

## Watta

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm the hardest nigga you never heard of  
And I'm a pro when it comes to these tools a four four  
When it comes to these raw venomous spit send him his dick  
In a wool shoe package, peel back his cap wid this automatic  
Cold hefty and black shit I make a rapper disappear like magic  
It's Siccmade, all the way to the motherfuckin' casket  
And six feet deeper, get these heaters right off the lips  
I stack chips and I, sip these litres on the hips  
It's some shit that'll split ya wig  
You can't spit enough shit, that'll get ya big  
Get the gig, you pay him first then I'll lay him next  
Niggaz be weak just like latex, cheap as Tampax  
I walk through the room wid a handful of anthrax  
Shakin' niggaz hands, makin' niggaz dance like  
Paula Abdul when I pull out the tool  
Ya kids get napped when I run out the school  
Ya nig did that, it's the motherfuckin' Lynch  
Take a long barrel four four and run up in ya bitch  
Real shit, cause it turns me on and  
What kind of shit do these nerds be on and  
What kinda clips should I put in this chrome four  
What kind loopy-loop ya on  
Pass me the Newport and let's get it on like Marvin  
I've been starvin' creep through the trees like Tarzan  
Ya meat we carvin'

It's watta, watta, and ya know I'm thirsty  
And even though it hurts me  
I stay blood thirsty for watta, watta  
Take it how you want nigga  
So make it how you want nigga  
(2x)

You punk niggaz want war we make shit happen  
When it comes to the money drugs scrappin' and cappin'  
I'm a veteran and I bet when I pull my thang  
You hoe niggaz run faster than cut out segas  
We some spiritual lyrical individuals nigga  
I ain