

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

"Let it Be Known"

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Intro: Ant Banks

"Ah yeah you know what I'm sayin'
Ant Banks kickin' it wit the boy Spice 1
Comin' at your dome, hey Spice let it be Known"

Verse 1: Spice 1

Spice 1 with the 31 flavors
I be takin' my time so the suckers catch my vapors
On the dope track, rollin' like a Mack 10
I'm a fool when I'm fuckin' with a fifth a gin
Fly, into the ass of a beat like a buckshot
So damn dope I could be sold up on a drug spot
This is a section of my many styles
But my direction is to take MC's for many miles
So, Peter Piper packed a perfect pickle peter
Well, I pack the mutha fuckin' millimeter
Where, in my trunk with the bump and the funk slam
Another brother like me sayin' god damn
Fact 1 I'm insane to the fuckin' brain
Open up my mind and blast like it's a hurricane
Your in front of a firin' squad
And my job, is just to let it be known
Let it be known

Verse 2: Spice 1

Rolling up past a junkie in my Delta '88
With 2a's in my lap, and my aim is kind of straight
Lots of static up in my rhyme, bitches clingin' up to my
noun
Gettin' dope like a kilo or an ounce or a pound
Bitin' up on my rhymes tell me how much you can chew
up
Nigga up in the rearview with his brains col' blew up
I am not the one or the two or the three'a
I be what is known as S-P-I-C-E
Let it be known, yeah
Let it be known

Verse 3: Spice 1

Dope, how mutha fuckin' funky can a nigga get
Comin' wit the shit ya can't fuck wit
After the murda I'm a step and then I couldn't see ya
Lockin' him up inside my mind, like in Santa Ria
187 mutha fucka
Kickin' that funky shit ya just can't get enough of
Spice, the nigga that's icy like a popsickle
Hard as a nickel mutha fuckas act fickle
Bet yet it tickle, cause the nine got the back side
So I kick 'em so the bullet take 'em for a ride
On a long trip, get in your shit and dip
187 up in the tape deck wit the muder shit
Takin' a ship to the dome
Spice 1 is up in the house muther fucker, so let it be
known
Yeah muther fucker, let it be known

Verse 4: Spice 1

4-1-5 was my hood that's where I'm from bitch
Black steel is my brother, fuck wit me you'll get dissed
Boom boom to the head now your body numb
I'll punk you out and slap your bitch and get a fifth a
rum
There you are C.B.Bannern' all your casualties
That's what you get you fuck the 1-8-7 Faculty
I'm a fool to my bone that's what's goin' on
My boy got static so I used this mobile telephone
It was busy so I hng up and called twice
He said who is it I said it's M.C. mutha fuckin' Spice
He told me someone sold my boy up like some col'd
slaw
Pack your nine I'll pump the beat up in the Jaguar
I push the brakes and smash the gas and started
smokin' shit
Picked up my phone and called my posse from the
Okland bitch
Shot to the city like a nine to the boat yard
We chopped him up and sent his fingers wit the
postcard
Think I'm insane, no I'm just a little senile
And plus I'm caught up in this muther fuckin' freestyle
And all you suckers must'a had a fuckin' Pay Day
Nutty to fuck with S-P-I-C-E on any day
I'm so insane that my mind is gone
Check it out muther fucker, let it be known

