Feel My Nature Rize

Brotha Lynch Hung

(lynch):
Feel my nature rise, blood shot red eyes
Waitin' in your back seat, catch you by surprise
Situations and circumstances make you take them dangerous chances
Leave you in your front seat with your neck slit, then I'm hittin' fences
Now i'ma talk about the same dirty situation
Shit you hatin', that's why your casket is waitin'
Shine your ass up like a triple gold dayton
When I'm in your town you better cut like walter payton
Studio man keep tapin', I got that bitch, she peratratin'
Show your whole family, leave you on your front porch hangin'
With a note that's saying: 'sincerely, swartzaniggaz'
Put your hands in your pocket, give it up
I demand I need my tweed, potent refer, man
Bandstandin' with the hand cannon
Split my face, muthafucka, gimme your scrill
And that rolex in your hand, understand?
Yeah, you gots to feel my nature rise
(swartzaniggaz):
I can feel my nature rise
Starin' at the marks that I despise
Through evil eyes, high style thoughts turn homicides
You gots to die, for tryna ride and get me
Got some off, but none of them hit me
Now on a payback tip, with a patched black mask
On the grass with a 50 caliber weapon
Hangin' up over the door of the chev and causin' slaughter
Sid's malt liquor be that motive when I be loaded off that water
Saw the situation heavy rollin'
Shotgun and a chevy that's stolen
Strapped up and ready in case these niggas wanna get deadly
We can go there, I know there's a place for busta niggas like ya'll
But I heard it's pretty deep down so you niggas better watch your fall
Too late for that 911 call, this murder's already in progress
Home invasions like asian got me obsessed like a vietnam vet
As I kick through the front door, blastin'
And lynch kicked down the back
Operation: peel-a-cap, you fools shoulda already had your gats loaded
'cause it ain't no tellin' when we comin'

Back streets, sacs of weed get blazed as we gunnin' with the engine still
Runnin'
'cause real killers make them real quick get aways
Spray the whole place and skirt
As quick as we can, we does our dirt
Whoever gets hurt, that's business
So please don't take this personal
It's just that murder's in my nature
So four years now, that's what I've been searchin' for
'cause doin' dirt grows old when it's the same old thing
That's why I try to take my murders to the highest extreme
Make everybody scream, open up some spleens
Still hearin' the blood spillin'
It's just a little dream that I be havin'
Man, I love killin'
(brotha lynch):
I got a hard dick for killin'

Southside villain
Protect your wife and your children
Feel my nature rise
(swartzaniggaz):
Not quite knowin' about this nigga?
Check your metro sections
Then cross reference murders by streets and dates
And how many times niggas' hoes' got raped
Mr. no prints, the reason one time runs out of yellow tape
Fuckin' with a half deck, havin' niggas on hush
Smokin' a bowl that I re-dust
Open up your chest when I bust
So suit up, 'cause it's kill a nigga night
Ain't no tellin' when triple 6 gets to shootin' up
Movin' up your death date, with a tre-8 special
It's way too late to wrestle, as I nestle the sword stoppers
Split your ass open like pinata
Loadin' up like a rotweiler
Lining up like tyson snortin' cocaine powder
Pure dank sniffer, some like a lot of fluid, but I beg to differ
One wiff of that shit and I'm on cloud nine
Nigga, don't trip if you ain't got no nuts
'cause I brought mine all buffed and shined
Untouchable when I'm fuckin' full of that nitrate wine
That's when I bust on nineteen times and up
'cause I'm nuts, goin' out my mind
Few, there's no luck, you fucked for life, for sho'

Get your ass up on the floor
Tryin' to catch me at that lateral, slippin'
By my lonesome, but I'm on some, so who wants some?
Fresh out the gates, ain't no room to make mistakes
Try to make my tapes, but I feel the hoe hate
Tuck my dick inside in the o-8
Must of been the way the clip mate with the .45
No body, no case
Taste the meat, can't wait to eat
Keep the street dirty, keep sturdy in your face
(swartzaniggaz):
Ya'll niggas don't wanna feel my nature rise
'cause I get dirty, shoot up shit with my clint eastwood
Leave your neighborhood lookin' like a ghost town, nigga
You standin' on dangerous grounds
When we come to sac, better have your automatics on loaded status
'cause me and my niggas be on the savage, leavin' no prints
Not givin' y'all niggas a inch, 'cause i'ma lynch you
Fry your guts like sizziline
Have your homie reminiscing' about your gangsta lean
Nigga, it ain't no fuckin' with my clique
You can dial 911, but it ain't no rescue
Man, I hope the dear lord bless you
Next to this nigga, ain't no one's nuts bigger
Clutch your guts nigga, fuckin' with this swartzanigga
'cause I done lost it, taggin' niggas like a pit bull with rabies
Gone off 40 ounces of o.e.
Creepin' up on you, like doin' my magnum p.i.
Lazy eye with lil' blacc mile
Smokin' a hard dick for killin'

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