

# Season of da Sicc

## Brotha Lynch Hung

Hit the dank and took my glock off lock, and off  
To the 21st blocc, I'm rollin in a drop top  
Three for zero that black criminal mac mac nigga  
That pap! pap! me humming a couple of rounds  
And while I test him, hey fuck a Smith & Wesson  
I got my, nine at my chest and I got my dime bag  
Of stress weed, a 40 oz. of OE and I'm creepin  
Up on some niggas in a mob and a nigga claimin OG,  
Pap! hit him in that dome and it was that nigga's worst  
Put him on the ground wit a brain, full o' dem nine slugs  
So wrap that nigga up, put him in a hearse  
And I'm hittin 50, right around that curb, tight,  
Rollin up in a 64, 4 doors sideways to the next light (YOU KNOW)  
An I hit that corner of 24 street, some nigga mean mugging  
Lynch, and I pop in a clip and I'm not finna get got,  
I'ma shoot before I'm shot for the fact I'm B-U-Double D-E-D  
I'm reaching up in my glove box, for the welfare weed  
That's fillin a nigga's siccness so witness dead bodies  
In an, oldsmobile, up on the curb and while I'm skirtin  
Pass the view wit an empty 9 and some bourbon (riiight)  
I just adjust to the fact that niggas aint got no hope  
I'm fillin em up with 16s, and letting em know  
It's either that die, or that sickness, and it's the nigga that nigga that  
One you come see, with that 9 millimeter meter watch them 9 millimeter meat  
Wikkihdie come, Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah come, Wikkihtah E-drop, styling,  
If It don't get you with me nina then me, use 3, 18's, pop nigga not mind not know  
finned to do Without them gun shell, firing, for\* them don't know me when me high off them  
doja\* killa weed, me take-a me nine millimeter nine, And me blast them, enemies for den them  
be dying, cuz of dat siccness then crea...  
.ated by me and them sayLoad up that nina\* I'm finna finna go pull  
Them boys getting out them nine cut them in half with some of them  
Ripgut, quality, for the fundamental cannibalism  
Got them black enemy runnin in and when them,  
Sickness kick in a million, baby dying, buck!  
Hit em with my G like every day, nigga,  
From the creek to the Garden Blocc,  
I was creepin from the double dead red till all the drama stop,  
And 50 150 is all that shouldn't even be on a niggas list  
Cuz since for the fuckin with I've been crazy times 666 and um,  
Niggas cant see my folk when I dump them .44 slugs all down they throat  
It takes one time, all night, to peel your tonsols  
From the phone post, you know,

All up in the cut with the real deuce deuce four love I got  
But you know that nigga from the creek so peep at what this trigger got  
Come follow me sin, come quick cuz I'm bustin all up on your, blocc  
Shakin up yo nuts like dice deuce four in the don't strike twice  
Them gon all go say "oh" about 44 times till so,  
Much later than you go, better off dead, but nigga instead  
That I let your mama know, she might wanna follow this Fahlivum shit  
Cuz a nigga wont last much longer, with wraps in the cut  
Chewin all on your nuts like my nigga Jeffrey Dahlmer,  
Cant load that shit that sickness gets me harder than a corpse  
Till I reach for the greeds that nigga start jackin off until it hurts  
Swallow my shit so thick this nigga run loccs up on you almost daily  
For the digs then I'm off dick grow soft with lynch I'm chewin up babies  
We gonna stay sicc, for the crazy run em up gospel shit kicks in  
It's the nigga named 6 with the locc to the brain style fix  
Eatin up your dead skin

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>