

Spice 1

"Trigga Happy"

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Heh heh
Yeah, goddamn it?s that old gangsta shit right there
boy
Goddamn shit, heh heh

This is Dope Fiend Willy from the last muthafuckin'
record
I want the ten piece, hey I got me some
Now I don?t give a fuck but uh huh, yeah you all
Ain?t gonna know nothin 'bout this O.G. shit
Unless you start knowin' somethin' about Uzi?s and shit
So uh?

Now this 380 was a bitch who used to ho' up on my
block
She lived on Smith-N-Wesson with that pimp, Mr. Glock
Now Glock had many bitches, he sold pussy by the
pound
And bitches jocked his trigga every time he came
around
Big baller, big game shooter
Until he met that crazy muthafucka, Mr. Ruger

Now Ruger was a pimp too, he had his own hoes
Mrs. Hollow Tip and Neener who wore ho?ish clothes
G-string up the ass with the big fat clitoris
Drinkin that Colt 45 cuz she?s a gangsta bitch
I love my neener and my neener loves me
Muthafucka?s think I?m crazy cuz I?m trigga happy

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Heh heh, well goddamn Smith-N-Wesson
Heh heh heh, I got me a colt 45 back at the
muthafuckin' house
Heh heh, yeah, I?m ready to do somethin?
With one of these little ol? young muthafucka?s

Heh heh yeah, but I think maybe a ol? ten piece

Hook me up, muthafucka, I know you got that shit
Yeah muthafuckin Dope Fiend Willie in the house
Don?t give a fuck about no nigga, heh muthafucka shit

Mr. Snubnose slangin the yay out the bullet shed
And Mrs. Mossberg blowin up his [unverified]
And the shit, it don?t be gettin' no better
You gotta watch for that crooked ass cop Officer
Beretta
Put your ass in a sling, check out that skinny ass bitch
deuce deuce

Thinking she miss thing and Mr. Technine lookin' for
some convo
And he jammed and stuttered when he could had a
hoe
But he still knockin' boots from hell to heaven
Nigga got a page about three feety seven gettin' paid
for the cot
So now he got a deal with that bitch?s pimp Mr. Glock

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Yeah yeah I like that new shit boy
Yeah heh heh trigga happy, trigga happy heh trigga
happy, nigga
Yeah I like that shit, I?m 'bout to go over here
And talk to these girls over here damn, baby what you
got on and shit?

Now every nigga?s wavin' peace to the nine
Cuz glock hit the block in a jeep drinkin' cheap wine
With his nigga AK drug kingpin gotta find Mr. Technine
do his ass in
Niggas plottin' hits plottin' schemes but Mr. Technine?s
got an AR-15
An O.G. nigga from the hood got his cash on rollin' fly
brooms
Smokin' chronic to the fuckin' dome

And Mr. Glock got the word from his people
Mr. Technine?s havin a party at The Desert Eagle
So right in front of the club when he checked his
beeper
Technine blasted his ass with the street sweeper

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga
Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Trigga happy, trigga happy, trigga happy, nigga

Goddamn shit fuck y'all and your folks got these days

That old chronic shit look at that!

Goddamn boy, let me get another hit of that shit

goddamn

You ol? trigga happy muthafuckin' youth

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