

# Spice 1

## "187 He Wrote"

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I'm tryin' to keep my aces and my deuces all together  
I'm thinkin' of self-murder, I know I won't live forever  
This chronic got me noid I need to get a job  
But instead I wanna sell dope hang on a rope and  
steady mobb

I'm wakin' up in the morning thinkin' of death  
As I break out in a cold sweat  
I'm havin' dreams of a whole family put to rest  
Visions of a dead man body bags  
And all the youngsters gettin' their cap peeled over  
colored rags

I write about murder and death 'cause that's all in the  
hood  
Comin' up strong while in crack, yo G it's all good  
Describin' a way of life that they don't understand G  
So I'mma keep breakin' it down until dey understand  
me

You see it's real G and jealousy it roam my block  
That's why I'm never leavin' the house without my  
plastic glock  
'Cause if they want it they'll take it and kill for it  
And if it's worth sumptin' then blood gettin' spilled for it

My mother thinks I'm goin' crazy  
And when I leave the house she just stares out the  
window  
I think I'm being followed every time I leave my home  
Havin' these fatal thoughts of gettin' chrome to my  
dome

18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote  
18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote, blow

Did things up in the past that I regret at 22  
And when I hit 23 I hope I'm livin' well as you  
It's good to be alive in 93 I guess that so  
But if I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta go

I guess I'm just a soldier with a song out of the streets

black  
Stressin' of that chronic sack but I feel death is knockin'  
at my bed  
Sleep walkin' with my pistol in the middle of the night  
Wakin' up inside my hooptie holdin' my Glock full of  
fright

Violent in this art that's only because  
It's comin' from a G to the heart  
Got friends that have died and I mourn for their  
families  
Bringin' flowers to dey graves every time I get a  
chance G

Nuthin' like a old school homie from the hood  
Which are right or wrong doin' dirt doin' good  
And now I know inside I'll never see my boy again  
I fie myself always pour brew out fo my friends

18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote  
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I'm keepin' all my pictures from my homies up in jail  
If I told you what dey did it will probably turn your pale  
I used to hang with killers and I didn't even know  
Wrestlin' with my homies as a youngster age 4

Now half of dem is dead and the rest is in the jailhouse  
Writin' to me monthly givin they homies sumtin' to rap  
about  
Tell me do my music and don't trip off what dey say  
Thinkin' to myself I might just be in there one day

Some stayed about the big house and still slangin' yay  
And now dey stayin' under diction of feds everyday  
Tryin' to wash their money they wanna go on tour G  
Gettin' into the business learn about the industry

Try to help 'em out doin' everythang I can  
I still gotta worry 'bout the next jealous man  
My homies gettin' robbed so they rob somebody else  
You can see it never stops let that story tell itself

I'm walkin' with my head down pervin' in the rain  
Thinkin' deep askin' myself am I insane  
I think about that daily and I'm leavin' on that note  
And that's the definition of the 187 that he wrote

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