

# Spice 1

## "You Done Fucked Up"

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You fat ass pudgy muthafucka  
Yeah, what's up now nigga? You ain't no muthafuckin'  
[Incomprehensible]

How you gon' start some shit with the shit starter?  
Knew you was a bitch first time I saw ya  
Walkin' around sucking on everybody dick  
Trying to get a deal but your record sound straight like  
shit

You was lucky to be signed with Jive  
They dropped your ass when your record stopped at  
one-thirty-five  
So next time you come at me nigga, best come clean  
Have ya ass using blood for Listerine

So Mister CB-4 plastic gangsta ass nigga  
Heard you wanna squab with the clip and the trigga  
Gangsta murderer, gangsta villain gangsta killa  
I loc up and put a slug in ya nigga, what  
Bootsie as fuck and don't nobody record company  
want ya

You know, you done fucked up, don't you?  
You know, you done fucked up, don't you?  
You know, you done fucked up, don't you?  
You know, you done fucked up, don't you?

Run nigga, run, you can run nigga run but I'mma catch  
ya, you know  
I had to gat ya, leave your body stiff like a statue, wet  
ya, get ya, hit ya  
Bitcha split your ass down the middle like a swisha  
Sweet ass nigga talkin' shit, I'll shake your ass like a  
pit, yeah

I'm in love with this rap shit, it's all good  
But bring your ass down to Spiggity One neighborhood  
Like Messy Marvin leave a mess  
As my AK chop that beef off yo muthafuckin' chest  
Bootsie as fuck and don't nobody record label want ya

You know, you done fucked up, don't you?  
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You gon' be wearin' ya ass for a hat  
'Cause I'mma shoot ya dick out yo ass crack  
Nigga, ya fuckin' with tha straight up gangsta mack  
Piggity muthafuckin' pop, pop, pop  
Keep talking that punk ass shit and you won't live to see  
yo album drop

All ya songs is rinky dinky  
Just a fat ass nigga, who had one too many twinkies  
And I'mma watch that belly explode  
When I catch you in the street, unload the four-five and  
reload

Bend over and the hoes will laugh  
'Cause you show a big fat stanky crack in that ass  
Bootsie as fuck and don't nobody record company  
want ya  
You know, you done fucked up, don't you?

Listen here you little bitch made muthafucka  
I'm gonna ask you some simple questions  
And I want some simple motherfuckin' answers  
Now you said you was a Jive artist, is that true?  
(Well man)

Yeah, I was a Jive artist you know, and  
I, I was signed to them, but uh, uh  
Is you or ain't you a Jive artist?  
I know, you know, I don't really don't know  
I, I was, I am one, yeah

Well motherfucker let me ask you this here  
Like I said simple questions, simple answers  
Now you said you sold five-hundred thousand units  
I sold, I sold somethin' like that you know

Five-hundred?  
No, I  
Four-hundred thousand?  
Some

Two-hundred thousand?  
A little bit  
One-hundred thousand?

A little bit more than that, man  
You know what I mean, talkin' that shit

You know, you done fucked up, don't you?

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