUNK HOUSE
Dumpin gauge shells in dat ass
Leavin ya face down, chest down wit a gang of guts hangin out yo ass
Nigga, you know da process. They wanna kill me now
I'm a dead man walkin till my funeral can you feel me now?
And if I die, before yo second blasted
Dat's on da Garden I'ma rise up out my casket

I'm liquer sicc and I just might lose control
So load yo clips, loccs, 'cause we ridin for my folks

And I'm out in da 6-5, HARDTOP IMPALA lookin for dat 187
There he go! And I'm right behind him bustin wit my Mac-11
Str8 bumper ta bumper 12 gauge pumpin was dat lil lex locstah
Givin up his set and dumpin on niggaz just like he supposed ta
Nigga dis is real deal. Shit, it's not about crip or blood
It's about payback, dat family luv
So nigga now fuck yo whole clique
Like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me for my fuckin tapes
Dem baby rapes, so nigga get out my fuckin face
If I was really bangin niggaz would know 'cause I'd have they whole set
Lookin like LA when da earthquake hit. Nigga, fuckin wit my tec
I'm frum da Garden Blocc no matter what nobody say
I'm makin my money not lettin dat bangin shit get in my way
Niggaz get mad, they wanna see da Lynch ripplin
I'm wearin blue yeah, but muthafucka, I ain't even trippin
But for my 'causezin Q Ball, Mr Docc & Six
My 'causezin Eclipse and two of my kids, nigga, fetch these clips

There ain't no fuckin way

My 'causezin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation
There ain't no fuckin way
Dat muthafucka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem muthafuckin glocks
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You know what I'm sayin? This time it ain't gon be shootin in da muthafuckin
air nigga.

We takin out bones you know. 'cause dat nigga woulda did it for us you know.
I gotta do what I gotta do, you know what I'm sayin?
Tried to sit up here and do my music thang you know?
Then my 'causezin got rolled on you know?
Dem niggaz frum da Garden don't do nuthin now, we all gon get rolled up.
Like a fat ass blunt nigga. So wassup?
I'm puttin my life on da line for dis shit,
they wanna kill me 'cause I'm rappin, you know what I'm sayin? Wassup niggaz
?
Dedicated to my 'causezin Q Ball. Rest In Peace nigga.
To dem otha muthafuckas, fuck peace.