

Spice 1 "Gone With The Wind"

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Damn, standing here bring back a gang of memories,
man
Sitting on this old block
All the violence and drugs you know, I lived through it
Get this shit on, yeah nigga, you and them
motherfuckers
Rest in player pieces my niggas, blow

Innocent bystanders, be laying up in the streets
In the concrete jungle where real niggas, be packing
heat
Leaving your insides exposed to the witnesses walking
by
Here today and gone tomorrow, my nigga, we born to
die

Keep your eyes open partner, ain't no rules in this shit
My nigga died with three kids and a wife, ain't that a
bitch
I can't go clubbing because I'm thugging with some G's
for real
I see some niggas at the party, and I'm subject to kill

Keep my head over the water, Uzi in the stash
Niggas try to wet me up that's why I dumped on they
ass
I had a homey named Money, now, he's R.I.P
Niggas set him and killed him for some key's and G's

I don't know why the fuck they did it, niggas plotting
and scheming
That's why you can never be blind to a broke man's
dream
Because see I'm losing it. I can't take it, I miss my peers
Talk to my nigga, Makaveli, he been dead for two years

Episodes of divine intervention, invade my mind
Got me thinking, damn, I could've been dead, a couple
times
Killer pits and extra clips, around my bed, when I'm
sleep
Stash my Glock under my pillow, twenty gage by my

feet

Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
For my homies, dead and gone in the wind
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind

Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
Put the fire to the blunt, take a sip of the Hen
Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
All my homies, dead and gone with the wind
Gone with the wind

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Too many niggas smile in my face and back stab
I'm left throwing niggas in the trunk and kidnap
Thugging and loving bitches, obsessed with this mob
shit
Niggas thinking they moving and bailing out the cut
with the quickness

Suckers be blind to this real shit, we bring the pain
Bossalini, Fetty Chico, Shiznilti still in the game
Immortalized forever, having my homies, up in the
grave
Thinking back on, when I used to drank yac in my
younger days

Bust the twelve gage shotty, too young to buy liquor
Little bad ass niggas grew up to be mob figures
Living life on a razor, cars, money and bitches
Niggas plotting to kill us, coming in coupes and a
milli's

We go to war till they feel us, bury they ass on the
realest
Ohh, shove us in the path, so eliminate you for scrilla
Niggas dying on the front line
Spending most of they life, ducking the one time, no
sunshine

In the world of sin, from the gutter to the pen
Got me swimming in the game with a brim on my
shark's fin
Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
For my homies, dead and gone in the wind

Gone with the wind

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I ain't no bitch but if you bone me, I'm coming
Running double, trying to murder something
Eyes red and heart pumping
Serving niggas out the back of the Caddy

Hitting corners, ain't no love for you, snitch ass niggas
in California
Ducking suckers and shady bitches, scheming to gaffle
riches
Niggas living fictitious, running game and selling
fishes
Paranoia of surveillance vans, watching me close

Nigga propped up with dreams, died back in ninety
four
Suckers laid down my homie, I just had to get off
Can't be acting like no bitch nigga, because war is raw
They say nice guys finish last and the good die young

Too many real niggas put to death by the hand of the
gun
Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
On my homies, dead and gone in the wind
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind
Gone with the wind

Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
Put the fire to the blunt, take a sip of the Hen
Sitting on my old block, reminiscing again
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