

Went Way

Brotha Lynch Hung

Two years ago, a friend of mine
told me to write me a tight ass rhyme
and so I, I wrote this rhyme that I am about to say
the rhyme is tight and it went this way
And I'm on my briefcase wit some crumbled weed
shystie niggas keep staring at me
I had my 45 and my 44
i put one on my briefcase so them niggas'll know
lives get took
that's it just like a book
do you want a meathook
smoke a fat blunt on my couch wit my feet up while you get took
fo yo skrill
hundred dolla bill
take yo pill muthafucka
while you bullshitin dis shit is real
i ain't no twelve inch
can't mix me up in this shit
i got full clips
and alone i do my shit
so trust me you information faulty
and i wouldn't eat you cause your meat's too salty
i'd rather, step through a fire ring wit some gasoline draws than fuc
k wit you
cause you the type of nigga that'll tell'em everything you saw, wit m
y
big bad forty auto mag
twenty sac nigga get yo money back if you don't think you of that sli
znack
motivated, totally undominated
i got that sickness and the remedy, my momma made it
easy fo me i didn't have to work
fourteen years old in the backseat drinkin o.e. like kirk

now just the other day a friend of mine
told me to write me a tight ass rhyme
and so i, i wrote this rhyme that i'm about to say
the rhyme is tight and it went this way
i know it's been a long time, i shouldn't left you
without a tight rhyme to step to
think of all them weak ass albums you slept through
well i'm yo medicine, sorry i kept you
went to my brother's house, without a doubt
twisted one up with the nigga, smoked'em out
got to writin some of dat sicc made my own bacc fade type script
high enough to write a whole career full of shit
i mean blitzed, toe up, drug cost up, ready to fuck, throw up
man i got my cheddah cheese ass nigga know what
i don't hold no grudges i just ain't fuckin wit you no mo, mission st
ay
sicc made and don't let nothin penetrate my barricade
barracade barracade barracade, barracade