

Spice 1

"Das OK"

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f/ Rappin' 4-Tay

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(Chorus: Spice 1)

They tried to pull my playa card
But das OK
They actin' like they don't know us
But das OK
I done emptied out a whole clip
But das OK
I reload it
I done popped another ecstasy
But das OK
Some niggas love to hate
But das OK
I smOke the ounce of sticky green
Das OK
I reload it

(Rappin' 4-Tay)

I never knew you really comin' to this
You on my hitlist, snug as a bug in the rug yo I lift this
Snicthin', bitchin' gave you everything I could
And just to think we grew up in the hood
It's all bad, you the only one who knew where the dope
was stashed
Can't wait to see you motherfucker I'ma smOke your
ass
Wanna get the grain but the head to fetch ya
Payback is a mother motherfucker I bet'cha
You paid for the lock down subquantant facilities
saw the homies who got snitched on
I know you feelin' me

(Spice 1)

Chrome dubs, only showin' love for thugs
Finger fuckin' my fo'-five watchin' sparks from slugs
I'm a ill motherfucker, meanin' I'm sick in the game
I got the thug disease, Fetty Chico the name
When you can play in the Dirty Bay
but you better know how to swim (swim)

And get your ass ate the fuck up by the shark with the
brim

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(Spice 1)

Like gang writin' on the wall I'm x-ed the fuck out
Extra doubt, which niggas is next to check out?
I got a fo'-five, A AR and a couple of grenades
Twist ya ass up quick like french braids
It's the B-and-to-the-O-and-the-S-and-to-the-S
and-the-I-and-to-the-L-and-the-L-and-to-the-I
and-the-N-and-to-the-I, born to die
4-Tay we ain't playin', let 'em know how we ride
Startin' with him, what you niggas think it's a jOke?
I ain't Cheech and 4-Tay ain't Chong
but you gettin' smOKed

(Rappin' 4-Tay)

BLAOW!! How you like me now I'm on a rampage
Fully loaded Mack 11, black 12 gauge
Live fo', bustin' at a swift tempo
Tried to told ya, leave your ass and limbo
Remember those crutches left at the phone nigga
Now it's on nigga (CAUSE YOU A GONE NIGGA!!!)

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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(Rappin' 4-Tay)

Leave you hollow or with flash or die from the gun blast
They can't see me in the Beany or black ski mask
Body bags dumped in trash I'm like sideways
yellow tape on the scene to the slaughter on the
highway
My way or no way at all, it's like a pimp's ball
Thought I want it all, got a problem we can brawl
Cops bigger, did he figure he ready to war
BUCK! One, two, three niggas on the (floor)

(Spice 1)

Gang draw, echo three blocks and four
Heard the motherfuckin' blast like it was right next door
BOOM! Fall out nigga you though you was hit
Take a puff of the blunt say Mobb Life's the shit
You see a nigga smash off in R-Grey and a bLack Six
It's the Infamous F-a-Fetty Chico from the Bay bitch

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