

# Siccmade

## Brotha Lynch Hung

Yeah, the Baby Killa's back up in this motherfucka  
Straight from tha grave  
It gets so deep right under the Garden Blocc  
Oh, me? Ya can just call me Manson, yeah, we met before  
But ya forget that I ain't gonna die so I'm back up this motherfucka  
So peep the mothafuckin' words from the dead man, yeah And when I pack me a gun and oh, when I was young  
I dreamt of feedin' them niggas up of niggas nuts and soufley a' la dun  
Motherfuckas get hung, my bullet weights a ton  
The Garden Blocc Don, the valley of the slum Tha cannibalistic nigga that got that 9 millimeter gun  
That nigga that nigga that got them mothafuckas on the run  
They thought that I was done but Lynch is not the one  
To go out from a gunshot wound, nigga, I'm not done that soon Bitches, they come but nut just like the rest,  
caught one in the chest  
Shoulda wore a vest and, oh, what a bloody mess  
Puffin' off the cess, dealin' with the stress, killin' off the less  
Fortunate but they trip when my nine gets sick Them niggas either die or stay stuck on my dick  
'Cause I'm that nigga they call Lynch, I got 'em niggas fiendin' for my shit  
I empty clips, drinkin', fuckin' with tha splift  
And it's the nigga that kill for reason, it's the Season Of The Sicc That's why I got the urge to shoot that pussy  
clit  
And kill off that infant, so what is my intent?  
To show them mothafuckas livin' life ain't shit  
I gets to gettin' real sick and eatin' bloody clit, the baby killa shit Put 'em in a grave with an empty 40 ounce  
bottle and don't leave a drip  
'Cause livin' with tha Tripple-Six  
Ya learn to fuck devil in his mouth and eat the shit out of his bitch  
And I admit, my brain is kinda sick But now I'm like J. Dahmer, I'm chewin' up all the evidence  
I killed to cure my fit, the human meat fix  
Bitin' to the skin rips, that sick nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since Yeah, do ya wanna know what that Sickness is?  
The Sickness is when you hug your mama and ya dick get hard  
Or you walk in on your baby's mama and she's suckin' your son's dick  
That's the mothafuckin' Sickness. So, ya mothafuckas don't ya forget that shit  
And don't forget where the Sicc came from  
That nigga Lynch I take my mouth off up that cog and trip  
'Cause eatin' dead pussy clit I make ya sick  
But it's the Season so my reason is legit  
I'm havin' fits, I dreamed of eatin' bloody pussy clit's since I was six I fiend for a dead pussy on dick, I gotta  
skits

Meanin' I don't give a shit about ya biyatch  
That nigga that's from tha Blocc, killin' up tha cog, so, nigga, shit  
Baby barbeque ribs and guts and ah, don't let me get too deepFryin' baby nuts, sluts get ate out alike  
Dank is what crooked teeth heard  
I pull the Tampax-string out and straight put in work  
It wouldn't work without that sick, so page a nigga quick  
So I can serve ya some of this shit and have ya murderin' ya biyatch'Cause me and Triple-Six grew up fuckin'  
bitches up the gut  
With tha 9-millimeter clip, Season of the Sicc, picture this:  
Pussy meat ripped in a pan full of nuts and guts and intestines and shit  
I gets ta chewin' on tha clit, the sick, they just don't understand itIt's so outlandish, chewin' nigga nuts to cure  
my fit  
The human meat fix, bitin' 'til the skin rips  
That sick nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since

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