Break Ya Loccs

Brotha Lynch Hung

[Lynch Talking]
About to leave the studio it's 9-11, 2002
Up in here wid my nigga C-O once again
Ya know what I'm sayin?
And the motherfuckin' bad news is
What? Suspicion is back
Ya know, here we go

[Brotha Lynch Hung]
I got that spit venom shit that'll wrinkle up ya denim shit
Fuck them niggaz they all hoes I run up in them quick
Turn 'em into statues, lead tattoos I stay
Twenty four deep and bring niggaz the bad news like
The Metro Section I spit petrol like gas nozzles
Bang wid my thangs nigga, you the last models
From the Garden to the creep module
I'm off the bottle makin' money like I won the lotto
You wanna follow wid ya tongue stickin' out ready to lick these nuts
Had a dream watchin' me get out the four door to get these guts
I spit flames, beat niggaz like Rick James get aim
Cause like Pac's attraction I grip thangs
And it's hard and cold it'll make ya heart a cold
I sweat so much I'm so hot, I'm hard to hold
And I'll tell you somethin' else fool Suspicion for life
Have you comin' home from work late, missin' ya wife
And ya kids and ya cribs tore up, I leave ya ribs tore up
Nuttin' else better I do, than cut up cold cuts
I'm a meat eatin', skin collector been connected
Wid some niggaz that'll cut you in the neck and leave you butt naked
Layin' dead in ya Lexus, what you doing?
Fryin' niggaz like they do out in Texas, Why?
Lyin' to niggaz cause they fakin' the love
You be the one takin' the slug
And you show me that you ain't got no love for me I'm done cuz

[Hook]
Niggaz that say they real fake as fuck
Have you left set up dead in a vacant lot
No matter what they can talk all that gangsta shit

If ya gangsta walk still ain't shit
I break ya loccs and run up in yo shit
[x2]

[Suspicion]
Look we roll shit blow shit, I been blue shit
Old shit new shit, keep it true shit
Always in a blue fit, and old school kicks
Posted where they move bricks if it was me quick
I sold shit stole shit, I had to move shit
Old shit new shit, to keep a few chips
Man my life wasn't nothin' sweet
At fifteen years old was livin' out on the street
With rocks between my teeth like where the fuck I'm gon' sleep
Grandmomma don't want me and I ain't seen dad for weeks
And momma ain't never been there for me
It's like she probably never cared to shed a tear for me
So now the whole world's like a glare to me
Through all these hard times can barely see prepared to leave
But I dare one of these cats wid no haps for they fame
This rap's for the tracks yeh they wack but they flames
Tryna dirty up my name, I leave 'em stained
Gunshots to middle of they brain, I leave 'em drained
Duck cops from here to the gate, I leave 'em dazed
Bust shots at all of them cops this shit be crazed
Cause fuck goin' back to that place I take the grave
Whether you see me go out ridin' or as a slave
Just look at how they got us, dealin' wid drama
Fuck it pour another shot of that Vodka load up the chopper

[Hook x2]

[Brotha Lynch Hung]
I'm young black shit wid mack shit
In the back shit make 'em do back flips
You must be off that crack shit
Fuckin' wid the tactics got spitz like a gat spit
And I'm gonna rip a nigga to bits for instance
I burn incense and think about shit
I don't need your ten cents juts break 'em right quick (then what?)
Shake 'em right quick (then what?), make 'em bite dick
You suck lug nuts ya love nuts I plug stuff, cut guts up
Ya tough luck punk, fuckin' wid flames around gas
Heat, enough heat to cook ya turkey fried deep like
Louisiana blow sacks like Santana might

Run up in ya spot with the dark blue bandana right
Wid banana clips takin' you out, run in ya house
Let the nine milli cum in ya mouth
Runnin' the South like Cash Money
I bang niggaz in the head you a crash dummy
I mash niggaz

[Hook x2]

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