

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

"Tales of the Niggas Who Got Crept On"

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(*Several coughs*) (*Inhales*)

(Intro)

Yeah, hahahaha, we's black again from the face down
in the river huh, huh
Mark from tellin nigga jokes (oh shit, ain't about a
bitch), yeah

(Spice 1)

I got your mama up in the shoop of my hooptie, what
should I do with the bitch?
I think I want to dump her in a ditch, cause I'm the
kidnapper
Body-snatcher, witness killer, special deliver, from
murder to your dough nigga
Open it up and you'll be starin right down a rarer, rarer
Desert Eagle fo-fo
I'll split your flow it's time to bail, stick and move, dip
and dive
It ain't no trace, just a bullet enlodged up in your fuckin
face
I knew a nigga who always wore black
said he was an O.G. player shot up some niggas with
Macks
Said he had a little drama with some high powered
killers
And the nigga that watched his back, he said he'll give
me some sciller
So he partied through the city, hittin party's and clubs
Cause these so called O.G. motherfuckers finally
showed up
These bastards opened fire in the middle of the party
Blow to the blow and put my Mack and aimed the legs
and body (oh shit, god damn)

(Chorus)

Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(punk ass motherfuckers)
(Nigga, fuck that nigga, straightly smoked)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on

(Spice 1)

I hit two niggas up in the ankle and one in the knee
Ain't nothin but the motherfuckin hog in me
So I's bail to my caddy with the triple gold bangers
Your crowd run on members, and still got one up in the
chamber
I told my nigga to bring his slow ass on
Cause if he's stylin, the motherfuckers the other two
won't be long
They comin, so hit the dirt and try to crawl to the
villians (niggas)
These fools is some killers and I can see they really
want this nigga
Musta fucked em on some paper or somethin sick
Whatever it is these niggas want to bury his dick
Got in the caddy and raced up out the drama scene
Looked like some gangsta shit you see up on the TV
screen
But it ain't no cut, just actin live, niggas die
Drug related killers, switcher on time high
See real killers can be swept on
I'm kickin tales of the niggas who got crept on

(Chorus)

(Shit), kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(Go nigga, police lookin and shit nigga)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(Fuck you doing nigga, firin up a joint, motherfuckin...)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(Fuck is wrong with you?)

(Spice 1)

We chopped it up, my partner had some love
50 g's to creep on the niggas that tried to kill us up that
fuckin club
25 are threat and 25 are for the killin
For that kind of money I'll have the blood up on the
fuckin ceilin
Now the slaughter is about to begin
Mini 14's, six homies and some motherfuckin Mack
10's
Infra-Red, silencer, I'll silence ya, cut off ya P-G-A and a
Massacre
Everybody, cause can't no nigga diss me
Niggas you sent to the club, with some motherfuckin
pussy (pussy)
I'm feelin, hit the hospital straight do they ass
I took em down to his basement and then I stabbed his
ass
Screams jumpin the night, the nigga never heard I kill

with a routin
even got him for a couple of birds
So then I creep up into the I-C-U, I see you livin too long
Nigga you crept on, your life gone

(Spice 1)

Yeah nigga, got some shit just for you
Special motherfuckin can catch shit you on, uncut
herion nigga
Straighten your motherfuckin Bays nigga
Yeah nigga, you like this shit huh nigga, suffer nigga
Suffer motherfucker, yeah, take a good dose of the
shit, nigga
Yeah, yeah nigga you feelin it huh, can't breathe, what
you can't breathe
Somethin wrong what, what, huh, huh, what, what, huh,
huh, huh, what
Oh, thought you said somethin, hahahaha...

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