

Spice 1

"Check Ya Self"

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Now come and beat the realness
Fuckin' these funky hoes will make you feel this
Drippin' sensation stickin' your ace in the wrong place
And you'll be ass out dickless, passin' out when you get
this
AIDS shit in your grave, ditch will be dug with a
quickness
So this is the phase of the days when I grew up
Reminisclin' and trippin' off all them hoes I done fucked
But it's all good and plenty
I hust can't count how many trampy hoes I done did it
to
Licked it, did it, split it too
But shit is cool makin' the thrilla of Manilla
Scoop up the scrilla boy that cuchu be a killa
You can feel a order up with a nut and then bounce
And have that ass comin' up shorter than a fuckin'
quarter ounce...

[Gangsta P]

Let's get toe down off some X-O, puffin' on the cripto
Bent corner eyes up on her, super band low down dirty
shame
No need to know your age, bitch, what's your name?
Said her name was Tammy, lived with her granny
All I'm thinkin' about is gettin' in her panties
Got the digits, called her later on that night
At a two dome sex, flossin' big elex
Cocked the roof back, bitch, blaze the sack
Reached the destination, no hesitation
Out of my clothes in the guts about to nut
No protection, after two hours hopped out the shower
Dressed in Eddie Bauer, livin' like a true playas should
Six years later: test positive cause the hoe was no
good...

If you wanna get your groove on, come and do a little
somethin' with

Me...

If you wanna get your groove on, let's wrap it up before
we fuck...

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[Celly Cel]

A-I-D crooked letter
Mothafuckas better strap up when they come together
It's a top notch so you ain't thinkin'
Got your battlefields sinkin', caught late night full of
weed, drinkin'
Got ya creepin' in the unknown
Steered you wrong even if you get your head blown
Fool, you still gone, switch up your tactics: fuck with
prophalactics
It ain't about that raw dickin' her and nuttin' on the
mattress
You didn't know these hoes will put the tags on your
toes
Don't knows crossin' up the game because she chose
Listen to your homie Celly, nigga, before you hit the
telly, nigga
Have a box of rubbers ready, nigga...

[Almon D of 187-Fac]

I can't lie, this whole AIDS situation got my brain
drownin' in
Illusions
Settin' niggas up for the conclusions
I ain't sayin' that I'm gonna live forever
Gotsta fuck new, get sometime in the future
Don't got no babies, what about the day when you get
married
I hope I'm layin' in bed with a virgin with a meal that's
urgent
She heard that I was livin' my lifestyle lavishly
Flashbacks of fuckin' her cousin in the alley
Smokin' on the twamp sack that she bought the jimmy
hats
Three O'clock in the morning, sideways I was cuttin' the
Pontiac

Strapped...

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[Den-Fenn of 187-Fac]

Well, here's a serious situation that we facin'

It starts off by doin' the nasty without patience

Forgettin' about the condom

Usin' and abusin' the drugs and methinfedamies

She wanted to suck my dick head so bad she was
beggin' me

So I stepped to this straight bitch named Sally, Sally

Threw my slugs at a scallywag at a club in the valley

Leather trench, all hair down to her shoulders and back

Some Guess jeans all deep down and her pussy read
fat

To be exact one of my niggas pulled my coat tail

And told me that the bitch was hectic: A-I to the D-S
infected...

[G-Nut of 187-Fac]

Mothafuckas be runnin' up in this bitch without no
prophalactics

Filthy tactics, may as well pull the strap to your head
and blast it

Suicidal decisions, livin' your life on the edge slippin'

With one foot off in the grave and the other one on a
banana peelin'

But I ain't trippin', red ribbons in my chest

No chemotherapy treatments needed

Cause I'm a make it stretch to my

Stapped all over my dick and when I digs I blow they
mind back

And then I grab my shit

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Some of you niggas can't even say condoms

Some niggas be talkin' about conderves or condos

Straight raw dickin' hoes

You don't know that hoe, man, that bitch can't be
trusted
Better be strapped with about four condoms
If you plan to keep your life, soldier
You're gonna be feelin' kinda fucked up and faulty
When you rappin' up on that stage and your dick fall off
into the
Audience
Silent but deadly way of murder, it's mighty sick
Gotta have a bullet proof vest for your dick
Seventeen with the fat hydraulics
See, us west coast niggas is the most psychotic
Hittin' switches in my old school with four, fuck three
pumps
My homie said that bitch had more pizzazz with "P"
funk
I'm peepin' in the bitch out at the hoe spot
Tryin' to throw that virus to my homie
Betta watch these bitches cause they're fake and
phony...

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