

# Spice 1

## "Recognize Game"

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Well alright, Spice 1 in the hiddouse  
And Short Dawgs in the house, bitch  
With the L.A. Players, soldiers to the game you know?  
Yeah  
Peep Game fool, Ant Banks at the crack house  
Ha ha ha, better recognize Game when it's in your  
face, bitch

It's obvious mad cash got me gassed  
Shark tanks and views millionaire cruise buying cars in  
twos  
Never lose, my motto since birth  
Double up knots and crack spots  
Snitches lead out by silence gun shots

Map the area I wanted to, cut the fuckin' cops a deal  
If they don't kneel, they get peeled  
Bitches recognize, I never have no drama with death  
Bustas always try I leavin' 'em gagging spittin' up flem

Take a pen, make a mil and if this shit don't sell  
I still got the street powder back to flippin' flower  
South Central nigga what? The representer  
Damn, your girl seen me comin' and ran

Young enough to be my daughter  
My posse use to flip her like a quarter  
To state to my man for man slaughter  
Caught her in the stairway took her out the fairway  
Trunked the punk bitch, that's fair play

You've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby  
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face  
Well, alright ch'all, ha ha ha

You think the town rid of Short?  
You must be crazy, that silly shit you talkin' just don't  
faze me  
I could make a phone call and just like that  
A bunch of niggas from Oakland, all on your back

I've never been a shot caller just a nigga in a crew

They call me Too Short but I'm still bigger than you,  
bitch  
I been around, you can take a turn but don't get burned  
I've seen the tables turn

Marks turn into killers, rich niggas go broke  
Used to be a wanna but now, I'm old school Short  
In the game never had the stacks since age 14  
I been spittin' these raps soakin' up the game up

And even when I came up, I fucked with same folks  
Still did the same stuff, bitch Short Dawgs in the house  
I know you want my dick 'cause it's all in your mouth

You've got the gangstas that I have tangled, baby  
Bitch recognize game when it's in your face  
Well, alright ch'all, ha ha ha

Picture the game as a quarter toss it up in the air  
Heads or tails, win or lose, broke niggas are players  
Picture the game as a quarter toss it up in the air  
Heads or tails, win or lose, broke niggas are players

Say what up to the S P crooked I C E  
Ra rolling with the strap on the side of me  
Potna don't get it twisted up, I got hollow tips, extended  
clips  
Major chips lookin' at Eclipse Jacussi dips

Niggas step back, I don't know you, don't get to close  
to me  
Some niggas ain't really the motherfucker they  
suppose to be  
Cloud killers don't aim until you shoot in the air  
Better put it down and break some hoes off like a true  
player

Phoney as three dollar bills niggas ain't recognizin'  
Fell in the relapse besides, I'm a trauma, a nigga  
Look in the eyes and when you see me, I be hardcore  
What the fuck a real nigga gotta lie to kick it for?

I'm tired of these bubblegum ass niggas  
Throwin' monkey wrenches into the game  
And all the players and pimps feel my pain  
Hustlers maintainin' riches and keepin' presidentals  
Not artificial with fishin', niggas know I'm packin'  
missiles

Get me two Bentleys, some houses, Johnson jet skis  
Ballin' till I die, nigga, don't fuck with S P I

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