

Nutbagg

Brotha Lynch Hung

I don't give a fuck about what you think
I don't give a fuck about what you feel
Drop that album I'ma too feel
Crack that yak bitch pop that pill
I rock that still, sit in a cage
I got a f type of crap, pop that steel
I pop that feel
Y'all motherfuckers is not that real
I'm a nutbagg

I don't give a fuck about how you feel
About me, I kill for free, ever chill with me and
I don't give a fuck about how you feel
About me, I kill for free, I'm still just me

I'ma gutbag em up, toe tag em
Kick like into the drag and don't act em
Knife meat; put rat poison up in my I.V.
Try me, to crack niggas back to the crime scene
I'm a crime scene maker life taker,
Take em on a stage and rape em
No apron, I'ma scrape his face and face Satan
I'ma take his place and get a Jason
Mask, better be ready to duck fast,
Never be ready to face me I cut grass
Leave em dead I put three in the head
Then I feed him the dead and foresee to cut stab
I don't need to flip it I spit sick, got syphalistic
Your bitch get lit, I'm telling you this
It's the sickness shit, I'm smelling you this shit
You get twisted (grrrr)
I'm in the rage, I didn't get paid
Now my life's stuck in the cage
I stayed with the same block in the gage
My heart's burning and I'm turning the page
Anybody that face me I get em flayed
Layed in the shade with a bag of 'nades
I spit sicker than a bag of aids
'Bout to blow back up, so I have grenades (boom!)
Get sick'd of this, get a butcher knife
Slit your bitch's wrists, now you took a life
And a 56 and a hooker like
Yo bitch is with me, tell her goodnight
I'm 51, 51, 50
Don't get the hong, lick
You gon' get licked, don't sit too rich
Lynch is gon' get it
Don't get with this quick
I spit liquid

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I'ma put average niggas up in the attic
take they bitches and stab em up in the abdomen
Leaving bodies on medicine after new I'm havin you
For dinner and a movie after I stab at you
You got bit of the sickness, nigga haven't you
It's like cocaine so I don't got an attitude
Badabim, badabum I'm in your room
And all I wanna do is sing another tune
Ring another tool, bring another hookie
Cut up, what up, shit nut up, with us
Get fucked up with us and don't fuck with us
Get cut up the butt, quick shut up your butt slit
Razorblades, today's the day, cause you paved the way
For two day to get ate up
Shave his legs, and two pays get blazed up
Eat his brains and put flames in they guts
Emriel Lagassi, your posse
You don't see what I see you're not me
With this shit I'ma get my monopoly
Not even a freight train can stop me
Not even a straight cane could rock me
Use weed to maintain a top speed
Low down, slow down with the fo' pound, no now, you go now (you go now! grr!
)
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