

# Sicc-Made

## Brotha Lynch Hung

(Grisly voice)

Yeah, the Baby Killa's back up in this motherfucka...  
Straight from tha grave,  
it gets so deep right under the Garden Blocc...  
Oh, me? Ya can just call me Manson... Yeah, we met before...  
But ya forget that I ain't gonna die so I'm back up this motherfucka...  
So peep the mothafuckin' words from the dead man, yeah...(Brotha Lynch Hung)  
And when I pack me a gun and, oh, when I was young  
I dreamed of feedin' them niggas souffle (soofley) a' la dunn  
Motherfuckas get hung, my bullet weights a ton  
The Garden Blocc Don, the valley of the slum  
Tha cannibalistic nigga that got that 9 millimeter gun  
That nigga that nigga that got them mothafuckas on the run  
They thought that I was done but Lynch is not the one  
To go out from a gunshot wound, nigga, I'm not done that soon  
Bitches, they come but nut just like the rest, caught one in the chest  
Shoulda wore a vest and, oh, what a bloody mess  
Puffin' off the cess, dealin' with the stress, killin' off the less...  
Fortunate but they trip when my nine gets sick  
Them niggas either die or stay stuck on my dick  
Cause I'm that nigga they call Lynch, I got'em niggas fiendin' for my shit  
I empty clips, drinkin', fuckin' with tha split  
And it's the nigga that kill for reason, it's the Season Of The Sicc  
That's why I got the urge to shoot that pussy clit  
And kill off that infant, so what is my intent?  
To show them mothafuckas livin' life ain't shit  
I gets to gettin' real sick and eatin' bloody clit, the baby killa shit  
Put 'em in a grave with an empty 40 ounce bottle and don't leave a drip  
Cause livin' with tha Tripple-Six  
Ya learn to fuck devil in his mouth and eat the shit out of his bitch  
And I admit: my brain is kinda sick  
But now I'm like J. Dahmer, I'm chewin' up all the evidence  
I killed to cure my fit, the human meat fix  
Bitin' to the skin rips, that sick nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since...(Grisly voice)  
Yeah, do ya wanna know what that Siccness is?  
The Siccness is when you hug your mama and ya dick get hard  
Or you walk in on your baby's mama and she's suckin' your son's dick  
That's the mothafuckin' Siccness...  
So, ya mothafuckas don't ya forget that shit...  
And don't forget where the Sicc came from...  
That nigga Lynch...

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

I take my mouth off up that cog and trip  
Cause eatin' dead pussy clit I make ya sick  
But it's the Season so my reason is legit  
I'm havin' fits, I dreamed of eatin' bloody pussy clit's since I was six  
I fiend for a dead pussy on dick, I gotta skits  
Meanin' I don't give a shit about ya biyatch  
That nigga that's from tha Blocc, killin' up tha cog, so, nigga, shii-it  
Baby barbeque ribs and guts and, ah, don't let me get too deep  
Fryin' baby nuts, sluts get ate out alike, dank is what crooked teeth heard  
I pull the Tampax-string out and straight put in work  
It wouldn't work without that sick, so page a nigga quick  
So I can serve ya some of this shit and have ya murderin' ya biyatch  
Cause me and Triple-Six grew up fuckin' bitches up the gut  
With tha 9-millimeter clip, Season of the Sicc, picture this:  
Pussy meat ripped in a pan full of nuts and guts and intestines and shit  
I gets ta chewin' on tha clit, the sick, they just can't understand it  
It's so outlandish, chewin' nigga nuts to cure my fit  
The human meat fix, bitin' 'til the skin rips, that sick nigga, so sick  
Livin' dead ever since...

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