

# Spice 1

## "U Can't Fade Me"

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Drop a old school beat

Now the taste of Crystal is fillin' up my bladder  
What's the time on the Rolie? It don't matter  
Had a pocket full of phone numbers I was tryin' to sort  
To make a long story short

Ran into this girl named Sally  
Knew her from the backseat of my homeboy's Navi  
She said what's up, yeah, what's the deal?  
Check the nappy weave, of course it ain't real

Then I looked down, she was fat in the front  
I asked how long, she said, "About 6 months"  
"Oh, how time flies when you're havin' fun"  
She said, "Yeah, but the damage is done"

"Where you been?", "On a little vacation"  
"Oh, by the way, congratulations, who's the lucky  
man?"  
She said, "I got him on file"  
Then she said, "It's Spice 1", and smiled

I dropped my stout, then everything went blank  
"Had a baby by you, the neighborhood skank?"  
She said, "Yeah, don't you remember that day?"  
I thought back and tried to calculate

Then I said, "Damn, are you sure it's mine?  
My homies did the soultrain on ya plenty of times"  
She said, "That day, nah, I went whorin' and your ass is  
mine"  
That's when the sweat started pourin'

'Cause all I seen was Spice 1 up in court  
Paying a gang on child support  
Then I thought deep about givin' up the fetti  
What I need to do is kick the bitch in the belly

Nah, 'cause then I'd really be faded  
That's murder one 'cause it was premeditated  
What should I do, kidnap the bitch and flee?

How many months left? Damn, only 3  
I'm gettin' faded

Goddamn, what the fuck I done got myself into?  
This shit is dense  
(Damn, I'm gettin' faded)

Muthafuckas tryin' to take my driver's license and shit  
(Bitch, you can't fade me)

This bitch got a grip on my muthafuckin' nuts, mayn  
(Damn, I'm gettin' faded)  
But you know what? I ain't finna go out

It's crazy, because before I could sleep with her  
I had to duck and dodge and try to creep with her  
See, the booty in the front was all in place  
But the girl had a pit bull face

So I ran, jumped, drove, swam, crawled, hid  
Oh Lord, God forbid  
The homies see me at the hotel  
'Cause I know they would love to just go tell

Everybody in the hood that knows you're nasty  
Elbows and knees and feet was hella ashy  
So hold the big fat butt steady  
'Cause yo, bitch, I got the three rubbers ready

She started gruntin' and squealin' like a wild boar  
I hit the ass from Cali to Singapore  
I dropped her off, man and now I'm knowin'  
That I'ma hate myself in the mornin'

I got drunk to help me forget  
Damn, another day, another hit  
Shit, I'm gettin' faded

No cigars, nigga  
(Damn, you can't fade me)  
You better fire up a muthafuckin' blunt and get some  
hen dog

9 months later she's ready to drop the load  
And all the partners in the hood already know  
That it's 'posed to be mine and they laughin' at me  
You know Spice 1 can't be havin' that G

Thinkin' to myself, why did I bang her?  
Now I'm in the closet lookin' for the hanger  
Kaos, Vic Rock and [Incomprehensible] won't let up

They won't shut up, I'm gettin' fed up

'Cause I know, you're tryin' to break me  
And if I find out you're tryin' to fade me  
I'ma clock yo' ass with my shoe  
Beat you down and leave a crown or two

That night she went into labor  
And the shit is gettin' kinda major  
The baby came out, damn, it was a lifesaver  
Lookin' like my next door neighbor

She said it was mine, that was her best guess  
But let's check the results of the blood test  
I started smilin', yeah, 'cause it read negative  
Damn, why did I let her live?

After that I shoulda got the gat  
And bust and rushed and illed and peeled the cap  
But no, I just told the hoe who laid me  
"Excuse me, bitch, it's a switch, you can't fade me"

Nah, bitch, it ain't even finna go down like that  
A nigga like me ain't finna go for the okey doke  
(The bitch tryin' to fade me)  
The bitch out here thinkin' she get a muthafucka for his  
cash and shit  
Playin' a muthafucka for some type of bitch ass nigga

But you know what? Before I go for the okey doke, hoe  
(You can't fade me)  
I'ma let the pistol smoke and that's real  
(The bitch tryin' to fade)

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