

Spice 1 "Cutthroat Game"

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[Verse 1]

All this time I been, strategizing my uprising
When you motherfuckers thought I fell off, but I'm still
ridin
Niggaz must've forgotten who got the gangsta shit
poppin
N.W.A, Too Short, Spice 1, And 2Pac
And fuck you niggaz rappin wack shit, you dodgin the
game
I keep two little twin glocks, bring you the pain
We can bust wit these pistols or throw up from the
shoulders
Cause you mark-ass niggaz can't fuck wit old school
soldiers
Back in the day in 80 tre, young niggaz was slangin
bolders
And spot and spit gangsta rhythms and poetry colder
Then the average motherfucker, man you niggaz is
suckas
Kissin the record company ass when all they gon do is
fuck us
Givin up ya points and publishing, man don't act like no
bitch
Nigga, It's art and you the artist, be down for ya shit
Nigga, It's hard, gut you the hardest, be down for ya
name
Cause it's a mo-motherfuckin cu-cu-cutthroat game

[Chorus 2x]

I'm standin in the path of a hurricane
Livin on the edge of a razor, man
I'm tryin to keep it crackin, But it ain't the same
Cause the game so cutthroat, Cutthroat

[Verse 2]

Excuse me lil nigga, what the fuck did you say?
I been platinum since 91 from Japan to the East Bay
Fuck what he say or she say
I got ridahs from susanville to niggaz up in chino
pressin replay
Gangsta walker, professional shit talker

Spendin rap money from 89, Call me the time baller
This ghetto baller wasn't puttin hands on you solos
Fuck you up on the mic and put slugs through ya car,
Though
First, you dumb motherfucker, then you the
motherfucker
Then you some motherfucker, again fuck all you
suckas
My first album went gold wit nobody but me on it
One of the first gangsta rappers wit a plaque rollin
weed on it
Glocks and pistols on the album cover
Pointin heat in my videos, callin my enemies suckas
I was 16 wit hustler's dreams
From bein a ballin-ass rapper, Take some cream

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]

I ain't sayin you smoke crack, But you actin kinda
crackish
If you ain't knowin bout Bossalini that gangsta mackish
Fuck the taliban nigga, it was the caliban
Then cali got scared of the gangsta shit we was sayin
Doin and livin, breathing, eatin, and shittin
Ebonic spittin, niggaz dumber than fo spittin
West coast thug shit to the fullest, it's automatic
If it's drama, then we comin 3 deep, that's how we at it
I ain't sayin you smoke crack, but you actin kinda
crackish
If you ain't knowin bout bossalini that gangsta mackish
I'm still gettin fan mail from switzerland spain
And I'm bout to drop some more thug shit in the game
Remember record company rule #4080?
Watch ya back cause motherfuckers is shady
By the way, don't let these industry motherfuckers get
up in ya brain
Cause it's a mo-motherfuckin cu-cutthroat game

[Chorus 7x]

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