

Mr. No Print

Brotha Lynch Hung

Yeah... luchini, Swartzanigga, haha
That's why you gonna die
C.O.S., Northgate, my nigga Fig, Tall Cann G, Capone
I'm that nigga Sicx

Ain't nathin funny about this money I'm tryin to make, straight broke
So everything I take serious cause 4-25 ain't no fuckin joke
An everyday struggle, puttin down this hustle's harder that it looks
But the mo' dirt, that I do the mo' these niggas hooked on bein a crook
Skrillas my major concern I'm burnin just to get a sniff
Of that scratch, but the catcher can't see me so I'll be ski'n
With my mask on; ski money gets my blast on, in a major way
So my paper stays stacked, way back behind some boxes
In that alleyway that nigga in Killa Cali stay real
Automatically kill, without no feelings still gets dirty
Then I'm that-a-way, clockin mo' luchu than John Belushi
Made from Blues Brothers so choose your mother's funeral dress
Then feel my Smif & Wes, shiftin through you vest, rippin up your chest
Pickin up the rest cause when I does my dirt won't leave a mess
All by my lonesome most of them Blocks stay hot like rock spots, with one-
time posin on each block
I want G-knots, so I eavesdrops, on C-spots
Then I'm out with 5-0 never knowin about my caper
At home countin up that paper
Can't wait to, go robbin through your hood
Mr. Invisible's only concern is, to get his
When I get caught with them residuals nigga

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who
Mysteries Unsolved, that's why you never seen
The one that they call Sicx, on yo' late night TV screen
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face
25 to life, that's not on my agenda
That's why I'm in and out before you have time to remember

I let your blood spill, then chase the murder with some 8-ball
And never leave a trace, I'm in and up outta the cut soon as you fall
Leave blood all over the walls, cause my massive blows to the dome
From the .44 chrome that was shown
But it ain't no case cause the bodies all gone
In the trunk of the Chev', about to get thrown up off the lid
Cause whoever in the crib won't live
When I kick through yo' door with some O.J. gloves hold onto my .44
So call me Mr. No Prints - cause I never leave no evidence
I kill off all the witnesses, then I vacate the premises
Shit, that's just another residence victim of them killas
Gettin hit up by that Swartzanigga shit
Don't make me spill yo' blood
And I'm hittin the bud as soon as I see them brains go split-splat
See niggas and bitches get left for dead and alla they kids get kidnapped
Put a fresh cause we planned and plotted
Premeditated then waited for the right time then we got 'em
Shot through the do', with the flag, hockey ski-mask on my face
Cuz see, I just don't give a fuck as long as they can't see us make our esca
pe

And that's just in case, by some slim chance we leave someone alive
That's why we in and up outta the cut so fast they can't identify at all
Gettin high - count up our dollars and our sins
Thinkin about how easy it is to murder like this and leave no prints, nigga

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who
Mysteries Unsolved, that's why you never seen
The one that they call C.O.S., on your TV screen
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face
25 to life, that's not on my agenda
That's why I'm in and out before you have time to remember

Call me Mr. 211 a.k.a. jack-yo-ass, 187 blast
Hit a nigga like stick'n'move, then dash on that ass
Gettin away, wit a ski-mask on my face
If there ain't no description then there ain't no fuckin case
Fin' ta hit your block tight, with my Glock hidden up under my seat
Let it pop 'til you drop, 'til you dead up in the street
Guts and meats all over the concrete, ain't no time to sleep
Upon this nigga with this trigger love to swig that malt liquor
Cause I'm sick with that Olde English shit, heads gon' split
Black chrome spit, 'til you layin up in a ditch
So fuck your whole click, fill 'em up with them 16 slugs
Kill 'em up with that Siccness love - do or die
Who the fuck am I? - Tall Cann
21st meet your worst nightmare, leave 'em right there
Bloody up in the mud, cause this nigga ain't got no love
Wear my gloves, cause I'm bouts to gets my hands dirty
Guts all over the place, face ready for plastic surgery
Never showin no mercy, in a hurry to do my dirt, then I'm out
Put my strap deep in yo' mouth, try to take yo' tonsils out
So watch for the ricochet, for my niggas they dumpin
With no clue where they comin from punk
Then I'm out your block with an empty Glock
Y'all niggas knowin nothin

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who
Mysteries Unsolved, that's why you never seen
The nigga Tall Cann on that late night TV screen
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face
25 to life, that's not on my agenda
That's why I'm in and out before you have time to remember