Anotha Killin'

Brotha Lynch Hung

[Snoop Dogg]
They lay, one of my homies down, 2 of my enemies.
I grab the heat, creep up your street and squeeze.
I'm in y'all neighborhood, so what the fuck is up?
And if I catch you imma pop you nigga, that's whats up.
We can talk about it now, i don't think so,
And imma catch you when you creepin with that pink toe,
You tryna creep up out that meat store,
Get you a drink so when i hit you, you won't even trip to think so.
Cross your heart, double dot your eyes,
Yellow tape you, make you a homicide.
Stretch you out like a red vine,
Halloween is your deadline, beddy by time.
I, zag the zig, i put a fork in the pig,
I clocked the glock and pop you, my nigga ya dig?
I open ya up, and leave you leakin by the face,
And get away, aint got no time to be catching no case.
To slick to sly, plus I'm too high.
I'm too fly, and I do die, i do die.
I love to shoot an intruder, I mix the purp with the buddha.
Love chicken and beer, like the home boy Luda.
I'm big snoopie, d to dub, imma killa cuz.
I'm drinked up like a stilla, a gorilla duh.
Sacramento no, pedal to tha floor,
Anotha killin for wheelin my nigga let it go.
[Daz]
We on the corner of 102 (to bad, they fucked up).
And the (word on the street) they got blast the fuck up.
Now it, futtin and shootin, i'm runnin your life.
I'm in the fuck stripes, nigga don't fuck em tonight.
Bandana, banana clips, ready to trip.
You niggas is sad saps, so ya better not trip.
I see some busta ass niggas at the bus stop,
Had a bag, we banged the gang bang them niggas from the dog pound.
Choppin, whoppin, we stoppin the mad shit,
Every time we see y'all niggas we clashin,
D-P-G down to 24th street, Sittin they nigga down wit them 21st g's
(motha fucka) Brotha Lynch, my mutha fuckin nigga
[Kurupt]

Listen to me like,
One for the flame, two for the trigga.
And three of these hollow points tap fines nigga.
When I came in this motha fucka I had a plan,
To stop all y'all motha fuckas where y'all stand.
I'm gang banged out, riders on a mission.
We could catch fades nigga, fuck tha pistols.
Piranhas is loose in the septic tank,
We do what you can't, I am what you ain't.
Don't even try to provoke me cuz.
Loccin, smokin, slipping, smoke me cuz.
I'll beat your ass on a locc so fast.
Bang on your homies, spread through your hood.
Release these toxins like mustard gas.
Scap the Chevrolet, its all to the good,
My nigga Brotha Lynch, Kurupt, Snoop and Daz.
[Brotha Lynch Hung]
Shit, nigga this G block crossed me.
Double any nigga with a rusty old crusty.
Sacramento yes, catch em in the chest,
Right by his tour bus, left a bloody mess.
It was none of cudi left, coat hanger strangled him.
Aimed at him, he don't know what angle I'm comin from.
Hangled him, spider webs all over his cranium,
(that nigga has spider webs all over his cranium, nigga).
Me and crooked I know, niggas be talking to much.
Nigga shut your pie hole, everybody know you do suck.
This ain't a reality show, hungry niggas do touch.
Motha fuckas to clutch, give a niggas two cuts.
Got an army of niggas I'm strange, it ain't a rumor.
We givin niggas brain tumors, hit em with the lugar.
I'm doin the rappin, and this nigga is the shooter.
Yea he got a mask on, but nigga hes a shooter.
You will never see his face on the computer, spider-man junior.
(Oklahoma shooter)
Poke a hole with two cuts,
This motha fucka said he about to do what?
Get chewed up, its dinner and a movie, duece for nigga.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/