

# Rest In Piss

## Brotha Lynch Hung

(Brotha Lynch)

Yeah I'm back up in this motherfucker  
For the 9 whatever the fuck  
You know I ain't dead yet  
I'm with my real loc niggas  
I was a dead man, walking they say, so every night I hit the gates  
Load the AK and post up, in the window till come day, anyway hey  
I feel the payback simmering in my brain  
but thoughts of death cloud my mind  
As my niggas is gone away many clips and 24 riches, packed  
but who really got my back  
now that them niggas done hit the grave  
I'm killing them off for the olds days  
24 ways and a 24 sack of that purple cush and make me sicker  
than sick and even get Ripgut Cannibal if you wish  
cause nigga it's EBK everyday all day to the day I die  
I'm creepin through yo set with a mini mac 10  
AR15 rugga with a 12 guage pump in the trunk  
and a black beany disguise  
That nigga that you can't see jus kuz of dem glocks and locs  
over my eyes crept like a black cat with a mac  
with a mac 10 in my lap and a fat sack of that crack  
took a hit of that shit and seen some niggas with a 4-5  
So I let 'em have it bounce to the O you know trippin  
on that Indonesian shit and a 9 millimeter for you to dump  
and put one in your bitch and put her in her grave  
with that empty 40 ounce bottle and don't leave a drip  
then bounce to that ounce  
with a lack and a mac and a fat pack sack of dat indo shit  
I'm sicker than sick them niggas gotta admit when I  
grab my shit you either gone or get caught with a hot one  
nigga so rest in piss

(Chorus)

Just call me Agent Double O Deuce 4 Blocc  
I got that 9 milli glock and ready to put one in your knot  
"Rest in Piss" (Shit) (repeat 4x)(verse 2)(Brotha Lynch)From the rep of the depth of the double

O

duece foe block with a glock in my pocket  
full of that sess you betta wear a bullet proof vest  
When I'm match your set betta pack you a tech  
cause I'm at your neck with a clip full of that shit  
nigga don't trip when i put one in your dick that Ripgut Cannibal

Hannibal shit nigga nuts and guts all over my chest  
and stomach running with no slack threw my strap in the back  
twist me up a sack and I'm back at the Garden Block  
kicking it with maniac the nigga that a maniac sicker than sick  
when a clips in progress put on the ground  
with a brain full of them nine slugs read him in Reader's Digest  
uh I found a new love trickeling in my brain half of the doja  
half of the OE half of the fact that I am insane nigga  
it's that duece foe blockster  
where niggas never put their glocks up  
and get their cocks sucked nigga you just can't stop us  
loc to the brain insane with a main game that will maintain  
untouchable cut your throat and leave you in the street  
with a lynch around your throat motherfucker  
cause you ain't got no love foe the block  
pop gotta hot foe that 24 street block  
nigga that took a shot rest in piss(Chorus)

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