

Spice 1

"Runnin?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 f... A, A! f... out 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 f... A, A° stop crime, so I f... A, A! a
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 f...
A, A° 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 100 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 puzzled look on my face
'cause 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 'cause I'm
fresh out da crackhouse, out
da crackhouse

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