

Don't Worry Momma, It's Just Bleeding

Brotha Lynch Hung

Nigga I'm the siccest in the west, hit it in the chest, in a minute I'm rippin' nigga like wet sex.
You're sentimental I get the the riddle n' shoot TECs cut a nigga in half just like a duplex.

Then all I ask is who's next take a nigga and give a nigga a suplex.

Coathangastrangla banging' the deuce set, chokeandstrangle name it in two blex.

It's the season of the siccness times three, spittin' the venomous IV fulla white weed.

And my nine get a tight squeeze, and I'ma die with my dick in a tight breezy.

Believe me I leave these, bodies are prolly gonna have my face on the TV.

I'm like Jason in 3D, who in the game wanna see me.

I'm at the motherfuckin' teepee plottin' and plannin' while I'm wipin' off D3.

Fifty-seven I makin' em go to heaven, one through seven I make em' go see the reverend.

In a casket, niggas get their ass ripped, razor blades and dildos nigga that's sicc.

Fuck around and get your hat split I'm on some tall cangee got my back shit.

It'll get venomous sendin' niggas at me, I keep a Russian AK in the back seat.

I get the guns from the back seat, Brotha Lynch Hung he got the hacksaw cuz he love to hack
meat.

Heat it, eat it, n' leave it I'm even leavin' em bleedin' and feedin' em and I'mma keep it that deep.

I stay hotter than the sack keep, one to the head then I smash like a track meet.

Don't get too comfortable (don't get to comfortable you might not stay might be leavin')

Don't worry mamma it's just bleedin' (things'll be fine if you just give it some time) Now they
got me on some supa' dupa' sicc shit, so I'mma cut up and stab the beat like a slab of meat with
slick shit.

Now now now I'm with the siccness and now I'm bludgeoning with niggas with Cuz and it's so
rediclus.

Jugganaut now planted with the ramblin',

I'm supa' cede six seven Kill her with samplin',
and chew em like beef tips cuz Kevin is a cannibal.

Add me into the A team and I now I'm Hannibal.

Mechanical robot go hard and damage you with it, roll with killers and I gotta feel with it.

I got a musket and a pint of musketeil, when they find you they be like what's the smell?

Take him took his top off, pistol pistol popped off and we off'd him.

And cost him he soft by my boss and I (hey) took the coat hanga from Lynch,

And I become the strangla of ya flinch leave her bleed quick.

Gimmie the choppa and I be hopped and ready to die let's go, with it ready to pop and see
droppin' every in my retinal.

Send me the doctor who got the medical file; death row for the nurses who purposely hurt
mamma with Trileptal.

We told you motherfuckers that she was allergic he heard her slurred and her pancreatitis
emerges.

Now I got you runnin' from curses and hearses, cut you like a surgeon cuz you deserve it.

Two reverands is pitiful thinkin' they can get with Mr. Formidable I pity your mental hospital,
not hospitable.

I'm not finished your thoughts are squashed dinner for harps your off limits and lost with

chopped genitals.

I'm comin' to get you with thunder though, seeing you suffer gonna be wonderful.
Sick inside of me give you lobotomies time to undergo fuckin' with the ninna! Don't get too
comfortable (don't get to comfortable you might not stay might be leavin')
Don't worry mamma it's just bleedin' (things'll be fine if you just give it some time)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>