

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

"Spiceberg Slim"

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(Chorus: Spice 1)

All black man, twenty-three inch rim
Who's that gangsta? Spiceberg Slim
Who's that trippin'? Hustla pimpin'?
Gangsta limpin'? Spiceberg Slim

(Spice 1)

Keepin' you like Hefner, but still John like Gotti (Gotti)
Dime pieces like platinum all over my body
P-a-pop my collar, pull a bleezy up out my rim
Who's that gangsta? Spiceberg Slim
Zodiac sign, playboy bunny
Money hungry, full of power and cream
Real niggas ridin' fo' me and wit' me
They wan' get me, I dump till it's empty
Don't tempt me, I'm flash like Martin went off the Remy
Like the "Sixth Sense" I talk to dead O.G.'s
Walkin' around with the ball timers thug disease
Ain't no cure for this (cure for this)
And if it is I don't want it (want it)
I'm poppin' pimp pills, still stabbin' for sayin' blunted
Baby relax your mind let your conscience flee
Rub your titties to the sound of S-P-I-C-E
I'll be pervin', swervin', runnin' all up on the curb
Who the tip of the spiceberg? Spiceberg Slim

(Chorus: Spice 1)

All black man, twenty-three inch rim
Who's that gangsta? Spiceberg Slim
Who's that trippin'? Hustla pimpin'?
Gangsta limpin'? Spiceberg Slim

(Spice 1)

You ain't a thug, youse a phone, you been stressin' the
bum
You the monkey in this motherfuckin' game and I'm
King Kong
You think it's fuckin', I'm the shit, I'ma gangsta and
youse a bitch
I pack extra clips, you pack extra lipstick
I'ma killer, youse a couch with generic I'm high

powered
You dropped the soap on purpose in jail up in the
shower
I'ma thug you get mugged, I'ma pound you one blood
I'm fifty caliber nigga, you just a twenty-two slug
I'm paddin' you, hardwood, I'm hummer you hondi
I'ma soldier and you just a civilian scared to die
On the fuel you take it, I was real you faked it
I keep my heat in the drama while you be ass-hole
naked
I'm a big face hundred, you just a one dollar bill
You stack half a G while I stack half a mill
I'm the raw and uncut while you laced up with bakin'
soda (soda)
It's Spiceberg Slim nigga, roll if you're throwed over

(Chorus: Spice 1)

All black man, twenty-three inch rim
Who's that gangsta? Spiceberg Slim
Who's that trippin'? Hustla pimpin'?
Gangsta limpin'? Spiceberg Slim

(Spice 1)

Nigga you ain't gon' squash grapes in a fruit fight
While I smash mercormeeek will shine in the moon light
Motherfucker I'm like a chrome twenty-three, you just a
little tin-tin
You one shot in a glass and I'm a whole fifth of hen
I'm a shark with a rim, you just a tadpole in a pond
You emcee such and such, I'm Bossalini the Don nigga
Recognize Spice 1 when you see 'em
You don't own a strap, I break down and grease 'em
I'm round as a gun bare, you square as a pool table
And twice as green as the chronic I inhale (*coughing*)
I'll put one in your dome while you're missin' multiple
shots
I'm presidential Lex, you just a motherfuckin' swatch
Mickey Mouse watch ass nigga
Well I'm a motherfuckin' pull-a-glock fast nigga
Smash niggas I'm gangsta like Stacey Adams, you soft
like Hush Puppy
Spiceberg Slim motherfucker, shit can get ugly

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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