

Siccmade

Brotha Lynch Hung

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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' Siccness. 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 deep Fryin' 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 it It'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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