The Corpse Came To Dinner

Brotha Lynch Hung

Its a must that I bust any strap you hand to me it's inherited it runs in the
Family nigga in the town got pounds of beef threaten a niggas life make it
Sound so sweet I peel em back like corn on the cob cap pillem make em sound
Like a whore on the job with a mak in the back pak hittin em off.
(bitch betta have my money, bitch where my money?)
Sicmade till I die shit nobody saw so I was able to wipe the bllod off the hall
Way walls I ain't got nothing to live for cant even trust a bitch might have to
Leave her alone I had to dig a ditch shit so rigoris dillin with
Haters,snitches,and bitches get there brains gone find a new home, one life is
Gone and I'm on one check the clock and if these walls could talk mothafuckas
Would be shot I'm bout to go 51/50 got nobody with my stressed out like
Whitney,bobby brown,weed,and whisky smoking newports no support by like to too
Short I keep it going shootin up force who in the sport wanna fuck with me cum
On the courts rippin out insides puttin stains on thangs thats when I ripin
Ride and I slipn slide throught the gardens with a bloody t-shirt it wont hurt
Look at it this way 6 ft deep in the dirt wont hurt flirtin with murda I leave
Em un heard of and I'm sick of your period pads drippin all over your hands
Getting in the back seat of the truck it's your choice dead or alive smuthered
And fried the way you betta
Uncover yo eyes in in disguse witha 9 tryin to take out yo spine nobdy no crime
Thro up that 6 sign and strike hard like a tek 9 no recovery you other g niggas
Beta duck leave you in tuxed up cycle off the wall like micheal always perinoid
Cause I be blowin out that nitro all day everyday murder spray got you in glad
Bags headed frothe pad you can ask my dad I was a scanvenger 14 yrs old eating
Scabs graduated from nigga meat but I don't wanna brag fuck jeffery dohmer he's a

Mothafuckn fag I got nigga nuts and guts in a bag draggin them to the pad.
(zip lock,body bag,toe tag,wet t-shirt,black mask)2x
(corpse came to dinner)repeat chorus 4 more x
Fuck under the influence I'm hella fucked up swervin down the freeway spillin my
Cup tryin to tell you bout this rapper on the underbelly he ain't shit he bout
To be in the trunk smelly by me and my relly you never know whatever though i
Got automagazines and that weak n-tro what you got against me don't you know i
Rip niggas up turn them to minced meat so if you got some since beat it like
Raw eggs I used to have hella homies now they all hate but imma leave it alone
Im on my own like a voodoo nigga if a nigga wanted to get ate what would you do
Nigga I was too cool with a group of niggas and they tripped on me gave em a
Little nit of fame then they dipped on me but you know it's all in the game tell
A crip hommie to hit em with a slug at they brain thats what you get from me

Crash dummie your careers defected and you ain't sold a record last time i
Checked it you just keep knockn I fell disrespected now yo neck got
Disconnected by the lynch hung necklace ahh I leave emm red and don't eat the
Head let the tek spi
T and chop niggas down to the ground like judge dred comeing through the door
Looking just like the feds and you call yo self a rap vet get out the bed and
Let me fuck her like she should be fucked all in the butt with a 9 milli
Swallowing nut and you can see me in black clothes creepin from the back dont
Know how to act black blankets full of macs I usem as nut sacs and full body
Sacs bet not let yo daughter out end up in the slaughter house chockin and
Spittin chest open and bleedin and I'm fucking her from the back and I hope that
You see about it.
Chorus

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/