

Spice 1

"Make Sure They Bleed"

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Spoken intro:

(smoking & coughing)

God damn!

This goes out to you bitch ass niggas speaking bad on the dead

This goes out to my nigga makaveli

I wanna say what's up to my nigga makaveli

Rest in playa pieces

Niggas die...daily

Verse 1:

Live the murderous lifestyle

Seeing niggas get smothered

With my foot in the grave and the other in the gutter

Bred being a drug dealer, natural born thug nigga

Ballin' with mob figures, soldiers and real killas

Tellin' my homies when we hit the weed

Avenge me if I die by my enemies

Make sure they bleed

Put their faces on the front page

Blow a nigga in his dome, close range with tha muthafuckin' 12 gauge

And tell 'em bossalini called the shots

Still lookin for them bitch ass niggas that murdered my homie pac

Locked up my nigga major pain

Cause they can't fuck with the realism that came from a niggas brain

You jealous muthafuckas still got me strapped

I be smokin' on chronic sacks with death knockin' at my back

I'm going crazy, seeing shit that ain't real

Drunk and shootin' at niggas that I done already killed

Chorus:

Trying to get to ghetto heaven cause I'm born to die
Hopin' the lord will see my reason when he asks me why

Trying to get to ghetto heaven cause I'm born to die
Hopin' the lord will see my reason when he asks me why

Make sure they bleed

Make sure they bleed
If I die by my enemies make sure they bleed

Verse 2:

Should they speak on a soldier when he dead
Cause when he's livin' all the drama you spittin get your
muthafuckin weed
Splittin
Get your money while you still on this earth
Born sinnin' from birth
Black hearses cursing the turf
Carrying dead bodies to the church
Ashes to dirt, niggas be restin' in playa pieces like
tutinkam (spelling's
Wrong)
Ain't no cowards in the game nigga, it's vietnam
Keep your killa partners with you but don't keep them
too close
Cause some niggas is magicians, turn your ass to a
ghost
And have you watch your body, lookin' at your corpse
full of holes
Cause some niggas appear to be friends and foes
Who really knows?
It's a fucked up world, niggas murder you while you
sleeping
And I'm waitin' to catch 'em creepin'
Bitch ass niggas get to die with their eyes open
The only real drama is two guns smokin'

Chorus

Verse 3:

Welcome back to the ghetto, niggas still infected with
thug disease
Felonies, 60 g's for 2 ki's
? ? ? we all around
When it comes to the root of the evil we all down
Thugs crying with tears made a cop ? ? ?
Lord, what about the guard of the pen in the gun tower
Is he going to hell for killin' niggas escapin'?
Or going crazy cause his freedoms takin'?
Born sinning, niggas dying with their nikes on
I'm bringing fear to my enemies, keep them sleeping
with their lights on
Witnessing death on the streets, muthafuckas be dying
daily
All the o.g. niggas giving game to thug babies
If them niggas catch you slipping than your ass is gone
Take your muthafucking head, ain't no vest for your
dome

Chorus

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