

# Mask and Knife

Brotha Lynch Hung

Ay my nig, is that some weed right there, my nig?  
Let me hit that shit, man ya feel me? Pass that shit

Naw, this ain't weed, nigga, you know what this is

I don't know what it is...

You see how shiny the cigarette is, nigga (hehehe)

Awww, that crippler dippler!

Roberto, let's do it again!

Clear my throat, then I  
Pull a butterfly knife out the back pocket chop it with a semi  
Half of the body left in the closet  
The other half in the cutlass with me  
Wanna come back with the gonorrhoea  
Feed it to 'em, stomach empty  
Look at her fifty stab wounds, hit her with ten  
Droppin' the knife, then pickin' it up, then shiv her again  
Deliver it to the meat grinder, makeshift grade weed finder  
Dig her back up, eat the eyes up  
Beat your wife up, keep the knife cut  
I got decay, put it to your face, piece releasin'  
I bury your face deep to the sea creatures' region  
I'm knee deep in your niece's feces  
Right of the pee screamin' finger up, back from the guts, eat these  
You can look at me, I'm three people  
One of em axe murderer, one of em cat burglar, other one pure evil  
Lil' Ripgut 'bout to pick it up and then rape shit, sake shit  
Alcohol and razor blade kit... (Let's rip it!)

Every single day I take a fetus with me (eat it!)  
Frequent, with a black ski mask and a knife!  
The freak hazardous type  
Got sick habits to beat rappers, deceased afterlife  
I'll sneak in your pad and catch you while you sleep stab you twice  
And with no knee pads knee pads I'll tea bag your wife!  
Nigga, I breathe gass in the mic  
No 2 Chainz, but I be in the trap with bean bags all right  
Did I mention G-Macc, I hope you got a beast appetite  
Spit at nuts and guts and chunks of human meat slabs tonight...!  
I eat the beat alive, I'm a mic vulture  
Play all my money, I carve you niggas like an ice sculpture  
My mind's kinda bipolar  
I'm a high roller, eye swoler  
I'll probably stab a bitch before the night's over  
My flow's dope bitch, I rhyme yola  
I be eatin' niggas like side orders, when I ride on 'em  
A scoundrel  
Run up in your household with a scalpel and scalp you  
For one hundred thousand and counting, I suicide note'cha

Every single day I take a fetus with me (eat it!)  
Everybody 'bout to get chopped up  
Meat grinder, heat finder, we find her

Puttin' her up in the cut, with a couple of razors up in her butt  
Ya boy be fucking it up, and there ain't nobody that can touch  
I ain't lyin' nigga, I'm Kobe Bryant in the clutch  
Grrr, Mask and the Knife  
Run up in your house, nigga, and I'm slashin' your wife  
Kidnappin' your infants, I'm rippin' shit, I get into shit  
Run up on 'em, gun up on 'em, I won upon 'em, sickle sick! (Grr)  
Kill a nigga like cancer if he think about fucking with me  
Sticking a .50 caliber up the gut, hit the kidneys  
Rapin' a nigga, scrapin' a nigga off the plate  
I think my brain is off the slate  
(Ay nigga, ay, come here nigga) Altercate  
Running through niggas like Walter Payton  
Dead wife at the altar waiting  
Grr, splitting the cleavage, I got the meat cleaver  
Cuttin' em up when I eat people!

Every single day I take a fetus with me (eat it!)