

Spice 1

"You Can Get The Gat for That"

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Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
I don't give a fuck, I'm just a nigga stayin' high
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause these playin' hatin' niggaz wanna jack me for
my rizzide

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
Just a young nigga and I wanna my cash on
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause if shit'll get too funky I might have to get my
blast on

It goes one for the treble, two for the funk
Time to get my motherfuckin' 12 gauge pump
I blast off like N.A.S.A, as I rolls right past ya
Bust a couple a caps and leave ya ghost like Casper

I peels caps like bad, comes wicked like Iz
They make me hollow tipped and then they seal it with
a kizz
For them bootsie motherfuckers that be ridin' around
Hidin' around the corner, tryin' to get a motherfucker
down

Wearin' his Adams apple like a fuckin' snapple
Dismantle motherfuckers and hear they bodies crackle
Laugh like a jackal as I tackle they ass
With a fury of them buckshots, crackin' they mask

Kinda skip the drama, puts bodies in freezers like
Jeffrey Dahmer
You can get the gat for that kidnap your mama
The big mack from the Itty-Bitty city
Niggaz actin' shitty so I licks 'em with my nitty

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So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause these playin' hatin' niggaz wanna jack me for
my rizzide

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
I'm just a young nigga and I'm tryin' to get my cash on
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause if shit'll get too funky I might have to get my
blast on

Stick that nigga, I told my DJ Xtra Large
As we pull some niggaz car up out his own garage
I stack them niggaz up in them hearses like a can a
sardines
Two thousand dollars a body, I'm for hire if you got the
green

Ya got the mad buy, my millimeter to say
187, comin' wicked leavin' black much day

I don't be fuckin' with them niggaz who be shady and
shit
Better stock that grip and an extra clip and a bottle a
Hindu to sip on
Trip on this nigga that's leavin' 'em dead in the alley
What's your murder penal code? 781 here in Cali

Red rum, we hit'cha and we give ya some
See mosta these niggaz up in my set, we bustin' dum-
dums
My Uzi eats 'em up and spits 'em out, fuck a title bout
I'm pullin' my gat up out a fist fight with out a doubt

'Cause I ain't playin', fightin' is fuckin' around
I'd rather bust and leave your ass six feet up under
ground

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
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So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause playin' hatin' niggaz wanna jack me for my
rizzide

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
I'm just a young nigga and I wanna get my cash on
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
'Cause if shit'll get too funky I might have to get my
blast on

Yeah, it's the G-Motherfuckin' Nizzo, that nappy
headed nigga
They got me lookin' up over my shoulder now man
I gotta a strap, I ain't be shady, playa hataz hate me
Bitches snitchin', heh, it really ain't the same

But um, Spice told me once
Him and DJ Xtra Large, they told me
That I can get the strap for this
And that I can get the strap for that
And that's what the fuck I'm gone do
I'm out this bitch man

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