

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

"Murder Ain't Crazy"

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(Chorus): 4x
Groupie ass
bitch type of niggas can't fade me
They're callin' me a lunatic
But murder ain't crazy

(Spice 1 - overlapping chorus)
Yeah, yeah, hahahaha
Wassup nigga?
Don't look at me like y'all know who I am
AmeriKKKa's nightmare
Spice muthafuckin' 1
Nigga, young, black
You know I won't give a fuck

(Verse 1):
Old school drop caddy five, six niggas
Rollin' up in my rearview
With they fingers up on them triggers
Come let's take a trip
And hop into some gangsta shit with me
13 caps for them niggas who wanna get with me
Get at me niggas empty enough clips at me
Wanna put some holes and some muthafuckin rips in
me
But I don't give a fuck I just stay strapped
And be a soldier about that shit
When it comes to peelin' their caps nigga
So won't ya get your blast on
And if you miss me with your 13 shots
Nigga your ass's gone
Cause I'm gon hit you on that first shot
And then I ain't gon stop
Until some muthafuckas call the cops
Then IÂ´ll be 187 thousand like my song say
Cause you was fuckin' with this nigga on the wrong day

(Chorus): 4x

(Verse 2):
See I be raisin' them up off the block

With my ???
Quick to come with get in bust some caps in my city
I comes with much cloud
And whenever one nigga could take me out
Rollin' him up like Levis cough him and stuff him
Key him like bean pies
And niggas be talkin' that shit
But yo ain't none of them runnin' up
I'm gunnin' up the next nigga is feelin' buck shots
I thought you niggas knew
I'm finna smoke that nigga boost of my 6 deuce
And when I gat that ass someone'll leave him lyin' there
Cryin' there the muthafucka's dyin' there
And Mr. Lawrence better have insurance
Cause I'ma G-a-Gat that ass with the touriz
Rocka-bye baby goin' crazy
Punk muthafuckas like you can't fade me
Tryin' to squabb with the clip and the trigger
Ol' groupie ass bitch type of nigga

(Chorus): 4x

Groupie ass bitch type of niggas can't fade me
Grabs my .45 and puts down my .380
I creep up on they ass tip-toe with the PUMP
Split a nigga down the middle like Phillie blunt
I keeps my strap by my sides to keep niggas in check
And all my posse pack Glock .9's Uzi thangs and Tecs
You see we rolls down the block 3 o'clock in the
morning
Endo got us gone and strap mobile phones
And about 5 ki's in the back of the trunk
Niggas down ass fuck but we don't wanna funk
Cause, ahh, transportation is the shit we used to do
Had a whole shop dropped mobs spot and crew
W-a-with a ring on my muthafuckin' cellular
As I heard a nigga screamin': 'get the fuck out the car!'
Nigga let me get my chronic and my endo sacc
As my DJ X-TraLarge blew that bitch on his back
Runnin' up on some players so I had to figure
He was a groupie ass bitch type of nigga

(Chorus with Overlap):

Yeah
Whassup nigga?
Y'all muthafuckas ain't fadin' a real last G
Nigga
Peelin' cap for the muthafuckin' strive
Nigga you don't wanna fuck with this
You don't won't none of this
Step back nigga

Just listen
Watch muthafucka
Look at some real last niggas rip shit up
For '94
Punk ass nigga
Yeah
Yeah
Back again with some of that murder shit
Spiggedy One whippin' up on that ass for '94 and '95
bitch
Hahaha
What y'all niggas know about a real last G
Ha, I kicks gangsta shit daily
BEYOAAATCH!!!
187 thousand G

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