

Red Dead Bodies

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm going in, blacking out
Here we go again
I'm sick like I been drinking rat poison
Mixing it with Henn'
Let me get this in
I'mma get into that siccness shit
Witness it, it'll be a Christmas gift
Ripping this bitch's clitoris
Sicc as shit
I'mma get rid of the dead body
Sleep with his head by me
Smokin' on that purple shit
Eyes looking red and Chinese
Yellow like a Siamese cat
Somebody better feed that
I'mma get hideous and here he is
And now he's seriously furious
And now his memory is black
Got me a knife and a MAC
Caught you sleeping in a deep sleep
You get a knife in the back
Hard off with the sawed off
And I'm all off that sack
Couple of pills and I'm smack, what's that?
Muskrat, I'mma bust back, trust that
Cut that and it's just that, just that
Cut 'em up like cut crack
And I spit that button up
Better get back, shit splat
Get that, I'mma kick back, it's that
Spyderman, get back, fall back
All that, call that raw tactics
Hittin' 'em up with no practice
At this crack is atlasPack his bag, it's dinnertime
Anytime, that's it

Red Dead Bodies
That's how we like it!

I'm off this cherry AK
Me and the crimeboss, he's Mr Kevin
(Let off 11, nigga Chevrolet)
No, I meant to say
(Hecka love to get Chevrolet)
We draw the heat like police sketch artist
Reach in the arsenal, meat fillet and eat for days
Eat the street up, like when I see 'em
Knife in between 'em
Lights off, nightcrawler
RIP THE SHEETS UP!
One nigga dead, two nigga dead, three up
Get up, kill up everybody in the house with the nina
Not bury the body, gotta carry the body
'Till they see us, in the back seat with the C-Section cleaver
I got an erection with no protection, give her infected needles
And I tested positive for arsenic in this cathedral
Red Dead Bodies full of lead, bloody bed, that's what I said

When I head directly to the meat, watch for the feds and
I'm smoking Pineapple Headband, hand cannon
Ran up in your house, demand a ransom
Circumstances, murder (dance and one)
Reach in the back, then act, kidnapping your grandson
Pull the sheets back and release tactical handguns

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Baby don't cry
Dry your eyes
Your mom and daddy dies by me sticking an ice pick in their eyes
I got you a little surprise
Nigga nuts and guts and look at this
Nigga, what the fuck I took a hit
Right in the bitches thighs
Lec'd it when I wreck it, check it
Leave a bitch butt naked in seconds
Cut a bitch up in little sections
You should have protection, a weapon
Spyderman had a weapon, crept in
You shoulda never slept in
Kevin's eating up midsections
Bet I'm leaving bleeding
He's wet and sweating
Double kicking niggas like Tekken, and yet I'm
Leaving niggas like a jet, and settin
Bombs up for the weapon, let 'em
He don't really wanna test 'em
Unless I'm leavin then he might test 'em
(Nine sex 'em)
Siccer than Joe Pesci, leaving the bedroom messy, messy
Just 'cause your bitch wanna have sex with me
She gonna end up becoming my recipe
Lying dead next to me
Cause niggas be falling off like sesame seeds, trust me
I won't call it off, he was messing with me, he rusty

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