

# Spice 1

## "Rip"

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Yeah, whassup?  
RIP, shout out to my dead partners

My nigga went crazy, he's trapped in a cell  
He chopped off his fingers and sent them back in the mail  
If life is a bitch, I'll pimp it just like a hoe  
I make all my money from slangin' ounces of coke

I shot up a bitch 'cuz she was fiend  
She's spreadin' information, tryin' to run off with my ring  
I'm livin' in fear, motherfuckers wanna jack when  
A 187 nigga's best friend is a Mack 10

Niggas be rollin' up on me and loadin' the clip and say  
I'm slippin'  
But I'm in a fucked up state of mind and I'm packin a  
nine and I'm not trippin'  
'Cause I'm strapped, thinkin' about my nigga, took out  
in the game  
RIP, plan B, Jessie was his name  
So, rest in peace, peace my nigga RIP

RIP, RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
Yeah, whassup Clean?

I ain't forgot about you homie  
Johnny B whassup Clay?  
I ain't forgot about you either  
Hope y'all tear this thang knah! I'm sayin'?  
Big Dave, Jr, Six-O-Mobb, yeah

When I was young, I had the lust to pull the trigger  
So, I know how it feels to shoot another nigga  
Take one of mine, I'll take ten of yours  
You call up your posse, I'll call up my boys

The funk, it was jumpin' but why should it jump?  
Niggas with Uzi's and hella niggas with pumps

Ready to spray, do a nigga up proper  
Did my boy in good, chopped him up with the chopper

See some more from the North, Johnny B from the crew  
Seen a nigga get blasted his bloody foot in his shoe  
The bag, the body, the body, the bag  
From forties to funerals, from chronic to zag's

I'm rollin' up one for niggas that died  
I go out to forty and hit the strip in my ride  
And let down the top 'cause my top drop  
Handle my glock, in case I gotta pop

RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
Yeah

Fool, whatta you know about my partners Mark Crowser  
?  
Y'all know nothin' about Erick Ason  
Y'all know nothin' about Big Round Sink knahl'm sayin'?  
O.G.'s they got much love, Marcus Raine

My nigga had bomb, we called him Big Dave  
Six slugs in the chest put my boy in the grave  
I went to his house to get me a sack  
His brother stood on the porch and told me the facts

Strange how it happened, he went out for a night  
Strange car drove up, that's when the pistols went pop  
Should I pull on the trigger and we bell on these  
niggas?  
Should I roll up the Endo, hit, throw up drunk offa  
liquor?

My memorials of my dead niggas on the wall  
And when I die, I know I'm dyin' with a bullet y'all  
But the nigga that take me out, he better have the clout  
Because my niggas gonna chop your bloody body  
route

You know this nigga ain't afraid to die  
Just write my name on the wall, gangsta S P I  
C E [Unverified] RIP, rest in peace, nigga

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