

Therapy Session

Brotha Lynch Hung

Block call, Big NoLove, my nigga Sav Sicc, my nigga Bleezo
Let's get it in, to a Phonk Beta beat, you know what I'm saying?

I spit the acetous, sick and hazardous flow
Schizophrenic for chips, so quick to flash on a hoe
Rip adamant 'til the Lynch'll pass me the dro
'Cause when I get the hatchet I'm cuttin' shit in half at the door
A nuisance to the game
Bitch, I'm nefarious, ethereous
Even my therapist swear I'm a terrorist
Various niggas snitchin', tryna be a good Samaritan
'Til I leave 'em sleeping with the fishes: Aquarius
Ain't no easy comparison
I'm a spitter who's able to spit it exquisite
Givin' niggas the business within this shit
I'm so fucking ridiculous with this game y'all
Mouthpiece cause massacres, call me chainsaw
Know some niggas that mop shit over 8 balls
Sick and vicious, niggas can't see me 'cause of they Ray Charles
Yeah, hit the block with the napalm
With the Coathanga Strangla eatin' niggas' brains raw

Yeah, Spydie's back
And he's creeping around town like a Siamese cat
I'ma fry these rats
Me NoLove, Bleez and I need Sav (and Skitso)
I got flame mane, throw up the deuce when I gang-bang
Rippin' his guts, sippin' a cup of blood up
'Bout to get in the cut, fucking a nigga nut up
Nigga, I'm serious, fast and furious
Eddy Murph' delirious
Sick in the brain
Spittin' the dangerous flow
Pullin' it out and I aim at his throat, oh
I get pie, apple pie, Chevrolet, sever they
Human anatomy, assault and battery had to be every day
I'm sick, need medicine, Excedrin
I'm ahead of them, I'm a dead man walkin' and it's evident
Gettin' bread like I'm takin' out the President
It is what I said it is, I'ma be rippin' a nigga up in a head again
Better men the veteran is giving out the medicine and ever since amphetamine
My sentiments exactly, to the backseat with the black heat
Hit 'im in the head then I'm like a track meat 'til a nigga get back, sleep
Exactly, pull a nigga cap to the backseat, get that deep then it's that eat
I'ma eat people, lethal and he know, a heatseeker
He's ether, please, give me the guns and them keys
I said give me the guns and them keys

Ey, all my niggas crippin' and gang bang
So if a nigga trippin' then we makin' your brains hang
My niggas never switch and we gon' stick to the same thing
With this bundle of yola that I'm flippin' to maintain
And I'm infamous, niggas'll they get their liver split
I'm militant, I've been a Crip, you niggas sound illiterate
Nigga I keep it one hundred like my cigarettes
Articulate, come get a whiff of this nigga, I'm venomous
I get high like a satellite

Niggas know I spit fire, dragon fire
MC's know I got an appetite
(Dark chest niggas fold when I grab the mic)
Nigga
And I'm sick like venereal
Carry your body to give it a proper burial
Hysteria, I'm spittin' malaria through your stereo
Spit the Uzi and ooh wee like my nigga montario
Bitch, I chew beats like full piranhas
Bud Light in my hand, provoking drama
The hoe don't put the dough in my hand I'ma open-palm her
Super fly, I turn the brokest mama to Pocahontas
I roast any opponent that flows upon us
Will hop out of that focus, unloading llamas
Gun fight like it's the coke from contra
But I keep a chrome katana
'Cause when I've been smoking ganja I'm flippin them hoes Blanka
We got that mass pass connect
If niggas try to smoke me I got that gas mask effect
My gat'll blast caps the rent, so if I smash past your symbol
It's a flash for no reason, you sweat my scrap past the rent
Ain't no reason at all, the things were involved
The things when they fall
This nigga wouldn't even swing at a broad
Get seen in a mall, catch you while he leavin' the stall
Right hook, left jab, back hand, Steven Seagal

Chop, chop, to the head, leavin' him red
Red, dead bodies in the bed, cleaver in hand
I'm the kind to fryumup, with Sionel my nuts
I'm nuts, I'm Russian, I'm your highness
I'm the finest minus, yeah I got it covered like Linus
I'm his thymus, I'm his primus, guns are shining
I'm in the lead and I'm bleeding
I prime guts I got sinus problems it's the
Spit like cocaine snorting MDMA, GBC in it
Eatin' human beings like seasoning
Coathanga Strangla: believe in him
You can get cooked with the beavers creep
We even, we even-steven
I'm leavin', No Love bringing me cleaverwhich

Off top on my block niggas sick in the brain
I spit toxic and got ridiculous aim
My whole clique got ridiculous fame, spit syphilis flame
Keep a bitch with ridiculous brain
Cut him into pieces when the trigger releases, my niggas in pieces
I'm squeezin' if you give me a reason
I'm like lieutenant Dan
Give these niggas the business
I cock back, blow your brain all over your tenants
In it to win it, I fight 'til the finish
And have a bitch lick my balls while I'm eating my spinach
Every time I turn my back somebody biting me in it
I pull her ovaries out and fucking finally end it
Raised up in the gaze like nigga less
Now I'm out, got some niggas on my hit list
Sick shit, 666 shit, this shit I spit, my flip look ridiculous, yeah
And when I'm out in your place
Cock back, pop that and put one in your face
Never catch me slippin' without out one in the waist
One under the pillow case and I keep one in the safe, nigga