

Can I Have A Napkin?

Brotha Lynch Hung

[Hook]

I might just eat your brains to see what's in your soul
I'm high drunk wet angry
They gone have to capture me I'm cookin em up in a factory
Nigga ya dead now
Nigga ya dead now[Verse 1]
Can I have a napkin?

I eat his insides out nobody knew what happened
I ran down the avenue, all red like mac10
Jailhouse shank tako nigga he died laughin
Blue dickies bloodied up always keep em saggin
Head trauma, you couldn't even fix it up wit aspirin
As if
Niggas wanna eat but I eat ask em
Nigga you wanna certified dope record cash em
Thats why I'm STRANGE on that ass I gotta passion
Only reason I spit like this nigga I drink acid
Modern day Ca\$his Roy Jones Mayweather
You couldn't tell me nothin bout sicc nigga we stay together
Sleep in the same bed runnin through the same bread
Still spittin fire if you know the rap games dead GRRR
I eat spaghetti intestines so I don't give a fuck about your funny ass tactics
And I don't wanna run up in your stomach

PEPTO

All you other horrorcore rappers
DREP though
Run up in em
Cut em in the mother fuckin neck though
No more rappin no need to use the techno
My rhymes like lead bullets leavin your set wet though
I challenge you motherfuckers I'ma broke nigga so lets go
Tech N9ne Sacramento cannibal I eat
Breath stink like human meat got pieces in my teeth
Can I Get A Toothpick?

Overdose on 24 pills that way you guilty motherfuckers know what the truth is
Niggas think they know me they callin me a OG
Fuck all your sympathy nigga you can die slowly
Poisonous get your boys in this I take em by the dozen
Nigga I get devious that was my little cousin

Nigga I'm just sick in the head you thought I wasn't?
I'll make a nigga drink my piss guzzle n love it![Hook]
I might just eat your brains to see what's in your soul
I'm high drunk wet angry
They gone have to capture me I'm cookin em up in a factory
Nigga ya dead now
Nigga ya dead now[Verse 2]
Excuse me, can I have a napkin?
I'm drippin' like a vampire when he ain't rappin'I eat rappers up, I admit, I eat swine
With a little squeeze from the lemon and lime
Me I hate women all the time (I really mean) exes
Dream about
Leavin em in the back of the lexus
Cut throat legs spreaded open like Texas
Razor blade pussy lips nigga she died gaspin
Murder without a motive its ya boy I gotta passion
N I be puffin on that kush like Ashton, Sebastian
You don't wanna fuck around gattin
Music either I gotta couple of them fat ones

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