

Spice 1

"Mind of a Sick Nigga"

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(theyre all gonna laugh at you)
(theyre all gonna laugh at you)
(hahahahaha)
(theyre all gonna laugh at you)

Enter the mind of a sick nigga.
With bloody uzi clips,
Decapitated heads in baskets,
Closed caskets. murda on wax.
Nigga, thats what it's all about,
Thats what you bought the muthafuckin tape for.
Murda on wax.
Redrum. on wax.
Nigga, I said, redrum, on wax.

Gotta get my prozac fore I go back
And murda these muthafuckas
Jumpin up out yo bushes in front a yo house with a tech
nine
Leavin in yo spine a flurry a bullets
Its that killa s-p-i-c-e
A lot a these jealous muthafuckas they wanna murda
me
But they cant fuck with that giggedy-giggedy-gangsta
The nigga thats leavin they muthafuckin body parts in
dumpstas
Budda-bye-bye-bye feel them blood clot rastas
The niggaz who be out there slippin catch some
buckshots to them head
Pullin up four deep in an old school caddy
Fully auto-maddy
Empty the clip, niggaz like paddy
In the alley, niggaz domes they cap
Pistol whippin muthafuckas, got some blood on my
strap

(chorus)

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?
Them bloody bodies, face down in the dirty river
What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?
Redrum, professinal gravedigga

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?
Them bloody bodies, face down in them dirty river
What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?
187, professional gravedigga

Im bailin up out the cut and niggaz they don't know
what the fuck happened
Im laughin and blastin, rippin asses in half an
Street sweepin these niggaz up under the rug
Plug they ass, makin they hooptie blow up when they
crash
Zonin out that hash
Face down, back open, hopin they ain't no snitches
scopin
Witnesses witness they own smokin
See it ain't no joke and nothing funny
Bustin caps in yo ass like yosemite sam and bugs
bunny
They all see my comin and then they fled
Im shootin these niggaz off in the backa they head
Blowin off they legs
Talkin shit while they dyin
Fuckin off they high an
Hollow points keepin these niggaz cold bodies fryin
I ain't no stranger to this killin shit
You shoulda thought before you fucked with this nigga
you was dealin with
You see I mobs through the ghetto smokin hash blunts
Stalkin game in the streets I grew up in
And when the shit get funky I just get on up
And blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10,
bitch

Chorus

Youll be outta this muthafucka like ron goldman,
chopped the fuck up
Aint no nigga livin alive that survived
And had me caught up in some bullshit
Now who you tryin to fuck up in the hustle
This 20 gaugell ripple your ass up like a can a ruffles
Im tryin to bubble like johnson and johnson
With one in the chamber up an I load this strap with a
45 thompson
And we gon see if all that shit is true
Comin up out the bay, guaranteed to be 187 proof
You see my bustin with one hand up on my nutsac
Departin domes yellin out whos the muthafuckin mac
Its that red infa, nigga with a hot temper
I got your funeral date set up for next september
You gon be deader than livin presidents

'cause in a couple a secs your soul gon be checkin up
outta it's residence
Bodies stiff like christmas ornaments
Because the niggaz that a fuck with me bein mo funk
than parliment

Chorus

You see I mobs through the ghetto smokin hash blunts
Stalkin game in the streets I grew up in
And when the shit get funky I just get on up
And blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10,
bitch

Chorus

(nigga, what you thinkin bout?)

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