

Spice 1

"Nobody Want Work"

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Bloooow!Bababababababaaaaaaaaaaaaa!Bababababababaaaaaaaaaaaaa
Babababababababaaaaaaaaaaaaa!Babababababababaaaaaaaaaaaaa!Come
again
Bababababababababaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Everybody wanna go to heaven, but don't nobody
wanna die
Life's too sweet to pass by
Lookin at the hourglass I
See how fast time fly
I keep a strong will to live
I be a ol' man with a lotta game to give
I'll make the kids to somethin more positive
Instead of bein like me
A thug or G
Tryin to stay up out the penitentiary
I got a whole army
Some R.I.P
Some stuck in a cell some out on bail
Some doin major fed time in jail
I'm lookin at the world with hungry eyes
Inner-city full of jealousy and lies
Hopin that the Lord'll hear my cries
Help a young black male rise
Enemies pose as friends
Player never know when his life'll end
Can't trust too many
Came across the game
Walk with my head down in the rain
Think about greed
Some disease
Cause everybody rise still gettin cheese
Some think about the pain
That they inflict
And some don't think just stack the chips

Everyone want to go to heaven
But nobody want to die(nobody want to die)
Everyone want a million dollar
But nobody want work(nobody want work)
Everyone want to go to heaven
But nobody want to die(nobody want to die)

Everyone want a million dollar
But nobody want work(nobody want work)

Everybody want a million
More jails less schools for the children
Invest in a penitentiary
Makin money off niggas like you and me
My God it's the turn of the century
I wonder what the game got in store for me
Will it be
A lotta seeds
My G's be free
Or be six feet deep on the day of release
I can't stand it
Lost in the game again
Will I win
Nobody knows in the end
I keep strugglin
Pullin on the game of life
Try to stand on my toes up on the edge of knife
And wakin up from the nightmares
Who cares
God I heard death comin up the stairs
I got the past still hauntin me
Still knowin how my enemies want me
You never know when it's time to go
The blind lead the blind
If you don't know the game
Get left behind
No love
Hold up what you thinkin of
Youngsters on the corner
Goin dub for dub
You can't tell em
Cause ain't nobody payin em mo'
Lost in the thug life gone fo sho'
Too many young playaz six feet in the flo'
As another one goes as modern-day hero

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To other rappers that rose out the concrete
Stay strong have faith in god
It won't be too long

Hold on
Never lose faith and dreams
Watch the next
People they connive a scheme
A cold world
Ghetto kids born to die
Some fall in the game without a chance to fly
In too deep
Can't escape the drama
Too much drama for a young playa
Young timer
Pushed in the game at the age of twelve
Hangin on the block all all about the mail
It's hard livin
Somebody gotta lace the young
Before they get enough rope to leave theyself hung
Hardcore, livin in the projects
Hustlas schemin for the profit
Mo cash
Comes in and goes fast
Toe-tags dead homies in body bags
Where it stops
Nobody knows I'm paranoid
Is these enemies or foes
Can't call it
Sleep with a open eye
This world'll make you laugh it'll make you cry
Stay real
Keep a strong mind and strive
Cause what it boils down to is stayin alive
Nigga strugglin
Keep your eye on the game
And never stay the same
Things always change

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