

Spice 1

"Give The 'g' A Gat"

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[Chorus: Spice 1]

Nik-nak paddy wack, give a G a gat
Whippin' up on that ass it's the 187 Fac
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[Spice 1]

Spiggity One whippin' up on that ass look what I got
that's quick to blast
Blowin' 'em up on they back as I sm-a-smash
Runnin' up and down the block with a fo'-five pistol up
in my lap
And niggas be comin' up short when I cap
And I leave they ass in a zipped up sack, player
So don't be steppin' to these g's
The Faculty got me bizzack we strim that with Uzi's
So what the fuck you wanna do?
Leave your ass in a motherfuckin' coma fool
Peelin' a cap back, Red Rum Fac as I jack these niggas
Niggas put your motherfuckin' fingers on a triggers
G-Nut, (whattup fool?) since your ready to blast (haha)
Pull out my your shit and put a cap in they ass nigga

[G-Nut]

Well it's the G-the-N-U-T, all you haters envy me
So check it, cause I'ma 'bout to wreck it for the ninety-
fo'
Roll a couple rhyme to get my crippin' up the par
Now when I cock the hammer bro I'm shootin' for the
stars
And I don't give a fuck who you be G
Cause whoever you are, it ain't no way in the world you
can be me
I'm comin' from the haystack, way back where they
grow, froze
Up or on the other that I wonder if the bowl knows that I
ducks this
Cause I loves this, one eight seven roughness
Yeah it's the Nut bitch the nappy that you stuck with
So Din Fin is you ready to blast? (Whattup my nigga?)
Slip in the clip and put a slug in that ass

[Din Fin]

If I don't grab that shit and poppin' who gon' pop first?
The nigga that'll make your face burst
Or worthless I can be packed up in the first side of my
hearse (comin' with
Dirt)
Cause I'm all alone and my clip ain't killin' the niggas
that jump
I pumps two sick of his side of his chest and dumpin'
him in a truck
No pistol blister fuckin' that nigga since I dump him a
realer ditch
Pullin' all my glock clockin' and unload clippin' when
that nigga twitch
Better wear a vest I'm aimin' at head and puttin' your
ass to rest
Pump test or Mack with a bigger gat that'll penetrate
your vest
Their naffy government causin' trouble when I'm
bubblin'
Smokin' bomb and kickin' it with my niggas on thai but
who be bubblin'
So Frank J if you ready to blast (you know the rules)
Load up your gat and bust a cap in that ass

[Frank J]

Frankly forty-seven for the nine-fo' fuckin' him up
Recruit when I rap like that with a funky rhyme flow
And if you can't feel me then just kill me for this weak
shit
Oh no, never that, ohh I finna freak this
So peep this corner risin' game I finna spit
And if you still can't feel me then I might have to spit a
zip

Cause niggas like me be breakin' a bitch
Rippin' and strivin' a person could of been much more
worse
Per man with the man even the man they live in a
hearse
Cause I would've murdered first
Livin' a fast life stickin' up tricks, kickin' at nigga's dolls
All those who oppose to the Fac they will be disposed
Openin' up your motherfuckin' chest with one of these
hollow tips
It'll be whistlin' Dixy to your ass when this hollow hit

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[187 Fac]

Here comes a nigga like the coolest out to get respect
and snappin' necks
Creepin' with the Tech a nigga known to leave a bloody
mess
The sickest motherfucker with the loadest clip
And ready to empty the clip into the hip of the nigga
talkin' shit
I gots to creep low and stay low and let these
motherfuckers know
When the Tech's? a nigga hates to see the murder
show
The figgity Fac is in the fuckin' house and that's the
fuckin' truth
Now tell me how it feels to be that one eighty seven
fuckin' proof
Sittin' on the roof with my Tech-Nine bustin' for my help
With so many shots in your ass I'll make the fuckin' clip
melt
[Spice 1] ([?]) (who?) since you ready to blast nigga
Get on the mic and put a cap in that ass)

[187 Fac]

I'm raisin' niggas up off they feet, six deep drivin' taxi
Never known for pushin' crack and re-askin' causin'
headaches in your
Family
Baggin' up my rocks makin' money, niggas can't fade
the 187 Faculty
We be pumpin' thug niggas extra clip, bill is fill to his
capacity
Makin' stacks of g's ain't no turnin' back
Sippin' on some new Con Jack I watch my old gat
Into beat you to retaliate you fucked
Suckin' up? from inside your fuckin' casket is your next
lunch
So hear the church bells jingle, I'm comin' out the gut
strapped
Raunchy black like the season [?]
With the blower burnin' gun smoke my self defence
And greedy grease and bloody feet will left the
evidence
It's pitiful, I'm smokin' on some wonderful shit
Gonna have you rollin' with your strap bustin' caps in
your vehicle
[?] act, representin' the haystack
Quick to fill my pockets with your cash and bust a cap in
that ass nigga

[Spice 1]

Hahahahaha, beeatch! You're just a thing of the past
Too many motherfuckin' caps in that ass nigga

[Chorus: Spice 1]

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