

Spice 1

"D-Boyz Got Love For Me"

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What's wrong, nigga? What's wrong, huh?
You scared, nigga? You scared?
What, you can't talk with a motherfuckin' gun in your
mouth, nigga?
I'm gonna give you a three count

I'ma blow your motherfuckin' brains out
One, what you think about, what you thinkin'?
I'm proud, two, kinda slick motherfucker
Nineteen motherfuckin' nine-fo' comin' at cha
Ga-ga-gangsta Spice motherfuckin' 1

I eat they ass up like a Swason with the Thompson
Fo'-fever, leave a motherfuckin' crime 'fore he take his
last breather
So come along take a trip to the dirt track
Where the young niggas be takin' your car and be
peelin' your cap back

That's why it's A to the motherfuckin' yay
Keeps a fat gat for the funk in the East Bay
Mainly off gat, I'm goin' brain dead inside
Talkin' to my homies, 'Scratchy' tellin' me he wanna
ride

On the nigga that peeled his cap, so now I'm on the
streets
With the dead motherfucker in the passenger seat
And it's fo' to the motherfuckin' five
Gat that ass, leave 'em dead in the lves

Red Rum on the late night, catch my case right at the
crack hut
Niggas better back up, while I fix my sack up
Pistol whip, shit, kick that ass quick
Quick to rip shit 'cause I'm a Coca Cola Classic
O.G. and D-Boyz got love for me, D-Boyz got love for
me

Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha
Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha
Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha

Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha

I'ma chuck a dead body on your motherfuckin' lawn
Like jump like Red gone, nigga, I'll be ready, the funk is
on
So call up the Paramedics and tell 'em that you're dyin'
nigga
I roll strapped with no love upon my fuckin' trigger

I lets my hair platt and took his mail stack
Now he's a stiff black 'cause I was at that
I'm dumpin' these niggas in ditches back to back
Hangin' they ass from telephone posts
To leavin' 'em, makin' 'em bleed without no money

Gun me, hoe niggas, wanna do that, do that
But I go out and get a new gat, new gat and let 'em
have it
Nigga, so D-Boyz got love for me

I got love for D-Boyz 'cause D-Boyz got love for me
I got love for D-Boyz 'cause D-Boyz got love for me
Nigga got outta line, I had to chop him
Reached into my draws and pulled out my strap

Motherfucker got outta place, I had to chop him
Reached into my fudadalooms and pulled out my strap
Nigga got outta place, youse got to pop him
Reach up in your draws and pull out your strap

Rookie get outta line, you better ice him
Reach into your d-dun-dun-duns and pull out your strap
Just call me Chef Boyardee-Boy, soda for bakin'
Cupcakes and cookies, rappies, I'm makin' huh

Tall cash, can't let eat up my grass
Don't make me have to come back and split your
parents house in half
With my 6RP226-Diana Ross, cousin Nina, Mr. Meaner,
body bleeder
Heartless, empty the cartridge roll

Smartless, get out and die so cold
Hollow point hot ones, dipped in garlic
I lives up the bar like an Alcoholic
Niggas think that I be bluffin' when I tell 'em I'm a good
shot

But I'm also into some other things
Like ice picks and piano strings
So bitch, I'm tryin' to get nickerage

Open up shop, cotton candy and liquorice, uh

[Incomprehensible]

Shoot 'em up now

[Incomprehensible]

Blaow, Spiggidy one, whippin' up on dat ass for nine-four

Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha

[Incomprehensible]

Shoot 'em up now

[Incomprehensible], byd-a-bye, bye

Blaow, they call me Spiggity one, Spiggity one

(Spiggity sp, sp, spiggity sp, sp, spit nigga)

Me bust a cap up in your ass with big black gun, byd-a-bye, bye

Chill man, me roll down the block with my nigga

[Incomprehensible]

Byd-a-bye, bye, Spiggidy one whippin' up on dat ass

Chill man, livin' in the city is a motherfuckin' task

What's a 7 0 7 on er, your trunk nigga? 5 10

4 1 5's?, yeah, that's four fifteens, if y'all bitches didn't know

Yeah, bitch, stupid ass hoes

Da, tha, tha, sing it with me

Da, tha, tha, da, tha, tha, ah, yeah

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