

Spydie's Birth

Brotha Lynch Hung

Yeah, I'm in the dark on these niggas...

Okay

Maybe they don't know I'm a, go ape
You just a king cobra straight
No via satellite, it'd take more than a car battery to juice me
Killa appetite, never catch me actin' right
Smoke a two hundred sack a night, like an AK when I shoot these
Please believe I pack it right, produce rapid strikes
They call me Randy Johnson, hundred and twenty miles an hour
Spit enough, hit em up, get off the power
Nigga you must be off that powder, I'm Spiderman
Give me a blunt, pen, pad, and an hour, I'll make it shower
My taliban, Siccmade Muzicc we keep it heated like Nascar (guess what)
Plain and simple patna, fill up the clip and then blast ours
Ain't no rippin shit, it's all S-I-double C, you trouble me
I'm loco in the cabesa and I'm siccer than the rest-a
I'll blow your chest up, he need an ambulance
Two minutes left, he don't have a chance, not even half a chance
Leave him with feces all in his pants when we pick him up
I rip 'em up right out the dump truck 'cause I'm

Spiderman, Spiderman, try'na see how much you know you can
He sports the tec's, any size
You playin' him close he might blow your mind
He's deep in the cut, heat all around
Tryin' to find him he's no where to be found
Okay, here comes the Spiderman
(Here comes the Spiderman...)

I'm like beltway snipers, I ain't try'na brag, but here
You need these numbers to this place that be makin' body bags
I'm the kamikaze magnum while I'm draggin' um
To the spot, gotta get to really have at em
Like roast beef, nigga I ain't supposed to beef
But I love meat and I got Sacramento enemies, So I love heat
Got a sack of indo green leaves and I'm 'bout to twist it
So move with me nigga, quick shit patna, you 'bout to miss it
Now I don't smoke with them busta browns, I clutch the pounds
And if you fuck wid it I rub ya down
With seventeen rounds, crack the everclear now
Forever real now, spittin' at the whole crowd verbs and nouns
And no felonies so I pack somethin' heavy
I took the Chevy to the levy, two hundred and fifty pounds of red meat 'n fe
ddy
You got it twisted up like crazy Eddie, the 80s
From two hundred and yards away I make ya head bleed steadily

Bet I could teach ya how to dissect your stomach muscles 'n eat 'em
These days that ain't shit, cut 'em and bleed 'em
I seen worse shit, fuck em and feed em bloody spaghetti
That Siccmade shit, cuddy get ready, bloody your Chevy interior quick
Muddy your driveway, that's what I say
Fuck it, you 'bout to die today
Got a chopper in the hideaway, don't make me use it
Off a half pint with the Ol' 8 English, don't make me lose it
I'm cry baby locc, that's it

I'm from the block where you learn at sixteen
To load glocks, pack clips and smoke pot
Slumpin' Tupac, 'Me Against The World' cause it juice me
I got episodes and episodes like Ricky and Lucy
Drama shit, dead momma shit, don't give a fuck shit
Rough shit, shut you up in the back of the truck shit
Them gangsta bitches love this, they jack off to it
I'm Spiderman, bitch ass nigga I thought you knew it