

Suicide Watch

Brotha Lynch Hung

Suicide watch...

Yeah, I'm in a all black khaki suit
In an all black room feeling like I'm in the back of the room
And I'm strapped to something that's like, out of a movie,
That's cool. Kill like I'm in a Dracula movie
That's too practical, did a tactical movement
Next thing you know I was loose and I was moving
Brotha Lynch Hung go through the jungle, wit' a machete and I hunt those, then I cut throat
I don't know what's happening maybe I'm blacking out
Killing everybody in sight then smashing out
Murder date nigga go head ask 'em out
Coathanga Strangla nigga ask about him
Like J-Lo.... Oh ass is out
Anybody will tell ya' that nigga's a acid mouth
I will never lose, I'm cruising past your house
I'mma start chewing his meat if he's as I'm out?
Hit me wit the .50 - get your brains blasted
Carry me a Billy the Kid and that's plastic
Buried nigga, hid in the crib, and that's-that's it
I be on some dumping the dead niggas in caskets
Do it for the bi-bi uh chop chop
Do it for the bitches, tch-tch-tch, slash em'
I get all up in a nigga head, aspirin
I could get a nigga shot in the head, ask 'em
Orville Redenbacher, nigga I'll pop ya'
Tore his head like cotton, go need the doctor
Call the coroner, leavin' him in a corner
Called his boys up, they gon' be looking for him
Put these toys up, disappear in the morning
Eat these boys up, it was a little boring
Shit his prime guts, I'm nuts, I'm sick
I must consider Your Highness, bitch

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Yeah boy, got my mind on the milli
Hand gripped tight on the milla
Finger on the trigga', and you fucking wit' a straight guerilla
Dominate the enemy tremendously, and leave em' wit' his face on the pillow
Reppin' MadeSicc nigga, they don't really want it
If you want it come get it
Come wit' it I'm a spit it, from the start to the finish
Wit' no fault or pretending, hit all in yo' mouth like a dentist
(Is it the siccness!?)
They got a nigga all in it to win it, busta better pardon my Cripness'
Put you on my hit list
And just bring a witness to the lyrical massacre of these bitches
Played a part in inventing this
Cut, slice, dice, chop, beef scrambled up, test and cook syrup
Nigga, 'cause I'm a hit em' wit'
Right, left, punch, uppercut, then throw pronouns and verbs
And many other words, I'm like a Thunderbird
I mean a Thundercat, that's just the way I act
I put em' on their back and that's a known fact
I leave their motherfucking sound and their line flat

You wanna habitat, where them G's at?
I flip it like a mat and light it like a match
Freddy Krueger Luda, wit' a Ruger on his lap
Poom, pang, ping, kill a dream like that
So where my niggas, yo? And where the bitches go?
We paint a pretty picture from the ceiling to the flo'
We tear the club up, been done fucked the streets though
If you really want it all you gotta' do is let me know
You fucking wit' my brotha Lynch I'm busting Calicos *gunshot*
I creep up on you, you don't wanna give you mo'
Hotter than the sun, colder than an Eskimo
Blap at 'em wit' the 4"
And have 'em yelling Geronimo!

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