

Rest In Piss

Brotha Lynch Hung

(Brotha Lynch)

Yeah I'm back up in this motherfucker

You know what i'm sayin

For the 9 whatever the fuck

You know I ain't dead yet

You know what i'm sayin

I'm with my real locc niggas I was a dead man, walking they say, so every night I hit the J

Load the AK and post up, in the window till come day, anyway hey

I feel the payback simmering in my brain

The thoughts of death cloud my mind

As my niggas is gone away many clips and 24 riches, packed

but really who got my back fey

now that them niggas done hit the grave

I'm killing them off for the olds days

24 ways and a 24 sack of that purple kush and make me sicker

than sick and even get Ripgut Cannibal if you wish

cause nigga it's EBK everyday all day til the day I die

I'm creepin through yo set with a mini mac 10

AR15 rugga with a 12 guage pump in the trunk

and a black beany disguise

That nigga that you can't see just cuz of them

glocks and loccs over my eyes

Crack like a black cat with a mac with a mac10 on my lap and a fat sack of that crack

took a hit of that shit and seen some niggas with a four fifth

So I let 'em have it ounces of oh ee four oh no that Indonesian shit and a 9 millimeter for the nigga that'll dump

and pump one in yo bitch and put her in the grave with an empty fourty ounce bottle and don't leave a drip

then bounce to that ounce

with a lack and a mac and a fat pack of that in door shit

I'm sicker than sick them niggas they gotta admit when I

grab my shit you either gone or get caught with a hot one

nigga so rest in piss(Chorus)

Just call me Agent Double O Deuce 4 Blocc

I got that 9 milli glock and ready to put one in your knot

"Rest in Piss" (Shit) (repeat 4x)(verse 2)(Brotha Lynch)From the rep of the depth of the double O

duece foe block with a glock in my pocket

full of that sess you betta wear a bullet proof vest

When I'm match your set betta pack you a tech

cause I'm at your neck with a clip full of that shit

nigga don't trip when i put one in your dick that Ripgut Cannibal

Hannibal shit nigga nuts and guts all over my chest
and stomach running til the slack threw my strap in the back
twist me up a sack and I'm back at the Garden Block
kicking it with maniac the nigga that a maniac sicker than sick
when a clips in progress put em on the ground
with a brain full of them nine slugs and read him in Reader's Digest
uh I found a new love trickeling in my brain half of the doja
half of the oh-E half of the fact that I'm that insane nigga
from the duece foe blockster
where niggas never put their glocks up
and get their cocks sucked nigga you just can't stop us
loc to the brain insane with a main game that will maintain
untouchable cut your throat and leave you in the street
with a lynch around your throat motherfucker
cause you ain't got no love foe the block
pop gotta hot foe that 24 street block
nigga that took a shot rest in piss(Chorus)

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