

MDK (Feat. Trizz)

Brotha Lynch Hung

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Miscellaneous

1 Die 1

(chorus) x2

Die!, i choose before you

One by one we will pick you

You will die!

(fuck it... psychological) Verse one:

Siccmade music comin up out yo seat

Catch the reeper night crawler creeper

Dig a ditch get a bitch nigga dig a ditch deeper

I'ma take yo head with this street sweeper

Leave yo brains on yo speaker

Smash off in yo jeep

Do the bitches i'ma get real hostile

Get the signal model in stroddle

Smash down on the throddle

More scratch than lucky luciano

Serve more mutha fuckas than gronnup

Creep up on ya like dunnup

Send on to ya forehead and then like they said i fled

Cause i'm the type of nigga that'll leave a horse head in ya bed

Take ya wife rape her no caper

Tie the bitch to the bed

Don't push me cause i'm close to the edge

Real lunatic and sicc-fed

And thats some sentimental shit

I just might drip cream from my dick

When i'm off that

Smirnoff gin mix with o.e. i'm hard and wet

O.e. kept tellin' me no

But this smirnoff gin kept tellin' me yes

Mess maker raper

All about my paper

Throw yo hands over yo eyes

As yo thoughts intensify yo will (die!)

(chorus) x2(deep voice)

Greetings.have a seat

Let me be the first to actually greet you to the basement

We've heard you've been busy
Ahaha we've heard you've been busy
We've learn from above that you've been
Doin' a little bit of this
Doin' a little bit of that
Stealing peoples scratch
Stabbin' in the back
We don't think its fair!
When we found you you were nothing
Now you are our nothing
Is there room for unrest
Die... you will!
(chorus)
I promiseVerse two:
I'm wes craven on paper
So plug yo pussy clips
Cause i get sicker than a sifilous dick
And yo mama won't like my shit nigga
Admit if you was sittin up in yo room hi
Loaded up in yo tape deck ready to write yo tape next
Me i do hot sex
Razor blade and alcohol swarzanigga ceremonial ripsneck
Then i write my shit next
So feel yo insides and yo intestins when you mix me wit
The whisky tell'em situation risky wit a nailgun through
Yo eye you will
I got this endo suckin me dry
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry
Bout to wet the bed up
It was the perfect setup
Bloody sheets (bloody sheets)
No body (no body)
No murder weapon
I got this endo suckin me dry
I got this slut bitch suckin me dry
It was the perfect setup
Bout to wet the bed up
Bloody sheets
No body (no body)
No murder weapon(chorus) x4
Thats why we die x8Thats my name don't wear it out
You don't know about my whereabouts
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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