

Spice 1

"1990 - Sick"

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Kill 'em all, kill 'em all, kill 'em all, kill 'em all
'Cuz everybody dyin' on this motherfuckin' album
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all, kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Don't kick up in the dirt when I'm puttin' in work
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I murda like this, I murda like that
(This, that)
Pull an AK-47 up out my motherfuckin' gangsta hat
Professional, Columbian, Necktie, barbwire
Strangula, over killa, dead fuckin' body hanga
Peepin' out the window with an A.K., pullin' up on these
copper

Helicoptas, squad cars, swat teams with choppers
They tellin' me, "Nigga, get the fuck out before ya die
If you surrender, we'll make sure that you quickly fry"
Should I kick open the door and go to war
Or should I stick my throat
Leave a pipe bomb and a fuck you note
Hallucinations of seein' lynched bodies burnin'

And all the po-po had faces like Mark Fuhrman
Tear gas through my glass window pane
They wanna put me back up in the nut house again
But I'm not goin' back and take my prozac
They can keep the straight jacket
And leave a straight motherfuckin' jack
A straight motherfuckin' jack
A straight motherfuckin' jack

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Get the hell off my dick, I'm 1990-Sick
(1990-Sick)
(1990-Sick)

(1990-Sick)
(1990-Sick)

Nigga's to pull the lynch, yayo case and stick
Marcia Clark screamin' out murda, jumpin' on OJ's dick
Motherfuckers still sufferin' and healin'
Some high tech knowledga white boys
Blew up the fuckin' fed buildin'
Crazy niggaz still bangin' and slangin' crack
To the death, when the game put 'em up on they back
Motherfuckers catchin' AIDS, from shootin' hop
And phony niggaz still get sprayed up on the block

And I ain't changed much, hell
I'm still smokin' four or five motherfuckin' choppers
before it's twelve
Motherfuckers think they know me, but they don't know
I'm sellin' first class tickets to the murda show
Don't wanna rap about no nigga, let's get it on
Bustin domes, buck shots through your rib bone
So all you niggaz up in the magazines talkin' shit
Get off my dick, I'm 1990-Sick

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1990-sick, I grasp my dick
The lunatic quick to grab my tech, put slugs up in your
neck
Compton is the city where I come from
Desert Eagle packin dum ditty, ditty dum
I won't just smoke you
I be terrifyin', horrifyin' G, yeah, I'ma choke you
The killa niggaz on hop
We tear up your spot, Eiht, Spice, and my fuckin' nigga
Pac
Don't cross my path, no class

I be like shit in your motherfuckin' ass
Bullets I spit at you, your hood I slid through
Evil niggaz tryin' to get rid of you
No witnesses, so don't ask no questions
Flee the scene, one time'll be arrestin'
Killa niggaz don't play that
It's Compton on no like your dome we stompin'
But in that gang affiliation
Shit goes pop, we won't stop

Uhh, in 1990-Sick

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