

Brotha Lynch Hung, Maniac Ridaz

[Verse 1]

I'm gangsta steppin

Representin my block

Jokes be the name

702 comin through yo hood

Putting hollow slugs all up in your brain

All up in yo gang

I'm givin a f**k

I be the one thats gunnin for fun

Sin City gang with a ??

You can hang with the Sin City gang

F**k no

I'm ridin dirty

With the heat in my hand

Stay bumpin when I'm swervin

All days to the curbin

Wonderin why the bottle keeps turnin
I'm creepin and callin your homies

Up on it and you callin for help

But nobodys there

Now I'mt he suspect of a bloodbath
And I left him dead 'cause nobody cares

Joke doggy dogg bringin heat everywhere that I go

'cause a gangsta like me will bust back

And a bulletproof vest on my chest in case anybody blast

F**k that I'm ridin

Wearin all black wit a hard hat hangin low over my eyes

And the briefcase right by my side

9-milla glock and a chrome .45 and I know

That all of my murderers

Heard of this gangsta crackin necks

Runnin all night with a jet black 9

In a g-ride killin up your whole set

Givin a damn with a strap in my hand
Unloadin on every punto that I can
F**kin up playas in Las Vegas
And erasin these hataz is the masterplan bitch

[Chorus]

So know whatchu gon' do
When we hit them sticks
And hit your block
Like some maniac ridaz
So sick and do shit to you Ripley's wouldn't believe
We got some other sick tricks

Hidden up our sleeves

So just pass the liquor

Pass the weed

Pass us the PCP
And you gon' see

How we pull straps out of our hat and bust caps
And make you bitch ass niggaz take foreverlong naps

[Verse 2]

I twist 'em up like a tornado

Turned tasmanian

Crack a cranium

Devlish like that evil motherf**ker Damian

Cuttin loose

I'm startin funk like Fox

Doom juice with doom roots

I'm rippin fruit loops apart

I'm infested with the doom

Infected with the plague

Got a bitch to lick my wounds

My enemies is dead
Pay attention, then I rinse down with siccmade niggaz

That'll kill a bitchmade nigga

Twist 'em like a french braid nigga

Jump on the place

I'm meetin Osama Bin Laden

You betta jump on your cellular phone
And call your mama

'cause aint nobody gon' make it home

It's all drama

As I parachute out that motherf**ker

I yell geroni-MO

But you don't hear me though
At 30,000 feet up in the air it's impossible

See I'm that nigga

That'll land in a bitches yard

Dick hard enough to cut through

A pack of glass and in barge

And get my f**k on

Up in her crib

I don't need her permission

'cause I aint gonna let her live

I stay sick with it

And come equipped with it

After I finish with that bitch they know Eklypse did it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm fresh out the county jail

Just graduated from an anger management program
I like to punish niggaz
Slow your roll like a traffic jam

It's that nigga with a frown turned upside down

I keep it rough nigga style

I walk the walk

I talk the talk

It aint that punk David Banner

It's the motherf**kin hawk

Chokin bitch niggaz out

But I keep it gangsta with the sawed-off

Your body hard off
Your motherf**kin face be tore off
Gotta keep it gangsta
Because we dog bitch niggaz
Got itchy fingers
Along with triggas that'll scratch em
And load 'em up unload 'em
And let bitch niggaz have it
Ghetto savage
My claws 3 loaded automatics
That'll rip your ass like Wolverine
When I'm on that OE and Listerine
A grousome scene
Send him home and get shot in the neck
Have your bitch ass smokin a stick
Just to deal with his death
Now 1 plus 1 equal 2
Thats what I assume
And many bitch niggaz hang with other bitch niggaz
I got him now I'm comin after you
I put it in and do him
So hop your bitch ass in this effect
Make no mistake
Yeah nigga you dead
I take his soul across the foggy lake
No escape
Bing the chalk
And the yellow tape
It's just another flat-footed cop
Closin a bloody murder case
I aint playin no games
And I aint speakin in riddles
But you niggaz is sweet and colorful

Like a bag of skittles

All about my skrilla and bits

Always pack pistols

It's kinda mystical

And thug niggaz appear like ninjas

Off my gangsta whistle

Apocalyptic season if the sickness
You must forget

I reveal the strongest weakness
When I hit yo block and leave you wicked

Some niggaz call me a demon

'cause I see the future livin grousome
Creep up on a snake ass nigga like an eagle
Sin City Dark angel