

Sit In That Corner Bitch!

Brotha Lynch Hung

No

Sit in that fuckin' corner bitch

(No just sit in that fuckin' corner and shut the fuck up Bitch)

Should've kept you off the internet

Just sit in that fuckin' corner bitch

Shut the fuck up Verse 1

Razorblade the nipples, baby breastfeed me

I just saw your face on the TV, look at that, and they already think you're laying six feet deep

Took a nap, now they on the news talking 'bout how they want the hooker back

I gave her back to 'em, but not before I took a bat, bashed her in the head

Bathed in it and played in it and smashed in the shev back to the hideout

Shit, I took a machete and dug her fucking eyes out

Now I'm on the internet, motherfucker why not?

MySpace is my place; pick her up and tie knots

Got her on the bed playing dead, fuck it then I took her to the bathtub

And made her bloody red, no matter what he said

Nigga he's the ripgut, I saw him slice a nigga's dick up

And cut a nigga's bitch up, put her in the trash bag and that's that

He's on Facebook, she's in the space look Chorus

Sit in that fucking corner bitch!

(Where's my motherfucking razorblade)

(Hey, I'm telling you bitch, you better take me serious)

Sit in that corner bitch!

(Remember when you got that computer for Christmas?)

(Yeah that's why you're here)

Sit in that fucking corner bitch

(Shit you should've told him you wanted sum umm damn Christian Louis Vuittons)

Sit in that corner bitch

(Now I'm about to cut you, and heat you and beat you and eat you bitch) Verse 2

She asked me for a cigarette, here you go bitch bet

First pull out your titties and I promise I can get you wet

After I slit your neck, I keep 'em brainwashed, cut open the score

Cold water they get their brains washed

I'm in the kitchen with the Ithaca ripping your bitches' britches

And bitchin to get you to split the guts

Outta my mouth, I'ma get that outta my house

By cooking it and eating it and then I'm shitting it out

Like I do MC's, you won't find shit all in the couch

Shit in the bathroom and shit in the mouth

And razorblades and alcohol, shit in the pouch
Like 50 bitches on their period, I'm serious now
It's about to take 3 hours like ham hogs
Trust me I'm tryna feed all them kids and the damn dog
I don't wan no ransom I'm sicker than Charles Manson, and some
Like Chucky I'm cutting the butt cheeks

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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