

## Kyper

### "Give the 'G' a Gat"

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(Chorus: Spice 1)

Nik-nak paddy wack, give a G a gat  
Whippin' up on that ass it's the 187 Fac  
Nik-nak paddy wack, give a G a gat  
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(Spice 1)

Spiggity One whippin' up on that ass look what I got  
that's quick to blast  
Blowin' 'em up on they back as I sm-a-smash  
Runnin' up and down the block with a fo'-five pistol up  
in my lap  
And niggas be comin' up short when I cap  
and I leave they ass in a zipped up sack, player  
So don't be steppin' to these g's  
The Faculty got me bizzack we strim that with Uzi's  
So what the fuck you wanna do?  
Leave your ass in a motherfuckin' coma fool  
Peelin' a cap back, Red Rum Fac as I jack these niggas  
Niggas put your motherfuckin' fingers on a triggers  
G-Nut, (whattup fool?) since your ready to blast (haha)  
Pull out my your shit and put a cap in they ass nigga

(G-Nut)

Well it's the G-the-N-U-T, all you haters envy me  
So check it, cause I'ma 'bout to wreck it for the ninety-  
fo'  
Roll a couple rhyme to get my crippin' up the par  
Now when I cock the hammer bro I'm shootin' for the  
stars  
And I don't give a fuck who you be G  
Cause whoever you are, it ain't no way in the world you  
can be me  
I'm comin' from the haystack, way back where they  
grow, froze  
Up or on the other that I wonder if the bowl knows that I  
ducks this  
cause I loves this, one eight seven roughness  
Yeah it's the Nut bitch the nappy that you stuck with  
So Din Fin is you ready to blast? (Whattup my nigga?)  
Slip in the clip and put a slug in that ass

(Din Fin)

If I don't grab that shit and poppin' who gon' pop first?  
The nigga that'll make your face burst  
or worthless I can be packed up in the first side of my  
hearse (comin' with dirt)  
Cause I'm all alone and my clip ain't killin' the niggas  
that jump  
I pumps two sick of his side of his chest and dumpin'  
him in a truck  
No pistol blister fuckin' that nigga since I dump him a  
realer ditch  
Pullin' all my glock clockin' and unload clippin' when  
that nigga twitch  
Better wear a vest I'm aimin' at head and puttin' your  
ass to rest  
Pump test or Mack with a bigger gat that'll penetrate  
your vest  
Their naffy government causin' trouble when I'm  
bubblin'  
Smokin' bomb and kickin' it with my niggas on thai but  
who be bubblin'  
So Frank J if you ready to blast (you know the rules)  
Load up your gat and bust a cap in that ass

(Frank J)

Frankly forty-seven for the nine-fo' fuckin' him up  
recruit when I rap like that with a funky rhyme flow  
And if you can't feel me then just kill me for this weak  
shit  
Oh no, never that, ohh I finna freak this  
So peep this corner risin' game I finna spit  
And if you still can't feel me then I might have to spit a  
zip  
Cause niggas like me be breakin' a bitch  
Rippin' and strivin' a person could of been much more  
worse  
per man with the man even the man they live in a  
hearse  
cause I would've murdered first  
Livin' a fast life stickin' up tricks, kickin' at nigga's dolls  
all those who oppose to the Fac they will be disposed  
Openin' up your motherfuckin' chest with one of these  
hollow tips  
It'll be whistlin' Dixy to your ass when this hollow hit

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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(187 Fac)

Here comes a nigga like the coolest out to get respect  
and snappin' necks  
Creepin' with the Tech a nigga known to leave a bloody  
mess  
The sickest motherfucker with the loadest clip  
and ready to empty the clip into the hip of the nigga  
talkin' shit  
I gots to creep low and stay low and let these  
motherfuckers know  
When the Tech's ??? a nigga hates to see the murder  
show  
The figgity Fac is in the fuckin' house and that's the  
fuckin' truth  
Now tell me how it feels to be that one eighty seven  
fuckin' proof  
Sittin' on the roof with my Tech-Nine bustin' for my help  
With so many shots in your ass I'll make the fuckin' clip  
melt  
(???? (who?) since you ready to blast nigga  
Get on the mic and put a cap in that ass) --> Spice 1

(187 Fac)

I'm raisin' niggas up off they feet, six deep drivin' taxi  
Never known for pushin' crack and re-askin' causin'  
headaches in your family  
Baggin' up my rocks makin' money, niggas can't fade  
the 187 Faculty  
we be pumpin' thug niggas extra clip, bill is fill to his  
capacity  
Makin' stacks of g's ain't no turnin' back  
Sippin' on some new Con Jack I watch my old gat  
into beat you to retaliate you fucked  
Suckin' up ??? from inside your fuckin' casket is your  
next lunch  
So hear the church bells jingle, I'm comin' out the gut  
strapped  
raunchy black like the season ??????????  
With the blower burnin' gun smoke my self defence  
And greedy grease and bloody feet will left the  
evidence  
It's pitiful, I'm smokin' on some wonderful shit  
gonna have you rollin' with your strap bustin' caps in  
your vehicle  
??? act, representin' the haystack  
Quick to fill my pockets with your cash and bust a cap in  
that ass nigga

(Spice 1)

Hahahahaha, beeatch! You're just a thing of the past

Too many motherfuckin' caps in that ass nigga

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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