Q-Ball

BUTTON BASHERS

Q Ball!
So what really happened nigga? I understand ain't nobody did shit. Ain't nobody did shit for my 'causezin. Where dem niggaz at dat said dey'd put it all on da line? 'cause nigga... only a child could empty a gun toward da sky. I gotta kno where niggaz' heads at, 'cause my 'causezin still ain't got no peace yet. So all you muthafuckas wanna know where I stand? Nigga I stand right next to my 'causezin E Mill nigga, you know what I'm sayin? And dat's on da Blocc nigga. However you wanna handle dat shit nigga.
[Brotha Lynch]Look up in da sky! It's a muthafuckin slug!/
Some nigga done let one off and only my 'causezin sheddin blood/
Dat loccest muthafucka frum twenty ninth street throwin up his flag/
Sum nigga got mad/
And went to da crib fo da 44 mag/
Return to da set up and let my 'causezin have it/
Da nigga dat die for da Garden Blocc Gang, did time for da Garden Blocc/
And ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket, but I don't be givin a fuck/
I'm tappin up in yo program/
Before you know it I'm creepin up on you in a licorice dar kblack drop top rohan/
Wit a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk and a fat purple cush blunt/
So call it what u want/
I call it da fever of da FUNK HOUSE
Dumpin gauge shells in dat ass/
Leavin ya face down, chest down wit a gang of guts hangin out yo ass/
Nigga, you know da process. They wanna kill me now/
I'm a dead man walkin till my funeral can you feel me now?/
And if I die, before yo second blasted/
Dat's on da Garden I'ma rise up out my casket/
[Chorus]I'm liquer sicc and I just might lose control/
So load yo clips, loccs, 'cause we ridin for my folks
x2
[Brotha Lynch]And I'm out in da 6-5, HARDTOP IMPALA lookin for dat 187/
There he go! And I'm right behind him bustin wit my Mac-11/
Str8 bumper ta bumper 12 gauge pumpin was dat lil lex locstah/
Givin up his set and dumpin on niggaz just like he supposed ta/
Nigga dis is real deal. Shit, it's not about crip or blood/

It's about payback, dat family luv/
So nigga now fuck yo whole clique/
Like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me for my fuckin tapes/
Dem baby rapes, so nigga get out my fuckin face/
If I was really bangin niggaz would know 'cause I'd have they whole set/

Lookin like LA when da earthquake hit. Nigga, fuckin wit my tec/
I'm frum da Garden Blocc no matter what nobody say/
I'm makin my money not lettin dat bangin shit get in my way/
Niggaz get mad, they wanna see da Lynch rippin/
I'm wearin blue yeah, but muthafucka, I ain't even trippin/
But for my 'causezin Q Ball, Mr Docc & Six/
My 'causezin Eclipse and two of my kids, nigga, fetch these clips/
[Chorus][Brotha Lynch]There ain't no fuckin way/
My 'causezin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation/
There ain't no fuckin way/
Dat muthafucka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem muthafuckin glocks/
There ain't no fuckin way/
My 'causezin gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation/
There ain't no fuckin way/
Dat muthafucka died for da Blocc, so let's heat dem muthafuckin glocks/
You know what I'm sayin? This time it ain't gon be shootin in da muthafuckin air nigga.
We takin out bones you know. 'cause dat nigga woulda did it for us you know.
I gotta do what I gotta do, you know what I'm sayin?
Tried to sit up here and do my music thang you know?
Then my 'causezin got rolled on you know? Dem niggaz frum da Garden don't do nuthin now, we all gon get rolled up.
Like a fat ass blunt nigga. So wassup?
I'm puttin my life on da line for dis shit, they wanna kill me 'cause I'm rappin, you know what I'm sayin?
Wassup niggaz?
Dedicated to my 'causezin Q Ball. Rest In Peace nigga.
To dem otha muthafuckas, fuck peace.

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