

Blood on da Rug (Rizzla Remix)

Brotha Lynch Hung

(chorus)

left his blood on da rug, evidence, could have been mine and his so i been stressed out eva since, left him on the concrete with his head split, found out where i live by this, by this punk bitch, knowin its bout to crack like an indo sack im hella fucked up, so with the heat i commense a peak out the window, waitin, run out the indo, shakin niggas like barry sanders cuz they weak, they weak, hella weak

And i'm at my peak when i'm buckin at my enemy its like ten of me, choppin down trees twistin up leaves bout to make niggas bleed, off the hook like a fish with his lip cut, get away got away rip gut, hit em up with enough lead stuff to turn em into a magnet, body in da dragnet, keep my dickies saggin blue flaggin, body draggin down the street to the end of the creek and seatful you seatin, creepin through da grass, the gardens they call it, and i be draggin on a garcia vega with the green flava neightahood make a break a duece four, fuck a ho, a lot a niggas dont know, but its lose a ho gain a ho, so bruise a ho whos ta know, youll need to follow me up, leave your body in the back of an '84 cut all chopped up, look through my window at night and you can get glass in your eye after that your ass gonna die screamin and thas no lie, you'll be passin me by every night until i come out wit the minni mac and attack like a pit bull off that dumb shit you pulled

(chorus)

Nigga i know gotta roll like dough blow da whole east side into smitherines leavin all the bloody river streams, you niggas didn't give a fuck bout me, so i left you stranded on the titanic don't panic you just need some fuckin heat, fuckin wit me nigga it's like fuckin your momma nigga it's right in front of your face nigga it's drama makin your space takin your place nigga you weak weak as fuck mothafucka duck rap your cut tryin to get away from me and my ap let me know when you had enough, cleanin up these streets gettin rid of these hos and foes, you can see me in my blue clothes sittin on trus and vo's, waitin, see me on the street and you aint got nothin to say to me but fuck you wit two dicks and a four fifth, smoke you like a bomb its suckin blood from my moms tits thas how sick i got that gangsta disease i be lovin to bring em to they knees make me nut like semen, see men like a demon, when i red beam em, seen em, with the ap eatin up human beings

(chorus)

Dem niggas that want to empty out my chest plate i hit em wit fury and make em go sickly from the snake bite, a parasite, you aint tight, try to fuck wit a nigga to get right end up in the pit bull fight, trust me my trusty heat is rusty waitin for the scene to get dusty and all you see is just me, standin like the last man standin but i aint no bruce willis, manic depressin from wrestless i'm a hog about my juice feel it, when i plug you wit the tech, ghetto chef, cuttin niggas up like david caresse welcome to your own death when the phonk was on your nigga crept like a spida denied her of a life, then nuttet all up inside her, i kiss the bitches and made em switches, get you for all your riches, in the back yard im diggin ditches tend to act hard and get your lip split, my weapon got the chrome dip like scottie pippen im dippin from long range hit up with part of the game

(chorus)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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