

Nutbagg

Brotha Lynch Hung

[Chorus 1] Repeat

I donâ€™t give a fuck about what you think
I donâ€™t give a fuck about what you feel
Drop that album Iâ€™ma too feel
Crack that yak bitch pop that pill
I rock that still, sit in a cage
I got a f type of crap, pop that steel
I pop that feel
Yâ€™all motherfuckers is not that real
Iâ€™m a nutbagg

[Chorus 2 (plays over chorus 1)]

I donâ€™t give a fuck about how you feel
About me, I kill for free, ever chill with me and
I donâ€™t give a fuck about how you feel
About me, I kill for free, Iâ€™m still just me

[Verse 1]

Iâ€™ma gutbag em up, toe tag em
Kick like into the drag and donâ€™t act em
Knife meat; put rat poison up in my I.V.
Try me, to crack niggas back to the crime scene
Iâ€™m a crime scene maker life taker,
Take em on a stage and rape em
No apron, Iâ€™ma scrape his face and face Satan
Iâ€™ma take his place and get a Jason
Mask, better be ready to duck fast,
Never be ready to face me I cut grass
Leave em dead I put three in the head
Then I feed him the dead and foresee to cut stab
I donâ€™t need to flip it I spit sick, got syphilistic
Your bitch get lit, Iâ€™m telling you this
Itâ€™s the sickness shit, Iâ€™m smelling you this shit
You get twisted (grrr)
Iâ€™m in the rage, I didnâ€™t get paid
Now my life's stuck in the cage
I stayed with the same block in the gage
My heartâ€™s burning and Iâ€™m turning the page
Anybody that face me I get em flayed

Layed in the shade with a bag of grenades
I spit sicker than a bag of aids
'Bout to blow back up, so I have grenades (boom!)
Get sick of this, get a butcher knife
Slit your bitch's wrists, now you took a life
And a 56 and a hooker like
Yo bitch is with me, tell her goodnight
I'm 51, 51, 50
Don't get the hong, lick
You gon' get licked, don't sit too rich
Lynch is gon' get it
Don't get with this quick
I spit liquid

[Chorus 1] Repeat

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[Chorus 2 (plays over chorus 1)]

I don't give a fuck about how you feel
About me, I kill for free, ever chill with me and
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[Verse 2]

I'ma put average niggas up in the attic
take they bitches and stab em up in the abdomen
Leaving bodies on medicine after new I'm havin you
For dinner and a movie after I stab at you
You got bit of the sickness, nigga haven't you
It's like cocaine so I don't got an attitude
Badabim, badabum I'm in your room
And all I wanna do is sing another tune
Ring another tool, bring another hookie
Cut up, what up, shit nut up, with us
Get fucked up with us and don't fuck with us
Get cut up the butt, quick shut up your butt slit
Razorblades, today's the day, cause you paved the way

Fo two day to get ate up
Shave his legs, and two pays get blazed up
Eat his brains and put flames in they guts
Emriel Lagassi, your posse
You donâ€™t see what I see youâ€™re not me
With this shit Iâ€™ma get my monopoly
Not even a freight train can stop me
Not even a straight cane could rock me
Use weed to maintain at top speed
Low down, slow down with the foâ€™ pound, no now, you go now (you go now! grr!)
Iâ€™m in the rage, I didnâ€™t get paid
Now my life's stuck in the cage
I stayed with the same block in the gauge
My light's burning and Iâ€™m turning the page
Anybody that face me I get em flayed
Layed in the shade with a bag of â€™nades
I get sicker than a bag of aids
'Bout to blow back up, so I have grenades

[Chorus 1] Repeat

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[Chorus 2 (plays over chorus 1)]

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Lyrics submitted by mitch.

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