

One Mo Pound (Feat. Dee-Dub)

Brotha Lynch Hung

I was rollin' through the hood one day
Thought shit den calmed down,
"gang-bangin'" den played out by the years since I den been around
Ain't talked to nobody from my block
Cause all my niggas is locked up
And it's been all ever I seen wit a guillotine
So I was in the "cut supreme"
Fifteen grams and some "greenodine"
Ain't seen a block nigga since
But now I'm off that kill green
(mothafuckas ain't got no love for me)
(niggas wanna put some slugs in me)
So I'm double 0 seven, murder redrum wit my three fifty seven
Brotha lynch hung, but the bitches call me kevin
They try to make me think they close to me, but neb'in [never]
You know I gots to (say high) stay high, keep receipts for alibis
And the meat they ate from them drive-bys ain't mine
Cause mine's a supe' disguise
As I swoop the skies high off that buddha
Tah mixed the cusche and the purple hairs
And it got me high
(now I'm rollin on the river)
Labeled mr. fedex
(cause them bodies I deliver)
Got to get to my next plot
Unlock the freezer get the meat for the "rocks" [rotweilers]
And heat the heat cause it's the "nine-neb'in" ['97]
And it's hot den a mothafucka
(all day everyday) i'mma stay loaded up, "krondike" in the trunk
And a pound full of james brown
Cause I gots to get loaded so hold up soldier[chorus: 2xs]The count goes
(one more pound of smoke and it's guaranteed to make a mothafucka choke)
(ain't got no down ass bitch at my side
But I got some bomb ass weed in my ride)Nothin but notches, booches
Fill my pockets, hit 'em up everyday, gotta have my pay
The gaungay got me high now I'm paranoida den these booches
Filthy rich, i'mma take the loot
And the dig a ditch, tell your neighborhood bitch
To miss me with that hoe shit

Cause i'mma get this nigga when he surface
And that's on everything I love, I gots to split his wig
Opened up the little blue packet, stung him like a yellow-jacket
Rib cage heavily padded, hit him with the automatic shells
Send him to hell express from his mailing address
We got his name, for sho', then we went to the house and did that shit
I know I said I do it alone in the pass, everybody in the neighborhood knew
Somebody betta jack his ass up like a six-four impala
You floatin' on dirty water
Pack your shit up nigga like it's on only you and your ? woda-goda?
Track your ass down, smoke your last pound[chorus 2xs](if you smell any smoke it's just me and my homies
gettin' blown)
And I was late gettin' home, intoxicated
Fight with my old lady
She was comin at unreal, hit the blunt and now she's animated
Motivate through you like a foggy mist
You can hold me in your chest-plate like that nitro hit
First degree told me if the weed can toss
It'll talk some shit, gotta get me an underspot
Make me a hemp museum like b-legit
I'm tryin to bump my head on the moon
Live so high up in the mountains eatin' snake meat, fried raccoons
With a attitude I need food to eat up
Smoke a fat blunt on my couch with my feet up
Top notch program, dos mode indo 95 upgrade siccmade
Stay paid til the day on the ground, i'mma lay, i'mma stay loaded up
In my trunk I got the blow you up and it'll blow you up
And the count goes[brotha lynch hung sends out shout outs til the end]

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

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