

Spice 1

"Why You Wanna Funk"

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[Intro: some dred woman]

Dere's no time for dem future
Come short wit me 9 millimeter
Body beater, doesn't pick up
Fully automatic collar point beater, uhh
[Repeat]

[Verse 1: Spice 1, E-40]

Another whole fuckin clip and break down a nigga
body, don't
Think I'm bad, no boxin and no karate
Just a down ass nigga that you think you know
But you don't know is that I like to see you die real slow
So pull that motherfucker out and you'll be buried
somewhere
S-P-I-C-E-1 of niggas' worst nightmare
I set the game from the killers I knew back in the past
And I'm tellin you if you fuck with me it's a slug for your
ass

Ain't no more pilin up your faeces
Cos niggas be actin like bitches
Pull a strap and don't use it, nigga that ain't smart
I know some niggas that'll take that kind of shit to heart
Like me, bring it back e'rybody die
Spread fireworks make it look just like the 4th July
Have a sit, leave it laminated on the shelf
Even though I'd rather do the shit by myself

[Chorus:]

Why you wanna funk when you ain't gotta chance
Don't make me have to make that call, aah-aah
Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants
When you know you ain't gon' shoot at all, no no

[Verse 2: D-Shot, B-Legit, Suga-T]

Things are kinda cruel on the streets

Shit, ain't nobody really tried to fake me
But it seems nobody wants to fuck with me
Why is that? I had no son enemies
I got rid of every last motherfucker
For the simple fact I can't trust a
Nathan in this motherfuckin outfit
You come my way so ya have to die bitch

I make em lay down, I gotta playground full of
hardhead

Beanie-capped, triple fag goose wearin
Wanna catch me loose starin at a barrel
Chances get narrow when I'm maskless, bearin thangs
set to blast this
Enemy provider, fool I'm a ridah wit a driver
Keep the Uzi click switched on saliva
Neither you or crew that you pumpin
Wanna see the Big Dogg about nuttin

Flow-a-matic automatic nigga to my 9
Paper chasin, I'm heavy on the mine
Every now and then a nut feels a bit dainty
Hoes by the dozens they really can't stand me
Swing my way you get your dome sprayed
[?] [?] fucked around and became my best friend
Every now and then I yell "Get the urge to floggy!"
Like every now and then I yell "Call my daddy 'Boss'!"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: E-40, Spice 1]

Eminate 'money over hoes', mistood a man named
[?]"Xena spokes and
Vogues"[?]
Go on a rampage, beanie, smokes and clothes
Drunk as a funk, Wild Irish Rose
Graveyard don't track, nigga might as well
Put in some overtime, make that scrilla, get some el
Late night, greedy gut, major clientel
Money-hungry, same draw, same rapper will

Blaow! Biddy-bye-bye-bye-bye S-P-I-I-I-I-I
Love to do a d-d-d-drive-b-b-by
Reach out, reach out and touch a motherfucker
With my nickel plated chrome, have you foamin at the
mouth
When I fill your ass to the rim like brim
I got slugs for you, one for you and one for all of them
How could you play me like a bitch, I ain't no sucker

I put slugs in nigga's arms, chests, legs motherfucker

[Chorus]

Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants

When you know that you ain't gon' shoot

[Repeat]

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