

# 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

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

(Corpse came ta dinner)

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

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

(Corpse came ta dinner)

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

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

(Corpse came ta dinner)

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

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

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

(Corpse came ta dinner)

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

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

(Corpse came ta dinner)

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

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

(Hey Folks, open the door nigga)

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

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

(Nah, nah, open the trunk)

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

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