

# Something About Susan (feat. COS & Irv Da Phenom)

## Brotha Lynch Hung

I told you, hated the way you always used to leave me  
I saw you at the club with that motherfucker Ci-Ci  
I pulled up, you was in the front of the club  
I saw another nigga huggin you you know I was trippin  
I had to dip in, order me a dirty martini and best believe me  
I really didn't want a bitch to see me  
So I put on the spydie's took out my I.D. and  
I have to keep the knife right behind me till ya by me  
I was in the bathroom shakin the dick off when he came in  
I wanted to pull out the N9ne milli and bash his brains in  
Grr, you know how Brotha Lynch will do it  
Walk up on a nigga with 2 blades and give a nigga 2 slits  
Na, my main goal was the same ho  
She used to let me put the Ruger up in the anal  
I taught her all that shit now the next nigga benefactin  
Irv take me to the hook I need an intermission  
I swear I love her, I never let her out of my sights  
There's no more livin if I ever let her out of my life  
Cause when she's not 'round it's just not right  
You are my heart, I give you my all Somethin bout Susan she keep my bed warm  
I go to sleep with her then I wake up in the morn  
Then she right by me side then we hop in the ride  
With a bottle in my hand, thats how we drink and drive  
85 on a 35, straight pushin  
Theres somethin bout Susan keep haters just lookin  
When the sun goes down, we dress up in all black  
Matchin outfits, she been down since way back  
Back when I used to cook crack at the house  
And even though she set ya boy in a cell a couple times thats my spouse  
And I love her but I hate her, when she spit at other niggas  
Put me in situations where she get at other niggas  
Now she got the police askin questions lookin for her  
Im bout to wrap her up and leave he on the river floor  
Im bout drill this chick(?) and so much water like a moor  
This my love train all aboard, till death do us  
3 in the morning I can't sleep I'm having bad dreams  
I keep seeing bad shit, this was a bad week  
I had bad month, shit... I had a bad year  
I had a bad life even before she came here  
I used to tell them I was married to the music

And I never should've changed that  
I Gotta get my strange back!  
I used to write every morning and smoke hella weed  
I used to be on the road, used to make hella cheese  
And now I'm struggling broke  
And you could tell I'm heated  
Bringing bullshit in my life  
And I don't really need it  
I think I'm smoking too much  
It's like suicide  
I won't eat, won't shower  
Between you and I  
My trust is all fucked up  
I'm ready to give the fuck up!  
I'm ready to murder everything!  
My life is all sucked up!  
I'm tired of all this shit!  
And now the next nigga benefitted  
Irv, take me to the hook  
I need an intermission...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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