

Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G

"1-800-Spice"

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[Ant Banks]

(*burp*)

Aw shit

One of them fake-ass answer machines again

1-800-fake-ass-answer-machine

(*dial tone*)

[VERSE 1: Spice 1]

Mi-ni-mi pickin up da phone to hear da ring-a-ding-ling-a

Mi hope ya not a cop, cause mi be slingin dem things-a

Da niggas up on mi block, dey got much love for da game-a

Jah man, just put your hands up if you slingin da caine-a

Mi got to get mi props, if it snow, shine or rain-a

Mi pockets got di bumps cause mi so sick in da game-a

Gafflin muthafuckas, sellin em rocks on da streets-a

Ya want your money back, ya got to meet millimeter

Mi maxin up on the block with dis nigga from the Fac-a

Mi gots mi cellular phone, in the bushes was mi gat-a

Ya can't fuck with mi posse cause mi posse be strapped

Ya want your ganja, Xtra Large'll you a fat 20 sack-a

The 187, the Faculty is back up in the house-a

So roll up da canibus and put it up in your mouth-a

Geah man

[Ant Banks]

Ha-ha

Yeah, you tight with all that gangsta shit, partner, right?

But I heard you ain't the nigga you claim to be, right?

You one of them studio gangsta muthafuckas

So what's up with that, nigga?

[VERSE 2: Spice 1]

Giggagiggada-gangsta, giggaggida-gangsta

S-p-i-c-e is a real one, and not a pranksta

Mi like to bust-bang, shootin em up, mi glocks hang

Shootin out da window of mi drop-top Mustang
Aim for da chest while Ant Banks hold di clip
Mi buckin em down, mi buckin em down cause for mi
kilo mi killa
Roll up a 20 sack, call mi da gangsta mack
Look down da street and you see me, nigga, slingin
crack
The dopeman set up shop on mi block
So call 187 line and order your rock-a

Geah man

[caller]
Ah yeah
This - ah
Liquor Store Willie - ah
I wanna -
I want some for 10 dollars
Can you do somethin for me for 10?

[Spice 1]
Mi nigga Ant Banks, come down with di funky
breakdown
(*inhaling, coughing*)
Damn man
This ganja gets you fucked up, man
Geah
Mi need lick up another 20 sack
Geah man

[VERSE 3: Spice 1]
Mi kickin da rasta shit, but mi not Shabba Ranks-a
Mi Spice 1, di muthafuckin gangsta
Mi smokin da dank and it just might make mi kill ya
If you comin at me talkin about sinsemilia
Mi nigga G-Nut put together Endonesia
Mi call it Gaja, give me some fire-a
Can't lit di ashes, hits me in mi eye-a
Before mi lead bust got to get mi headrush
Even though Endonesia make me nervous
Mi got mi nine and mi coolin up on di block
Play mi for a fool, mi take his chest with mi glock
Let dem niggas know not to be rushin mi knot
So call 1-800 line and order your rock
Geah man

[caller]
Uh yeah
Uh this - eh
Suck-Your-Dick Sally from the liquor store down the
block

Uh - I ain't got no money, but I'll suck your dick for a 10 piece

[VERSE 4: Spice 1]

Before mi lay mi start, let mi say peace to mi nine
Cause in mi neighborhood young niggas do di crime
It's a ghetto thang to the East Bay Gangsta
The city streets make a nigga want to shank ya
Break yourself, now you fucked in the game
The killin dance is a goddamn shame
Money or murder, it's 187 proof-a
So Ant Banks, bust da gin and da juice-a
Mi signed with Jive, now mi Jive-ass nigga
Break down di doja, roll it up a little bigger
Mi watch da bitches cause da bitches a-gold digger
So D the Poet, won't you pass mi the liquor
The dopeman set up shop on mi block
So call 1-800 and order your rocks

Geah man

[Ant Banks]

Ah no, Spice
I don't want no rocks and shit, man
I'm callin cause I heard you was a fake-ass studio
gangster
Ain't never had a gun
Ain't never been to jail
Ain't never shot a muthafucka
And I'm just tired of this fake-ass shit you kickin all over
this tape
I'm tired of it, man, I'm tired of it
I ain't buyin it
Fuck that shit
You fake, partner
Fuck that
Fuck that
I'm out, man

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