

# That's How My Trigga Went

X-Raided

A nine in my mothafucking guts, so cold  
(...My nine is easy to load...)  
So I keep the mothafucka on safe  
Cause a nine in your dick ain't safe  
Rolling up in a devil rag Caprice  
Triple-6 the Bounty got the clip to my piece  
Roasted dark meat tonite we gonna feast  
Load'em up, Nigga Deep on a creep, boom, boom  
Let'em see what's up, the Brotha Lynch  
Straight using my life broke  
All I see is devils and gun smoke  
But they wanna be heaven sent  
Boom and that's how my trigga went  
Gotta fix that crack  
Mama gotta grave, nigga shit like that  
Put a nigga aching, having fits like that  
Guns on safe but it clicks right back  
(...Going out on a mothafucka like that...)  
Now I'm dead...  
The nigga with the mothafucking sickness  
Cut ya pussy with a razor blade, bitch  
Come sit on my face, bleed all over my face  
Get up, now let me nut in ya face  
Nothing but the atheist talking that crazy shit  
Something like the triple-six sickness  
Bitch, ya betta be used to be a bitch  
Ya betta be used to me when I picture six six six  
I'm layin' on my bed like a grave  
Praying I'n not that way, I'm like this:  
Put ya wound on my lips  
The Brotha Lynch biting to the skin rips  
X-rated flicks, nothing but the Brotha Lynch sickness, bitch  
Fuck him if ya nigga wanna talk some shit  
Punk mothafucka I'm the mothafucking Brotha Lynch...  
(...Going out...)  
Loadin'em up!  
(...on a mothafucka...)  
Blowin'em up!  
(...like that...)  
Nigga, I'm sick of this shit  
Bitch, open ya legs for this  
Now guess where my trigga went...  
Triple-6 mothafucking Bounty fiending to eat this mothafucking mob  
pussy...  
So there is it, nigga...So I'ma kick this shit for ya...  
Give it up for the Endangered  
And that's how my nigga went  
Rough, so fucking rough, my nigga's trigga went rip gut  
So fucking what?  
My nigga Lynch ain't the nigga you thought he was, bitch  
Catch a bullet of Lynch Hung  
Or the swing of a left foot's swang  
By the fool who speaks in Devil tongue  
That's how that nigga went  
Plus that how my trigga went  
Would ya figure by now?  
You mothafuckas consider him insane

The Baby Killa's already dead  
Boom, boom, filling the lead in a baby's head  
Skitzo, my nigga went buckwild  
Hah haaaa...  
(...God bless ya child...)