

# Stabbed (feat. Tech N9ne & Hopsin)

## Brotha Lynch Hung

Niggas in Sacramento don't want it with me  
Tuckin' a fifty cal get me now I'm 5150  
I bet a nigga won't try me I like to fry em up  
Wine em up, bring em in front of me I'ma dye em up  
I put his nuts in a bag and send it to mommy  
And have her yellin' what's in the bag, I'm a tsunami  
Niggas attackin' my label get wrapped in a cable  
I'm back in the stable and I'm killin' crackin' an aggo, rrr  
Madass, badass everybody be wanting to have that, na that  
Giving em something to stab at, yeah that  
I'ma be hunting their ass fat, brat brat  
I'ma be something to deal with, real shit  
See the only way I eat is if I kill shit  
Me and Tech and Hopsin goin' to pop em  
Put em right in the lake hey don't drop them

Hook:

Niggas about to get stabbed, grrr  
Niggas about to get stabbed, rrr (x4)[Tech N9ne:]  
He said he wanted  
K.O.D.

To come do this

OkPeople don't feel me I think I'm really Micheal Myers  
You think it's silly not giving a fuck until this psycho fires  
When I go higher you said to me, why so you need a rifle, sire?  
My pillies to kill ya man I'm illing to snipe your eye out  
Light your fire, leave us, now he's after Jesus  
Happy Holidays, I'm...  
Oh what a teaser, he was not a bleeder  
But you need to believe that I feed, I'm eager, ha ha  
Yeah I heard what he said  
He ain't able to spit another verse when he dead  
Burnt a nigga, served him the curb and they bled  
With Bourbon, I swerved I put his hearse in the bed, cha cha  
Yeah, you niggas gotta be kidding me not even hitting me  
Bout to get your bodily stiff and they ought to be kissing me ass bad  
That'll be sad, cause the nigga about to get stabbed  
JAB!

Why do they persist Lynch?

When they know that we'll kill them allHook:

Niggas about to get stabbed, grrr  
Niggas about to get stabbed, rrr (x4)[Hopsin:]

I was brought up as a man that loved to laugh, greeting everybody with a handshake, until I

Built a fanbase now I gotta deal with groupie niggas I run into every damn day, rampage  
I swear to god I hope I don't leave a niggas rib cracked  
How the fuck did they find out where I live at  
Motherfuckers all up in my business every minute  
When I be chillin' with women they be comin' up tryin' to chit chat, get back  
Ooh shit what the fuck did I get into  
No autographs I'm trying to chill with my friends dude  
You don't surround me I can't move  
Can't you see I'm trying to get to my vehicle please let the man through  
I ain't feelin' no sorry, I  
Finna to go hit up my nigga Lynch I'ma borrow a knife  
And startle the lives of anybody bugging me  
I don't know if I'ma kick em or cut em it's hard to decide  
I'ma start to devise a method of deadly weapons  
No question about it, you run up  
Then you gon to get a fight  
Go step in the ring if you fools dare to  
You gonna second guess on taking a picture with me cause you're to scared too Alright, alright  
hold up my nigga  
What's up man  
You that nigga hop right  
Yeah  
White contacts, skate wanna skateboard  
Hey I gotta go real quick  
Can I get a picture of you  
Na man, get the fuck, get the fuck out of my face Hook:  
Niggas about to get stabbed, grrr  
Niggas about to get stabbed, rrr (x4)

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