

# Liquor Sicc

## Brotha Lynch Hung

[Hung]

Look up in the sky it's a motherfuckin slug  
Some nigga done let one off and only my cousins sheddin' blood  
That loccest muthafucka from 29 st. throwin up his flag  
so nigga got madd and went to the crib with a .45 mag  
returned to the set-up and let my cousin have it  
that nigga that died for the garden blocc  
gang did time for the garden blocc  
and ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket but i dont be givin a fuck  
im tappin up in your program before you know it  
I'm creepin up on ya in a licorice dark black drop-top broham  
with a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk  
and a fat purple cush blunt so call it what you want  
I call it the fever of da funkhouse  
Dumpin gauge shells in that ass leavin you face down  
chest down with a gang of guts hangin out yo ass nigga  
you know tha process they wanna kill me  
now I'm a dead man walkin to my funeral can you feel me  
now and if die before your set gets blasted  
that's on the garden cause I'm gonna rise up out my casket  
Chorus: repeat 2XI'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control  
so load your clips loccs cause we ridin for our foes[Hung]  
And im out in 6 5' hardtop impala lookin for that 187  
there we go and right behind em bustin wit my mack 11  
straight bumpa to bumpa 12 gage pump was that little X loccsta  
givin up his set dumpin on niggas just like hes supposed ta  
nigga this is real deal shit its not about crip or blood  
it's about pay back that family loves  
so nigga now fuck yo whole click  
like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me fo my fuckin tapes  
them baby rapes so nigga get out my fuckin face  
If I was really bangin niggaz would know  
cause I'd have they whole set lookin like L.A. when da earthquake hit  
nigga fuckin wit my tek I'm from da garden blocc  
No matter what nobody say I'm makin my money  
and not lettin that bangin shit get in my way  
Niggaz get mad they wanna see the lynch rippin  
I'm wearing blue yeah but motherfucker I ain't even trippin  
but for cousin Q-Ball, Mr.Doc, and Sixx my cousin eclipse  
and 2 of my kidz nigga catch these clips  
Chorus[Hung]  
There aint no fuckin way my cousin's

gonna lay up in a casket wit no retaliation  
there aint no fuckin way that motherfucker died for that blocc  
so lets heat them motherfuckin glocks (2x)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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