

# Welcome 2 Your Own Death

Brotha Lynch Hung

As I bail through the woods of the southside  
Terrors on nine milli chrome kill alone cause I trust no snitch  
When I peel a dome and bail  
Gone like hell right through the do  
I'm rollin' a fat sack of red boogy boo, nigga ooh  
Watch me bail nigga but you don't see me though  
Cause I'm rollin' fat sacks in the back of my vehicle  
But takin' a puff of the dank stuff  
and enough that double O-A-E dooz me  
I'm slowly loadin' up the oozy  
Well now who's he  
Well it's that dead motherfucker doe  
Well whatcha know comin' through with that murder mo  
And I heard you know now whose been bustin' up on the garden block  
You either give up the information,  
nigga I get shots, so nigga nah WHAT!  
I guess you wanna dose of this milla  
Twenty-four shots from that mommas baby killa  
Nigga mack hustla, cap busta, infact I'm just a mack ten  
Bustin' em at your chin before I crept nigga  
Welcome to your own death

(6x)

Nigga welcome to your own death

(BUCK! For them who don't know bout loc to da brain  
Them got them nine millimeter strap and true is the game) (2x)

So niggas miss my sicc  
Some niggas don't know me, niggas don't know my click  
That O-loc-double-C-O-G rip gut canibal type of shit  
Plus many more caps bust  
Anymore sacks to roll up, we need that high back  
So niggas done load them nins and pull them high jacks  
And lie back in the cut and roll another fat one up  
Tack one up for loc to the brain  
Them niggas that really don't give a fuck  
Around and get buck, shot it up and dump in a truck and left in a cut  
So nigga now whatcha gon do with a mini mack ten ten at yo gut  
Plus niggas nuts and guts is what I rips for  
Creepin' up in a six four impala  
Mobbin' a loots all up to make you vomit from the raw gut cause  
Nah what I do is let my nine do the talkin'  
Leavin' you walkin' to your funeral low  
Diggin'? yo smoke from the mack 1-0  
I had ya pussin' just in case  
I got me a mack eleven for your face that's leavin' no trace  
Caps leavin' a gate and puttin' holes in a niggas neck  
So watch the reeper when I creep crept  
Welcome to your own death

When I hit the block with a nine  
Them fools better be duckin'  
My nigga duck got out the car and started buckin' at niggas runnin'  
untraceable gage shells  
Only worriers goin' to hell  
And 5-0 they just can't swoop

See cause we mobbin' too well  
My murder file done pile more than a nigga expected  
See cause have of the city of Sac still ain't accepted  
That I'm a pack and when I'm sweated I'ma put in work  
Cause my O-T told me why Jesus got to kick up some dirt  
And I'm tired of warnin' a motherfucker about a nigga like me  
When it's hard to believe  
the nine millimeter comin' out my pants gonna make you dance  
See that's the city and it's making a motherfucker stress  
Gotta watch your back like 24-7  
unless you wanna be livin' the rest of your life  
Up in a cemetery die nigga die you'll repeat until you're buried  
That nine millimeter givin' no motherfuckin' respect  
Up on your back with your last breathe  
Welcome to your own death