

# Mannibalector

Brotha Lynch Hung

Not again, fool, come on, man.  
Alright, alright, check it out  
Personal belongings in the basket  
I got a bag for you right here, so just put the clothes in there  
And take off them motherfuckin' boots too, I got some new ones for you

Go ahead and holler at me when you're done  
I'll be in the back room, I got some shit for you, so

Now, that I know it's time to eat  
I can feel it in my gut and I'm 'bout to run up  
And put a gun up in 'em, cut up in 'em  
Autocratic, automatic reaper  
I will leave 'em bleedin' in the street with the heater  
Diabolical, after I follow you I eat your meat up  
Why he's hollow, I swallow a bottle as I eat the anatomy  
Amityville, Mannibal can and he will  
Man I'm an animal, when I'm heatin' 'em up I'm lethal  
You don't want to be fuckin' with me, I eat dead people  
I'm that nigga that's keepin' body parts in the freezer  
Shit, fuck her and leave her  
I'd rather put her up until I'm hungry then I eat her  
The doctors, the coroners, the cops they'll never see her  
I eat that bitch up quicker than a crocodile, believe it  
Now I wish a nigga would, that's what emcees get  
These motherfuckers is bitches, I hit 'em in the cleavage

Yeah, I'm Mannibalector  
She's standing there naked, I'm 'bout to get naked  
She's tied to the bedpost, I like to give head most  
She likes to give head best, blood on the headrest  
Strange Music, bitch, you can tell by the necklace  
I carry me a chainsaw but this ain't the Texas  
Chainsaw Massacre, nigga, worse than the Manson  
Murders, I turn 'em to hamburger meat

I put 'em in the trunk of the droptop  
I don't wanna get blood on my Pioneer boxtop  
Operation make pasta  
Makin' it, test the spaghetti noodles, I'm a coo-coo  
And a local in the? with a cleaver in the dresser  
Butcher knife and machete, I do you in the poop chute  
Poke 'em and I undress 'em and leave 'em in the recipe  
I told you I was an atheist, eatin' 'em with lettuce and meat  
Puttin' niggas in a wok pot, takin' niggas to the chop shop  
Niggas is as soft as a box of cotton  
Niggas be off that oxycotton  
Probably rotten 'em, body rotten  
Obviously potty tottened  
Probably not in danger yet, internet cable  
Watchin' ID channel cause I'm able  
And cocaine in cellophane wrapped up under the table  
Ready to murder rappers, cut 'em and clap 'em, reppin' the label  
Blue house in the stable, mini Macs on the table  
Tornado, NATO, egos get? and they know

Fresh out the motherfuckin' county jail

Pillows with no feathers and the county smell  
Black sweat t-shirt, brown as hell  
If a nigga try to fuck with me I crown his head  
He don't wanna get bloody does he?  
I'mma have to get muddy, buddy  
Hit 'em with the chainsaw, Cuddy  
Leavin' his brains raw, dummy  
I'm gonna have to get silly putty  
I'm gonna have to hit 'till he's ugly  
I'm gonna have to get really ugly  
Killing Cuddy, killing Cuddy  
Mr. McGillicuddy, he's the high school teacher  
Used to take the bitch to the closet to teach her  
Until he took my daughter to the closet to teach her  
Now I'm usin' his head as my album's main feature  
Serial killers kill a nigga, I'm timin', I'm the creature  
From the black side of town now I'm about to eat?  
Cut her up and I eat her, crack domes like Easter  
Easter egg, leave me, eat her

This right here, this is traditional brass knuckles  
Easily penetrate any vital organs  
Uh, this right here, I know you lose this a lot

Sick-ass brain works, so  
YouknowwhatI'msayin'

Grrr

Hey, man, give me some bigger pants or somethin'  
Some bigger pants