

# Brotha Lynch Hung, Hunta Killa

[Lynch]

It's the Hunta Killa  
Off of the 9 skrilla  
Wit my nap sack fulla pilla  
Nigga worst than the movie Thrilla and realla  
Cause this is real life (that's right)  
I saw that nigga get his head tore off (by who?)  
By the same nigga that took his wife  
You know I come nutty stingin like syphillis  
You can get your liver split  
By your own bictch fuckin wit this  
Stay drunk when I dip and ain't shit  
I got vast amounts  
Your ass'll count em when I'm shootin em down your bitch's mouth  
(Cause this the) Hunta Killa deal a lot  
And fuckin em shit shoes (wit the what?)  
Wit the nine and watchin the bloody nut come out everytime  
And you know it's mine  
When I com through loomin  
Wit the MK-1 and when they done they lookin like sushi (Raw!)  
Wit the oozie I get the shit done  
You know it's like velcro or polygrip  
I stick to the shit that make you nut up wit your dome split  
I want you to trip  
And I'll be sittin right there wit the casket  
(You know!) you was at the wrong place at the right time then you got blasted  
(You hoe!) Hunta Killa in black mack-10 in the trunk with the slump  
I'll hug you like mama  
When I use it it gotta be because I be off that juicy shit  
Not use to it I'm addicted to the siccness  
Might flip this nigga shit frequently  
Them young g's they wanna speak to me  
(But what) but they don't need to be  
I'll have they hat quick  
Wit no pactice  
Put you in the trunk wit the slump stickin em like a cactus  
And I'm concentratin on stackin grip  
I got's to hit you wit the slug  
No love bitch ass nigga you know  
It's Hunta Killa (that's realla)

Chorus: repeat 3X's

Put you in duct tape and leave you sinkin in the river  
(Hunta Killa! Killa!)

Put you in duct! Put you in duct tape!

[Kye!]

Spent most of my time on the grind  
In the bucket wit a loaded tech nine  
On the corner lookin' out for the one time  
And these niggas from the othaside tryin to take mine  
Keep the heat on my waist line  
Make bullets chase niggas and erase fake niggas  
You can call me the grave digga  
Money go-getta all about the skrilla  
Cap pilla known for breakin in homes and gettin the goods  
Cross the line of the mastermind mothafucka I wish you would  
Got niggas in every hood and ready to go to war  
I'm gettin paid the way I should so what the fuck you hatin for  
Waistin time thinkin bout mine you should be gettin yours  
You den put yourself in some deep shit  
Now you hittin the floor when I come through

Kickin down your door like a predator  
Spittin lyrics in metaphors  
All you rap cats thinkin you the shit  
My game's 10 years ahead of yours  
And I'm headed for the top  
Lyrics don't never stop  
So fuck whateva you talkin bout  
I'm takin over shit and I'm settin up shop  
Raisin niggas up out they spot  
All you bustas gotta go  
Now I'mma bust a bitch and let you know  
We can tear and war wit these scary hoes  
Wit a tech 9 to your dome  
It aint shit for me to run up in your home  
Wit the chrome take whateva the fuck I want then get gone  
I was born to be a rida known as a balla shot calla  
Leader of the pack  
Ain't neva been no followa  
Ain't neva been no busta  
Dumpin on mothafuckas  
Ain't neva been no sucka spillin information to the undacova  
I only fuck wit ridas and realas thug niggas drug dealas  
All about the skrilla cemetary fillas  
It's Hunta Killa (That's reala)

Chorus [3Xs]