

Dead Bitch

Brotha Lynch Hung

Intro

Talking[Verse 1: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Send'em finna get butt naked (grrr)

I don't know what happened, see I just saw a house

An a lady up in the backroom

An a cocaine had me dizzy I was hustle off that wet cigarettes

So I don't know that gon do givin a nigga a permanent tattoo

I spit poison, niggas call it kentrail, I'm mobb deep nigga an I think I got sickle cell

Anyway, got to stay focus, got make sure this bitch gon smell

I'mma cut the head off, send it to myself in the mail

Bitch, it ain't no helpin' to yell, you gon make it quick a bitch

Chewin muscles like lickerish, you wanted to die you'll get yo wish you bitish,

Human meat is my favorite dish, and I bitches for kicks

(Grrr)

I'm a tyrannosaurus rex, unpredictable I dont know victim's door next

Get the stick in you torso or more so, cut'em up it was the main course tho

Zip'em up an lock'em up in the zip lock cloth.

[Hook: Brotha Lynch Hung]

I did'n know (now I'm talkin' to a dead bitch)

I did'n know (now I'm packin' up a dead bitch)

I did'n know (now I'm sippin' off a dead bitch)

I did'n know (I don't be trippin' off a dead bitch)

I did'n know (I was toungin' to a dead bitch)

I did'n know (I was study fuckin' a dead bitch)

I did'n know (I was tonkin' off a dead clik)

I did'n know (now I'm nuttin' on a dead bitch)[Verse 2: Brotha Lynch Hung]

(Grrr)

Now I'm smokin' on some loud, head up in the clouds (coff)

An I get to the gas station, ride hella miles

Put the body somewhere

Cut up the bodies nigga, I'm leave one there and one there

It was sum like a nightmare, kiss her and slit nigga,

I don't fight fair or might there

I told you I be high

24/7 always hella drunk and ready to die

Turned up

Sum's wrong with my head I might be burnt up

Brain tells gon extra ending the game all long

Twelve o clock midnight I run through ya house

Opposites is quiet as a mouse, we in ya hall way
An I'm eyed grape in the garage I waited all day
Scratchin' at ya dressa with a knife
After I'm done it's about to be a messenger tonight
Kept runnin (runnin), the bitch she made a left and a right
And you can tell by the smell it's a murder session tonight.

[Hook: Brotha Lynch Hung]

Refrain 2x[Outro]Chasing his mother through the house[Brotha Lynch Hung]
Come here bitchContinuing chasing his mother through the house[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Open the door! Ma!

Ma! open the door

You lock the...

Open the door!

Open the door bitch!Brotha Lynch Hung opens the door stabbing his mother[Brotha Lynch Hung]
Ha.now... i...told... you... i...was... gon... fuckin... kill... come in... fuckin... kill... you... you... fuckin...
bitch!Brotha lynch hung panics after killin his mother and calls travis o guinTravis o guin: this travis
Brotha lynch hung: A trav damn man, I think I just killed my mom man

Travis o guin: you, you

Brotha lynch hung: naw, naw I ran up in there man and this lady I saw her

Travis o guin: Lynch!

Brotha lynch hung: I was high an everything man just fuckin killed her man

Travis o guin: slow down, slow down

Brotha lynch hung: I got her in the closet, I got her in the closet bro I just fuckin did it I stab her and...

Travis o guin: Lynch!, Lynch!

Brotha lynch hung: what!, what! I just killed her man I ran up in the house man I did even give a fuck
I was so high man what, what!

Travis o guin: Lynch man your mother been dead for years what are you talkin about man

Brotha lynch hung: what!, what!

Travis o guin: your mom, your mom been dead for years i.i... don't understand is this a what are you talkin
About man

Brotha lynch hung: Are you fuckin serious, well a fuck it I'mma do this then!, fuck it! shoots himself

Travis o guin: Lynch, Lynch! u there... alright man... ah... yeah

STRANGE MUSIC!

End of the sagaAnnotate

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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