

D.o.a.

Brotha Lynch Hung

Mr. Manibal Lector...

It's all over the news right now, you couldn't have missed it...

Do you have any idea what might have happened to him? Any Idea at all?

Everybody thinks you do. Not me, but lots of people do. Tell me what happened.

He Died A Violent Death!

(Chorus X2)

He won't have no head no more

He won't have no bread no more

I won't have to get fed no more (he's D.O.A)

Give em enema then im a send an ending

10 of em is a minimum I eat 10 of em

Tik tok on the clock takin out many men (he's D.O.A)

I don't do it to get famous

Something bout the brain is aimless body where the stain is

Imma be in the six fo a schitzo

Talkin other language I may miss yo brain split

Imma commit the hit flo til the shit blow this two fo gangin and bangin

Lay in the playpen with the stainless

Put his brain in my apron then im escaping

Staple his legs when I get the ok im tapin I'm his legs when I get the dough pay im breakin his legs

Want an omelette we breakin some eggs

Yup when the bomb hit they fittin to pay

Smoking the bomblett they fittin to pass it or they get the acid

Im bakin that ass quick rapin that ass quick rhyme sound like I be takin the acid

(Chorus X2)

Maybe the reason you're so paranoid is bc you smoke so much fucking marijuana, wouldn't you think?

I don't know I just spit that shit like I do coke (you do coke?)

I do hope u get this shit quick cause spidey's broke (spideys broke?)

I do joke I got shit that rip that Chinese dope

I do low I got Crip shit in me like tiny loke

I ain't active my 9 mm make niggas do back flips

An ima get with em with minimum practice

Then ima just hit em with a lil gymnastics

My heat is plastic I beat the bastard I eat that ass quick for dinner

The winner get meet my masta and I don't hafta beat the bastard that spit it the fastest

Mr. NASA ASAP gimme my cash is Mohammed Ali niggas eatin they asses

Frizz was alive we'd be beatin they asses (Rest in Peace)

I leak molasses couldn't see me with 24 pairs of glasses

You aint the only one who got goons

Shit that'll bloody up rooms
Rips that'll bloody up shoes

Hop the six fours poppin pistols
And I can get close enough to hit those
rock that split those
you talk a good talk so walk a good walk
get up and let's go it's the Mr. Piston
it's the sickest this is gets ya kids quick
take em and rape em
this the sickness take em and bake em

(Chorus X2)

Its quite obvious that ppl are addicted to your sickness. They all seem to be emulating you. perhaps you should
do something about it?

I just know niggas couldn't see me with a telescope (telescope)
I just hope you tell em that John comin so tell his Ho (Tell his Ho!)
Tell his ho I got thick big bitch so smell this dough
I mean sniff this coke its terrific shit drips out his nose
I don't need this I carry a machete and I rip the cleavage
I carry em i bury em Im meetin em deep six marry the ball bearing when I grind the teeth grit
I prefer a deep dish imma be hidin behind em with a meat cleaver
Momma be cryin I fry em with a heat-seeker
Prolly be tryin im comin with the eat deep shit
Peter Parker AKA Coat Hanga Strangla
They may pray Brotha Lynch is hangin her
After shes dead Lynch Hung is bangin guts (STRANGE!)
Aint no tamin us, we get ya brains and ya veins and bring em with us

Get a tat and bang it wit us

One thing we insane and bringin it up
My tongue hang when I maim and aim at the guts
Nigga lobe to the brain wrapped all up in one
Hot dog ass niggas get wrapped in a bun
Tongue slit neck brains hangin with Hung
The real sickness is back so get it and run
Imma get this shit and tat when I aim it it's done
Imma get this shit and tat when I aim it it's done
Sickness get ya dick split (Dick split)

(Chorus X 2)

I can't control my own mind my mind
Is that so?

It's uncontrollable

Well just keep coming back and we'll figure it all out
Thats all the answers I can give you
Don't worry too much
That's all the answers I can give you

Alright ill see you tomorrow

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