

# Body On The Floor

## Brotha Lynch Hung

[Verse 1:]

Mr. Can-opener Mouth  
Chew a nigga up quick  
I'm a syphilis dick  
Nobody can fuck with  
Bloody pussy lips  
Yes I gotta lick it  
I'm coming to your town  
Please buy a ticket  
Been ripping up guts  
But I'm still on this Crip shit  
Staying with my motherfucking Season of da Sickness  
Kill an infant  
[?] an infant  
I'm giving you my ten cents  
Might have to go kill her because I'm tired of this [?]  
Run up in your house nigga,  
All you hear is click click (boom)  
Bloody in the asshole  
Ripping on you bitches  
All of you niggas is listening  
But none of y'all niggas gets it  
Mr. Diarrhea nigga,  
All I do is shit shit  
All I do is Crip shit  
Pull it out and nut in it  
Mannibalektor pissing  
R Kelly bitches  
Body smelling vicious and get to stinking up the kitchen  
Must've been fucking a dead body cause my pubic hairs is itching[Hook][Verse 2:]  
I gets to fucking it and cutting it  
Cooking it and slicing it  
Eating it and shitting it  
Season of Da Sickness  
I'm red hot  
I should make my new name 'Syphilis'  
Ask her if she ever got cannibal teeth bit in clitoris  
I spit venom quick  
Black mamba

Giving niggas the siccness 'til I'm dead like my momma  
My life's been something like a horror flick drama  
So why you think I left a whole family in the sauna?  
Body parts looking like spaghetti sauce, comma  
No evidence, period  
My [?] going to Obama  
Mommy you should have left me  
Killing's my recipe  
Not accessory to  
Ran up in you [?]  
Forehead dot, Hindu  
I burn bread nigga  
That's why I call it grilled cheese  
Put a bitch in the back of the trunk  
Roll up a blunt, I call it kill trees  
Worse than an alligator attack  
Chop em up to alligator souffl now  
Later I put em up in a zip-lock knapsack I got a body in a knapsack

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