

# D.O.A.

## Brotha Lynch Hung

Mr. Mannibalector  
It's all over the news right now  
You couldn't have missed it  
Do you have any idea what might have happened to him?  
Any idea at all?  
Everybody thinks you do  
Not me, but lots of people do  
Tell me what happened  
(He died a violent death)[- Brotha Lynch Hung] He won't have no head no mo', he won't have  
no bread no mo'  
I won't have to get fed no mo', he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)  
Give him a enema then I'mma send him a endin'  
Ten of the men is the minimum, I eat ten of the  
Tick tock on the clock taking out many men, he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)  
Yeah, I don't do it to get famous  
Somethin' 'bout the brain is aimless, body where the stain is (Right there!)  
I'mma be in the 6-4, a skitzo  
Talk another language, I may miss, ya brain split  
I'mma commit the hit flow til the shit blow, this the fo'  
Gangin' and bangin'  
Lay in the playpen with the stainless  
Put his brain in my apron, then I'm escapin'  
Staple his legs, when I get the okay I'm tapin' his legs  
When I get the dope, hey I'm breakin' his legs  
Want an omelet? Betta be breakin' some eggs  
Duck when the bomb hit, they finna pay  
Smoke when the bomb lit  
They finna pass it or they get the acid  
I'm bakin' that ass quick, rapin' that ass quick  
Rhymes sound like I be takin' the acid  
[- Brotha Lynch Hung] He won't have no head no mo', he won't have no bread no mo'  
I won't have to get fed no mo', he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)  
Give him a enigma then I'mma send him a endin'  
Ten of the men is a minimum, I eat then of the  
Tick tock from the clock ticking out many men, he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival) Maybe, the  
reason that you're so paranoid  
Is cause you smoke so much fuckin' marijuana?  
Wouldn't you think? I don't know, I just spit that shit like I do coke (You do coke?)  
I do hope, you get this shit quick cause Spydie's broke (Spydie's broke?)  
I do choke, I got shit that rip that Chinese dope  
I do low, I got Crip shit in me like Tiny Loc  
I ain't active, my nine-millimeter make niggas do back-flips

And I'mma get with 'em with minimum practice  
 Then I'mma just hit 'em with a little gymnastics  
 My heat is plastic, I beat the bastard, I eat that ass quick  
 For dinner, the winner get me, I'm acid  
 And I don't have to be the nigga that spit it the fastest  
 Mr. NASA, A.S.A.P. give me my cashes  
 Muhammad Ali niggas whippin' they asses  
 Frizz was alive he'd be beatin' their asses (Rest in peace!)  
 I leak molasses, couldn't see me with 24 pairs of glasses  
 You ain't the only one that got goons  
 Shit that'll bloody up rooms, rips that'll bloody up shoes  
 Hop the 6-4, pop the pistols  
 And I can get close, enough to hit those  
 Rock that, split those  
 She talk a good talk, so walk a good walk  
 Get up and let's go, it's the Mr. Piston  
 It's the sickest, this is  
 Get ya kids quick, take 'em and rape 'em  
 It's the sickness, take 'em and bake 'em[- Brotha Lynch Hung] He won't have no head no mo',  
 he won't have no bread no mo'  
 I won't have to get fed no mo', he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)  
 Give him a enema then I'mma send him a endin'  
 Ten of the men is a minimum, I eat then of the  
 Tick tock on the clock taking out many men, he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)It's quite obvious  
 that people are addicted to your sickness  
 And they all seem to be emulating you  
 Perhaps you should do something about that?I just know, niggas couldn't see me with a  
 telescope  
 I just hope, you tell 'em Lynch Hung comin'  
 So tell his ho (Tell his ho!)  
 Tell this ho, I got thick dick bitch, so smell this dope  
 I mean sniff this coke, it's terrific shit, drips out his nose  
 Shit, I don't need this, I carry a machete and I rip the cleavage  
 I carry 'em, I bury 'em  
 I'm leavin' 'em deep-6  
 "Marion the Barbarian" when I grind the teeth, grit  
 I prefer a deep-dish, I'mma be hidin' behind 'em with the meat-cleaver  
 Momma be cryin', I fry him with the heat-seeker  
 Prolly be tryin', I'm coming with the heat, eat shit  
 Peter Parker, a.k.a. Coat-hanga' Strangla'  
 They may pray, but the Lynch is hangin' her  
 After she's dead, Lynch Hung is bangin' guts (Strange!)  
 Ain't no tamin' us  
 We get your brains and your veins, and bring 'em with us  
 Get a tat and bang it with us  
 One thang we insane and bringin' it up  
 My tongue hang when I'm aimin', aim at the guts  
 Nigga loc'd to the brain, wrapped all into one  
 Hotdog ass niggas get wrapped in a bun

Tongue slit, neck, brains hangin' wit Hung  
The real sickness is back, so get it and run  
I'mma get this shit intact, when I aim it, it's done  
I'mma get this shit in fact, when I aim it, it's done  
Sickness, get ya dick split[- Brotha Lynch Hung] He won't have no head no mo', he won't have  
no bread no mo'  
I won't have to get fed no mo', he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)  
Give him a enema then I'mma send him a endin'  
Ten of the men is a minimum, I eat then of the  
Tick-tock on the clock taking out many men, he's D.O.A. (Dinner On Arrival)I can't control my  
own mind, my mind  
(Is that so?)  
Is uncontrollable  
(Well, just keep coming back and we'll figure it all out)  
That's all the answers I can give you  
(Don't worry too much)  
That's all the answers I can give you  
(All right, I'll see you tomorrow)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>