

Spice 1

"Face of a Desperate Man"

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Smellin' stale fresh out the county jail coppers gave me
hell in a cell
But now its Mo' Murder to make mail
They thought my heart was playin' life at a different
pitch
But I stick to the scrip dump a snitch in a ditch
It's '94 I came to be fuckin' around
Paranoia of a jack so I'm quick to draw down
The only way I gets my mail is to be off in your ass
With a AK or a Uzi screamin', "Give me your cash
nigga"

So back to fuck on up
'Cause can't nobody stop this nigga to sellin' a D
That's raw and uncut fuckin' over fiends
Laughin' in their faces sellin' soap to niggas can die
any day
Niggas come showed off in them jacks G
Another homie eyes wide open dead in my backseat
We never thought that they would get him
My nigga was like a soldier we'd never knew that the
bullet hit him
Thought to myself was cocaine with my homie's life
He picked the crime 'Do or Die' now he pays the price
To look in struggle on his face with his Gat in his hand
My nigga died with the face of a desperate man

So we can tear this face, we can tear this face
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo

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Check motherfuckin' 1 check 1, 2
I gotta gets my mail thats what I gotta do
And don't nobody run up on me
'Cause Franklin and Grant is my only motherfuckin'
homie
I made a deal with the devil and sold my soul
Through about O.E. and fourteen-years old

Young hog ass nigga never ever saw
Got me a strap and learned not to shoot my brolls of
And all the youngsters sneakin' pass the bottle
Because the G's, pimps and hustlers was the
motherfuckin' role model

And every time we had a house party
Was just the chance for a nigga to see another nigga's
dead body
And nobody stayed around for sequels
'Cause the nigga that was bustin' was spreadin' bullets
around equal
Now they mobbin' I'm seein' sparks hearin' shots
Pistol's popped another motherfucker flopped
On the ass first up by the 44 flat line ambulance put
him in the door
Loud screams from his homies yellin' I'm a smoke 'em
Feelin' bad cause his partners on blood joke 'em a
touchin' scene
Niggas screamin' in the rain looked in his homeboys
face
His homie said his name now he'd be lookin' for that
nigga
With the Gat and ready for that re drum
With the face of a desperate man

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94 is gettin hot style nigga, I gotta watch my shit
Mug on my face nigga hound dog mean bitch
I'm muggin' every nigga that be walkin' by
Is it true can his hand be quicker than my eye
I'm wonderin' if I gotta pull out my steel
'Cause motherfuckers they can feel me they will look at
me real
So, flow to the motherfuckin' 4, if I have to let 'em know
Not to play me like a hoe 'cause I sticks to the G code
I unloads the clips and ease on down the road
1 and 1 Spice only I do my dirt about my motherfuckin'
lonely

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94, Spiggedy 1 with up on that ass, yeah
Mean muggin' every nigga that ride by
Face of a desperate man nigga, I got to gets mine
So if you try to take my shit
Quick to bust a cap in that ass
94 blow, formally like that

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