

Walkin' 2 My Funeral

Brotha Lynch Hung

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

creeping in the dark with a nine and a four O
5 O 12 O clock so I creep slow duece fo
homies know I just cant claim so I stay neutral
pack me some ammo and a fothamukin fo fo
cant pack a piece too often
end up having another suckas guts hanging off
and a 187 R.A.P. A.S.A.P.
reeping off the fits doing time in the penitentiary
and as I creep I peep mista locsta with the gun outta his holsta
thinking he supposed to point it at me
but now everybody loves a cop killa
just as bout' as much as a young capila
so what I did is grabe my nine but before I put the clip in
all I heard is pop pop pop what Im tripping
my body's licking blood I cant call it
one time murdering a young alcoholic
Im on the ground with a 40 spilled on my chest
bullet holes and it supposed to work bullet proof vest
caught slipping my niggaro's
you can burn that hearse 'cause Ima walk to my funeral

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel
can you feel it
you know what you got to do
can you feel
why dont you take
you know what you got to do
can you feel
why dont you take

can you feel

(T.M. Shades)

I cant believe that I got shot I thought I ducked
I was just rolling my dice pressing my luck
kicking it with them fellas drinking 40's on the block
talking about what my dice will do when they drop
then all of the sudden dam I think saw a gun
after I heard the bam that made everybody run
Im trying to run but I aint 'cause Im falling

my body's getting numb
I hear my mother calling
my heart stops but it dont feel like Im dead
and i here bullets buring cells in my head and now Im seeing black puzzled and surprised
my worst start nightmare was now realitized
and I didnt even get me a chance to say good bye to my mommy
ambulance covering my body
put me in the truck closed the door stuck a tag on my toe

and put me in a drawer case closed
another inocent victim victimized
in the wrong place at the wrong time
my story was wrote the book read now I might be laying here dead
but Ima walk to my funeral

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel

I want to know why dont you just listen to me
why dont you listen to me

can you feel

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

10 O clock at the set Lynch crept
some nigga rolled up in a mob wanted a cigarette
nuttining now Im smoking on some indo
and on that note he stuck a gage out the window
break yourself for that dank and your cash
foo try to take my grip and then mash
Im like what, heh
Im not going out foo I bust out my ol school and swing my things real cool
so what up

Im not tripping off your gage what up
aint even packing you the brotha with the gage at my gut
so bust he start loading me full of them shells
there wasnt no way I was dropping Im bloody as hell
6 holes in my body and Im trying to walk
grave yard straight called me Im living off a nerve shock
and on my tombstone 1996

and I got but Im gonna strike to my funeral
yeah in the mothafucking house my nigga Shades you know

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel me

thanks for accompaning me ont this mothafucka ya know

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel me

we gonna do some damage ya know in the 96 ya know

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel
can you feel me
can you feel me

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>