

Spice 1

"Money or Murder"

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Rollin' down the block smokin' endo
I got the glock and I'm headed for the liquor sto'
Rollin' up slowly, feelin' on my gold teeth
And one of these niggas said they know me

He looked kinda familiar
But nigga, don't step too close, I might kill ya
I couldn't really tell who he was
But I ain't really trippin', 'cause the dank got a nigga
buzzed

I hop out of my shit and lock the car do'
As I step into the store I'm starin' at some hard hoe
She said, 'Wassup?', like a nigga, to me
I walked to the back and fired up my doobie

Should I get St. Ides or Olde E?
Looked up, some niggas runnin' at me, 'bout 4 deep
Runnin' up on Spice 1 ain't wise
Whip a nigga ass with some St. Ides

Ran up out the liquor store, grabbed my gat and licked
a hoe
Now what they wanna start shittin' fo'?
Now if the bitch wasn't tough, I wouldn'ta have to hurt
her
But fuck that shit when it's money or murder

Money or murder
Money or murder

I smashed out the parkin' lot, hoes watched
As I shipped another bullet to this bitch's dock
I sailed off like a yacht
Now that's one nigga with a forty concussion and a
bitch popped

So what's next in this episode?
Fo' niggas hop up in a Cutlass and chase me down the
road
I hit 580 like the last time
And I'm gettin' kinda short on my gas line

Doin' 100 in my five-o
Buckshot shatter blast out my window
Now they think they got me
So I slow down with my finger on the glock, gee

Pulled up on the side
Shootin' at the nigga that I busted with the St. Ides
And since I couldn't lose, gee
I tried to run his ass off the road like the movies

And that's about the time that he's fucked
Shot him in the throat as he smashed into a back truck
Fucked
Now was it money or murder?

Money or murder
Money or murder

I'm in the cut, late night
Some niggas had a argument, a squab, but they didn't
fight
I'm watchin' niggas die over cocaine
Bullet to the brain, now he's fucked in the game

Some niggas don't know
He wanna pump my gas, but I think I seen a .44
I figured it's a jack, because instead
Of gas, he wanted to pump me full of lead

So now I need a murder plan
Reach under the seat with my left hand
He walked up lookin' funny at a nigga
I'm sittin' calm as fuck with my finger on a chrome
trigger

Nigga wanna see my blood waste
But little did he know he was fuckin' with a nut case
He tried to pull a .44
But soon as he reached I fucked him up with the car do'

I got out the car and stomped his ass, gee
He said, "Please, Spice 1, don't blast me"
Close your eyes and grip your dick
I shot him in the stomach and watched him scream like
a bitch

It ain't shit to watch a nigga gut splurter
When it's money or murder

Money or murder

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