

Situation On Dirty

Brotha Lynch Hung

V-Town in the motherfucker, situation dirty and shit
Killa, yeah
Today's out to be recognized Verse 1 I got that nigga for about 4 zones, had to get dirty though
Left him in his driveway soakin wet sold his 6.4
Couldn't keep it no mo' that motherfucker was filthy
Mo' bodies done been in that trunk
than in the cemetery and the mortuary
Had a bullethole by the gas tank, put 1500 in the bank
Drig the bitch for 18 but spent 300 last year on some dank
Shot to my brothers house and got them niggaz high
It was the Man Klan, 3 Deep, and the nigga six
we was off that chocolate thai
And all that time that 187 was on my mind
Shot the man in cold blood
and I knew his momma saw the drive-by
Design, and there ain't no tv until you see me
On Americas Most Wanted fucked up gettin snatched out my teepee
Nigga we in the back of the 69 Cut', and it's so foggy
Paranoia done got me on my strap and I'm a fiend for raw meat
They say all niggaz talk about is murderin and gettin high
But situation gettin filthy and I gots ta have mine Chorus 2X With me it's like American Express, I don't leave
home without my
Smith-n-Wesson bulletproof vest
I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back out
Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out Verse 2 Now it started back in SouthSide sack, I was
with my momma
Drinkin' inches of the Old E, hittin chronic ever so often
Often in another world trippin', while he was on another room stickin
My click think sick I got that 12 guage pump started trippin
Kick the door open, blood stains cops came
Quietly I had to remaintain thang, same thang
My love don't fit you, I got that US military issue
Had to plant one in your brain, get away, if a cop plead insane
A couple of down ass top notches I used to know, had a spot
I was good for 4 days off yack and chronic and makin' a plot
Cause murder was the case, when I saw his face
Took his life, left his brains all over the pillow case
What would you be thinkin of when your momma's yelling STOP!
My first thought was cut him in half and drag the other half to his stash They say all niggaz talk about is

murderin and gettin high but situation
real filthy and I got ta get mineChorusWith me it's like American Express, I don't leave home without my
Smith-n-Wesson Bulletproof vest,
I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back out
Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out (fades)

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