

24 Deep (Remix)

Brotha Lynch Hung

Strikin' through the deuce wit the 40 in ma mouth
The nigga wit the rep of athiest-a-mistik doubt
rippin' the label off the 4-0...based on the fact
I got respect fo ma dead folks...prop fo ma nigga loccs
187 in the hood I can't say shit
one time thinking it was premeditated
I can eat a view from the deuce 4 blocc
40 in ma mind makin me think I'm gon get shot
In deuce 4 deep the nigga wit the siccness
A nigga wit a hella enimies always cool and they be sicx
Niggas from the hood ended up proven they was a snitch
Fucc it...created a x-raided now I'm tryin to get rich
Ain't that a bitch, that snitch...none-a-nay
Motherfuckers mad cause they can't make tapes
and I gotta get paid so I can buy ma 4-0
to live the athiest life I was brain-washed to know
Niggas run up everyday wantin to get sum
I told them who runs the motherfucker flow and then sum
win sum... lose sum like a nightmare
I got enough shit on ma mind I just can't care
I'm on the run...runnin from whos ever gun is aimin
I'm all up in the middle of shit aint even claimin

Tryin to survive in the hood is tough enough cause them niggas already thinkin

I'm claimin creek mob..trippin on gettin snuffed by the view smoked in the gardens stayin out the creek cuz its hot and never hard to get a dump off without getting caught and them nigaz know it drinking that 4-0 ounce in case im shot iwant to be drunk and dont feel it that n**ga that n**ga that raised the sh*t raised with crips but really cant fade the sh*t no mo but out of respect i just cant gang bang om in it 24 deep u got punked so n**ga slang

(background)

based on the fact i put it on the mothr f**kn floor they know im crazy but they jus get me confused. based on the facti put it on the mother f**kn floor just another day in the life of a sycho.based on the fact i put it on the mother f**kn floor just another day in the life of a sycho.based on the fact i put it on the mother f**kn floor just another day in the life of a sycho..(brotha lynch)

drinking while im sitting in the room with the lights off voices in my head tellin me n**ga thats fucked up x's(x-raided) doin time so he cant get got so im livin up in the duece an i can still get shot so ima slang em slang em ,slang em like a mother fuckin half bounce trippin off that 4 ounce on the motherfukn ounce to the bounce carried that but ima still put some work in wearin black in the duece nigga lurkin full of juice far from the retro of x raided setting in flex rated had him murderd before he made it now hes doing 30 to death row he told me he always wanted the devil to have his soul, young nigga i wish i could have told him what was up fucking with the

so called devil will get you fucked i would have told him that nigga be killin the bitches all the time but never knew that nigga would muder and try to ditch a crime ii never knew a hood of nigga snitch without a sign is a foo that deal with the devil is thru see im a sycho see i might go kill when she find out her baby making criminals that nigga that nightmare critical that nigga that alleged the critical criminal inches on the loose so weather or not you think im down i got the juice now all i need is a mother fuckin glock gee up in the block up in the creek livin 24 deep

(background)

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(brotha lynch)

droppin it like this in the crib 12 oclock.....

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