

## Spice 1

# "Thug World"

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[Verse 1: Spice 1]

I'm platinum while I'm gattin, now that finger's shining  
It's nothin to a boss to bust wit cut diamonds  
I'ma dig it, ya fiend for the verbals, I came to spit it  
Big boss like a 500 Benz to a honda civic  
Comin wit it, hit it, as soon as I finished, they say he  
shitted  
Lit it up and kept the slug from the jumps, fuck a critic  
Y'all opinion is like a asshole, I stick my uzi in it  
Windows tinted, Took a stop at the corner for some  
business  
I'ma take 7 suckas, Put 'em in a line  
And add 7 more suckas, Who think they can time  
I'ma take 7 more, Before I go for mine  
Now that's 21 suckas slumped at the same time  
Ain't no haters in here and it's leather wood on the  
steering  
We ain't trippin, Stash spot heat in the ceiling  
1, 2, 3, 4 TV's and 23's  
You can barely see the tides, It's the chrome when it  
gleams  
In my thug world

[Chorus]

You can get it, you can kick it, in my thug world  
Hustlin and ballin till the sun go down, thug world  
You can get it, you can kick it, in my thug world  
Ballin and hustlin till the sun go down, thug world

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

Skis, Spread out in the glass house  
Skate through the streets like ice  
Skates in the 68, Town rob skate  
Rob skate, Bounce break, Bounce make the earth  
quake  
I'ma show you niggaz bout a real g, Nigga  
Most g niggaz, It's still me, Nigga  
Bitches all around this motherfucker  
Don't make me have to clown this motherfucker  
You betta sit down in this motherfucker  
Cause this is my thug world, Gangsta paradise

I'm all hood, Nigga, I'm all ice  
No matter what you said, I done said it twice  
No matter what you said, I done said it twice  
Cooked on like rice, Surround like vice  
Kurupt motherfucker, And the bitch is a broad  
Even dick psychic bitches like deon ward  
Thug world

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Spice 1]

I keep 3 bitches wit me: Ross, Crystal, And Mary jane  
Mary jane, Mary jane, You know you're my everything  
Smoke a pound back to back to back like the lakers  
It's nothin like a motherfuckin old school player  
Like the NFL, But I don't rush the quarterback  
I'll rush the whole thing back and I'll pick up another  
slack  
Mo chips than mandalay, Rippin representin the bay  
But baby keep givin me the eye like everyday  
Eyes like brown and skin tone coffee  
I'm sippin hennessy, Gettin drunker than nick nolte  
Straight so-soldiers, Drunk not sober  
Sh-shoot you in ya chest, Let ya wind free like oprah  
Green ones break down, We ain't fuckin wit charlie  
brown  
We ain't rappin for peanuts, We want the meal tickets  
now  
Narcoleptic, Sleepin disorder, Retrospective  
Some niggaz try to ball in the game and got  
intercepted  
We do it from dusk till dawn like tarantino  
Hustlin till the sun wake up, The bambino  
In my thug world

[Chorus]

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