Had 2 Gat Ya

Brotha Lynch Hung

[BLH]I'ma let it be known that im with the force so nigga you know its on
oil my chrome cause i got murder in my blood and in my chromosone
for the fact that i tek none pack a gun in my dang a lang
that nigga that nigga that gang bang no never that nigga that claim
yeah im a nigga eating Jesus brains
i got the evil in my muthafuckin back and in my muthafuckin veins
wearing my black to creep,
momma told a muthafucka he'd be dead in a week
so nigga what? load me like a (12 5???) sale,
pass the dank takin dead body's to the blood bank
and while i hook em up proper
i got them swallowing in my loaded heart stopper
POP! POP! the trigga fiend, the niggas spleen
plus the barrel on my muthafuckin nine, lookin plus
that nigga that nigga that runs them mothafuckas back
i got you fiendin for a nigga like you fiend for crack
cause its like that (mo wiggita then a nigga get might packed???)
cause in the 4 you know never know you better gat right back
so niggas know us brothas can't go out like that
sellin my momma the crack, watch yo back cause(You know i had to gat ya)
Chorus: repeat 4X
187 on a nigga nigga nigga
You know I had 2 Gat Ya
[BLH]Yeah, picture your death,
that nigga that siccness
figure to sick this, foo
that nigga that rips
(??? look at that nigga) that siccness drops
and as my trigga goes Pop! Pop! Pop!
that niggas be ducking from the buck shot
see, fuck it when the gun drops, you know its in a hoes cock
so there it goes, not the average nigga
the baby killa, (???a rabies)
dealin that nigga maybe killin that nigga that smooth way
that mothafuckas ain't shit to me
white nigga, black trigga cracks every mothafuckas back
late in a day, fools used to get they squabs on
the blood gang deuce nine creep mobb zone

runnin a mothafucka like a pittbull, loadin up that clip tool
but stealin on muthafuckas like a clepto
let no, other muthafuckas raise yo hood
half the mothafuckas smokin niggas like wood
got locked up with they cock up, some other niggas asshole
but atleast my niggas had enough heart to blast though
now the duece ain't deep like 86
i'm solo, might as well see me on a crucifix
the duece for age, baby killin athiest
for the funk right back, cause (You know I had to gat ya)
Chorus
[BLH]same ol fool, that nigga deep load, what up
ain't no doubt who runs the muthafucka
cause every cut i drop is like a muthafuckin main (course??)
(???) thats why i make so many corpse
cause when they hear that nigga that nigga that siccness drop
my nine millimeter goes Pop!
my sign going to creep them,
nightmare creeper millimeter meter
lock up, main corpse, spirit your brain
got niggaz killin niggaz, just because im rappin insane
something like a manson mind, my nigga triple six
(i got em doing a devil dance of mine)
leavin em only one chance to die and niggaz wanna used a glock
niggaz wanna go to heaven but don't want to get shot down
yeah, with my 38 snotnose
i got niggaz crawlin to me tryin to grab me for the hella hoes
lettin loose like Antonio Montana
with a oozie and im kickin em with a 12 guage nots and em
Ah, psycho like micro mind (sprice?) six
brotha lynch, rippin his arms off up the crucifix
and when i grab my 9 millimeter gun, point it to your back
cause i don't know how to act so (You know I had 2 Gat Ya)
Chorus 2X
(You Know I had 2 Gat Ya)

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