

# Spice 1

## "Busta's Can't See Me"

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The one eighty seven

Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta, gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta  
Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da, get that ass if I don't shank ya  
Glock shooter, dumpin' 'em up in ditches  
Givin' them niggas stitches, smokin' them with the peoples

'Cause ain't no love see I'm just a G  
With twin glocks on my side you can't fuck with me  
Once again they come at me with that same old shit  
Got to show 'em let 'em know I'm not no punk ass bitch

Ready to pop them blood clot and let him feel hostile  
S P I C E comin', we gettin' hard to kill  
So sit your ass down don't you flinch one inch  
Hollerin' at you with this twelve gauge under my trench

Got a whole live bury full of Smith n Wesson  
Servin' your ass like salad dressin'  
So prepare to catch a hot slug from a O.G thug  
Leavin' your bloody body in the mud

Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang  
(Shame)  
Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang  
(Shame)

Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang  
(Shame)  
Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang

(Shame)

Thought you was my nigga but you set me up  
Tried to shut me up, tried to wet me, tried to wet me up  
Now I gotta twist your snapple, kill shit up and gaffle  
Put a worm hole in your rotten apple

Time for confrontation and I know this  
Ex drive through won't give me your exact location  
So don't be sleepin' 'cause I'm gon' be creepin'  
Cleanin' shit up, straight street sweepin'

My destination ain't too far  
As I smobs in my rag top gangsta car  
To come and get ya, I'm drinkin' red rum  
Don't need a damn thing for the chase 'cause I likes to  
taste

One eight seven artist  
Play your ass like a Sega punches  
Back in the game, knockin' out teeth'  
Blowin' motherfuckers in Teresa's pieces

Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang  
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Me erupt this rust clot with my f-a-fo'-five don't wanna  
see me take no lives  
Play with the funk, open up your trunk see who survives  
I'm servin' the murder by the pound, a hundred and  
fifty rounds  
Shake 'em up like gin and juice then guzzle 'em down

They claimin' this O.G. is a has been but I'll be damned  
if I let these  
Busta's think that I won't pull out my mac again  
We can all talk, it ain't no thing to bust  
Leavin' your flesh lookin' like it's melted as I raise up  
outta the cut

Mad man killer, feel me on the realer  
Wouldn't bullshit ya homie I'ma cap filler  
Ready to handle my business, wrappin' it all in my clip  
Blowin' niggas outta eight story windows and shit

So keep your hammer cocked and keep a close watch  
For the nine millimeter and a nigga that's makin' your  
place look stocked  
Peel a cap for the funk he did that's smokin' on this BT  
Niggas pop at my shadow 'cause these busta's can't  
see me

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