

Spice 1

"Runnin92 out da crackhouse"

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Verse 1:

My old school homey took a fall

His blood hit the mutha fuckin wall

Ran to the trunk and got the AK cause the funk was on

It felt like Christmas Day

I got a present and it come with a banana clip

Santa Claus mutha fucka meet the hollow tip

But let me get to the trunk so they fucked up

Now I'm 'bout to explode niggas suckin chrome up

Kick down the door and started spraying

My nigga on the ground eyes wide open dead layin

Busted a nigga in the back rat-a-tat-tat

His blood hit the floor first, I heard his back crack

Sounds of a mutha fuckin murder the ghetto got me
insane

to my damn brain

Never leavin the house without my glock nine

You can't stop crime, so I'ma cock mine

The other nigga had a baby mack, and he was off the
crack

He shot and missed and I shot back

But we both hit the floor, what the fuck for

I caught a bullet up in my chest and I didn't know

But the bulletproof vest was on G

so I kept buckin at his ass like a donkey

And when I tried to run and get out the pig put the
glock to my mouth

As I was...

Chorus:

Runnin out da crackhouse out da crackhouse

(repeat 3X , 4th = runnin out da mutha fuckin
crackhouse)

Verse 2:

Cop had his finger on the mutha fuckin trigga

Screamin some shit about a barbecued nigga

I had a pocket full of 'cane and a bloody gat

I went insane when they blasted my cutty mack

He was my potna lackin (?????)

But I don't think he'll be alive for too much long

I dropped the glock with a puzzeled look on my face

cuz now I'm stuck with the dope and fuckin murder
case

they threw me in the car and told me they that wanted
a cut

and if I try to get away a mother fucka stuck

excuse me officer but you can suck a nigga dick

he looked me in the eye and told his potna get the bitch

slobberin at the mouth, mutha fuckin K-9

put it in my face told me not to waste time

What's my name? Spice mutha fuckin ace

yelled fuck the pig, spit a loogey in his face

he let that goddamn K-9 go

me and that bitch had it out on the floor

it went on for five minutes or less, teeth marks on my
mutha fuckin

neck and chest

he took me down to the county, I'm seein' pictures of
my niggas on the

wall for the bounty

I walked in with blood on my pants and niggas lookin at
me like a black

Charles Manson

and I still had dope in my mouth cuz I'm fresh out da
crackhouse, out

da crackhouse

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