

Body On the Floor

Brotha Lynch Hung

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1:]
Mr. Can-opener Mouth
Chew a nigga up quick
I'm a syphilis dick
Nobody can fuck with
Bloody pussy lips
Yes I gotta lick it
I'm coming to your town
Please buy a ticket
Been ripping up guts
But I'm still on this Crip shit
Staying with my motherfucking Season of da Sickness
Kill an infant
[?] an infant
I'm giving you my ten cents
Might have to go kill her because I'm tired of this [?]
Run up in your house nigga,
All you hear is click click (boom)
Bloody in the asshole
Ripping on you bitches
All of you niggas is listening
But none of y'all niggas gets it
Mr. Diarrhea nigga,
All I do is shit shit
All I do is Crip shit
Pull it out and nut in it
Mannibalektor pissing
R Kelly bitches
Body smelling vicious and get to stinking up the kitchen
Must've been fucking a dead body cause my pubic hairs is itching[Hook][Verse 2:]
I gets to fucking it and cutting it
Cooking it and slicing it

Eating it and shitting it
Season of Da Siccness
I'm red hot
I should make my new name 'Syphilis'
Ask her if she ever got cannibal teeth bit in clitoris
I spit venom quick
Black mamba
Giving niggas the siccness 'til I'm dead like my momma
My life's been something like a horror flick drama
So why you think I left a whole family in the sauna?
Body parts looking like spaghetti sauce, comma
No evidence, period
My [?] going to Obama
Mommy you should have left me
Killing's my recipe
Not accessory to
Ran up in you [?]
Forehead dot, Hindu
I burn bread nigga
That's why I call it grilled cheese
Put a bitch in the back of the trunk
Roll up a blunt, I call it kill trees
Worse than an alligator attack
Chop em up to alligator souffl now
Later I put em up in a zip-lock knapsackI got a body in a knapsack

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