

Season of da Siccness

Brotha Lynch Hung

Hit the dank and took my Glock off lock
And off to the 21st blocc, I'm rollin' in a drop top
Fever-zero, that black criminal mac mac, nigga, that pap! pap!
Me hittin' a couple of rounds and while I test him
Hey, fuck a Smith & Wesson, I got my, nine at my chest
And I got my dime bag of stress weed, a 40 oz. of OE
And I'm creepin' up on some niggas in a mob and a nigga claimin' OG
Pop! Hit him in that dome and it was that nigga's worst
Put him on the ground with a brain full of them nine slugs
So wrap that nigga up, put him in a hearse
And I'm hittin 50, right around that curb, tight
Rollin' up in a '64, 4-door sideways to the next light (you know)
And I hit that corner of 24 Street, some nigga mean muggin' Lynch
And I pop in a clip and I'm not finna get got
I'mma shoot before I'm shot
For the fact I'm B-U-Double D-E-D
I'm reaching up in my glove box for the welfare weed
That's fillin' a nigga's siccness
So I miss dead bodies in an Oldsmobile, up on the curb
And while I'm skirtin'
Pass the 'View with an empty 9 and some bourbon (right)
I just adjust to the fact that niggas ain't got no hope
I'm fillin' 'em up with 16's, and letting 'em know

It's either that die, or that siccness, and it's the nigga that nigga
That one you come see
With that 9 millimeter meter, watch them 9 millimeter me
But then I come wickeder, come wickeder, come wickeder
Each rough style
If I don't get you with me nina, then me use .380
Pop nigga, not mine and I knew for the crew
Without them gun shells, firing
Fidda them don't know me when me high off them doja killa weed
Me take-a me nine millimeter nine and me blast him enemy
For the them, he die 'cause of dat siccness them created by me
And then them say
Load up that nina, I'm finna finna go boom!
Them one fillin' out that nine
Cut them in half with some of them ripgut quality
For the fundamental cannibalism, got them black enemy running
And when them siccness kick in, a million baby dying, boom!

Hit 'em with my G like every day, nigga
From the Creek to the Garden Blocc
I was creepin' from the double dead red 'til all the drama stop
And 5150 is something that shouldn't even be on a nigga's list
'Cause since for the fuck of it I've been crazy times 6 charger to 66
And um, niggas can't see my folk when I dump them .44 slugs all down they th
roat
It takes one time, all night, to peel your tonsils from the phone post, you
know
All up in the cut with the real deuce deuce four love I got
But you know that nigga from the Creek so peep at what this trigger got
Come follow me sin, come quick 'cause I'm bustin' all up on your, blocc
Shakin' up yo nuts like dice, deuce four in the dome, strike twice
Them gon' fill 'em up, I'll say "Oh"
About 44 times or 'til so, much lead up in you go

Better off dead, but nigga instead of all that I let your mama know
She might wanna follow this mutha that's sicc
'Cause a nigga won't last much longer, with rats in the cut
Chewin' all on your nuts like my nigga Jeffrey Dahmer
They lovin' that shit, that siccness gets me harder than a corpse
'Til I reach for the grease and a nigga start jackin' off until it hurts
Swallow my shit so thick, this nigga run loccs up on you almost daily
For the days when I'm off and my dick goes soft, with Lynch, I'm chewin' up
babies
We finna stay sicc, when the crazy run 'em up gospel shit kicks in
It's the nigga named Sicx with the locc to the brain style fix
Eatin' up your dead skin

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