

Spice 1

"Tha Thug in Me"

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Intro:

Yeah, I heard niggaz out here talking major shit you dig
But ain't no motherfucker step to me and said "spice you a punk"
Cause you know I whup his motherfuckin ass

Chorus:

Niggas be muggin me, don't show no love for me
Don't playa hate me love tha thug in me
Now when I walk on by, niggaz be muggin me
Don't playa hate me love tha thug in me

Now if your hoe come knockin at my door, she
Must want a thug ass nigga for sure
Cause it's the young playa spiz-ice and I be stacking my paper
24 motherfuckin 7, a nigga havin it major
Now we can do this like playas
Or we can hop into some gangsta shit
Niggas be tryin to clown, when your bailin with your bitch
I almost fell, gettin up out the car but see
I had to pistol whip the nigga because he knows who we are
We the niggas with the lex's, rolexes laced up with diamonds
Timer, timer, baller, baller
She fucked with the shot caller now
Didn't need no scrilla to get her, she want a thug nigga
Poppin collars, and at the same time clockin dollars
Real as they come I got soldiers ready to rob at night
And when a nigga goes to your jar you don't attempt to fight
You playa hate daily, talkin the shit on the ace
But you a bitch cause you never talk the shit to my face

Chorus 2x

I put the pedal to the metal and uh jump the chevy

Heavy in the game
But about four five different ghetto names
I can't be tamed I'm a g to my heart
I can't be changed I've been breaking these niggaz
down from the start
I'm hearing shit up in the streets man, niggaz is crazy
I've been serving them dope fiends on that block
Since you was babies
And the world is yours, nigga you can have it all
But if you talk bad on this g ass nigga you'll take a fall,
blaaaow
How many hoes want a nigga that get his ass kicked
Car took, whupped and jacked ain't got no get back
I ain't the type to let no nigga jack me
Baby we cool if they run up on the caddy

Chorus 2x

I'm off the hennessy, when it's me she's callin right
back
I'm up in the benzo on the mobile spittin the game off
the yack
I'm strapped with two blacks, 'cause I ain't the baller
Who be out there slippin
She understands niggaz be playa hatin so she ain't
trippin
Saggy pants g-braids but nigga still out to get paid
I'm keepin my mind up on my money and all my money
is made
Shadetree niggaz be tryin to get in my mix
Conflicts, 40 caliber cliques when I be burying tricks
She seen me knock niggaz out now I do walkbys
Now I put faulty ass niggas between them chalk lines
See everybody be lookin when I be bailin, trailin indo
smoke
See it ain't nothing but the smooth sailin
And now I kick back and enjoy my riches on a sunny
day
But sucka ass niggaz be all up in my way
You're secure don't you worry bout a thang
I got these two twin glocks and when they cocked this is
what they say

Chorus 2x

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