

Sweeney Todd

Brotha Lynch Hung

[Intro: Lauren Brinson]

The demon barber Sweeney Todd is the English boogiemani, the character
Older children call upon to frighten their friends and younger children
Unruly youngsters are cautioned against misbehaving with threats
Of being attacked by Sweeney, and served up in a meat pie[Brotha Lynch Hung]

(*Inhaling and coughing*)

Y'all better be high when y'all hear this

This shit is a little different.

(*Coughing and exhaling*)

[Verse 1]

Okay, let me spit this scripture

After I kill a nigga I pull out the phone and take a quick picture
Niggas call me Sweeney Todd cause I cut 'em up and make Philly steaks

Bend the bones and they really break, then refrigerate, I'm a sixer

I saw some shit when I was six and it got my head fucked up

Told my mama homegirl played with my dick (I'm serious, son)

And it felt sick, then about six minutes later it got thick

Then I been nuttin' on they faces ever since

I think I'm missin' the brain

I be sewin' up skin suits and hangin' 'em up in the closet

The rest, I throw that bitch in the bay

I really should keep takin' my Prozac

Cause I'll make your door wet in a throwback jersey, Tony Dorsett

Baby's mamas suckin' they kid's dick is what I witness

I slit that bitch in the wrist when I seen that shit, God is your witness

I watched her bleed all over the couch, then the bitch start screamin'

So I put the duct tape all over her mouth, after death, start eatin'

Shit, I'm a motherfuckin' barber

With a straight razor and I'm the reason they keep findin' things in the harbor

I brag about it, wrote letters to the police, I don't give a fuck

I put that nine millimeter to your head before they lock me up

I know, you lookin' for them tight rhymes in the night time

I shine and I spit harder than a pipeline when I write mine

So I ain't worried about your light lines, nigga

I just want your lifeline, for some reason your rap sound just like mine

[Verse 2]

Okay, let me spit this scripture

Niggas want me to fall and you can see it like a picture

I throw it like a pitcher, you can catch it like a back catcher

Hit you up in the helmet, the ref won't like it, that's suspected
Strip 'em butt-naked, eat it for breakfast, bitch, I cut them sections up
You don't believe it, but they up in the freezer, they all sectioned up
I like meat, I just started eatin' vegetables
Hit 'em with the AK-47, now he's a vegetable
See, ready, set, go, behead 'em, family, let go
I'm about to let Tech know, then we 'bout to wet cess, oh!
Then I'm 'bout to have sex, oh! Then I'm 'bout to slit necks, no!
Then I'm 'bout to get wet
I'm a hostile and it's possible that I cut you up so much
That it ain't no need for the hospital
Math couldn't even make you logical
You tryin' to fuck with me, that's who, that's why your whole roster broke
So many can take this rum, I better watch my back
These niggas'll pop at me, but nigga, I'll pop right back[Outro]
Strange Music, in the house
(*Inhaling and coughing*)
Smokin' weed, all day
Get ready, fully loaded
Your boy Spiderman
Seven on the motherfuckin' beat
And of course, Rob Rebeck, you nah'mean?
Shout outs to Tech N9ne, Kutt Calhoun, Krizz Kaliko, Stevie Stone
Cali Bear Gang, Tall Cann G, COS
Special shout out to my nigga Mellow Yellow
And my nigga Hopsin for gettin' on the tracks with me
G-Macc, Trizz, Å;Mayday!, Irv Da Phenom, my nigga G-Smooth
You nah'mean? Hold up
(*Inhaling and coughing*)
Chaplin Studios
Thank you for havin' me back
You nah'mean?
It's your boy, aka Spiderman, in the motherfuckin' house
And I'm out. and I'm out
And I'm outAnnotate
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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