

On My Briefcase (feat. Zagg & Phonk Beta)

Brotha Lynch Hung

(lynch):

Now on my briefcase was some crumbled weed
A pack of saravegas and a 24 ounce o.e.
Might as well skeez these couple of hoes
In my 69 malibu sittin' on trues and vogues
For days you might have seen me in my cinnamon cut chrome shoes
With some you can't see me tint on the windows indo syndrome
Smokin' it up, not givin' a muthafuckin' fizuck
Sold the cut, my ex-hoe said that nigga's sqautin' what?
Got at the homie carl, and got some of that bomb
Had me so fuckin' high I got off like vietnam
Dead bodies and bitches clits simmerin' in the crock pot
And the shit don't stop until my muthafuckin' chronic or high drop
It's just that insane type of thang, let the mac rain guts in the drain
Siccmade niggas they make the world go round
And if you fuck with siccmade music you can get your ass gunned down(phonk beta):
I had a homie who stayed up in alaska, used to transfer flights over nebraska
And flew me back about a ounce of that alaska indica weed
And out of the whole zip possessed one seed
Had it wrapped real tight all up in cellophane
Can't have the k-9 dogs smell it, man
If only you saw what I was seein', the buds was almost pure white, not green
Had to be one of those one hitter quitter dome splitters
That's the type a tweed that makes you wanna fuck your baby-sitter
I roll a fattie, when I roll this fattie
Niggas'll be all noid wonderin' why they lookin at me
Bitches have the nerve to say my shit ain't bomb
But it'll have your lungs burnin', like your puffin' on napalm(zagg):
I wipe that sweat up off my forehead, I'm off the cusche
Lay back and take a comfortable hit, with a q-tip, it's splittin' my lips
And my dome stays split off toothpicks
I hit a lick with a quickness, dumpin' dead bodies in ditches
Appreciate the fact, come correct, 'cause I could be vicious
Suspicion, comin' up on recognition I'm creepin' up from behind
With a 12 gauge, non-fiction, I'm all prepared to go for mine
So step in line, a couple of hits, dome split, I be lit on a for real base
With a machete I'll slice your neck just like them jason cases
Murder traces, but I ain't pinned 'cause there's no evidence
Slight scent of that purple cusche plant, and I can almost sense the essence

What's the lesson? get tested, don't come if you can't come correct
It's that west coast shit for life I don't know what you expected
I'm reckless, nevertheless I'm a pimp in a bulletproof vest
Puttin' it down, pound for pound, you need to take a step down
50 caliber rounds, I'm runnin' through your whole town
Buckin' em down like doom set on deathmatch with the bfg-9000 cartoon

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>