

Spice 1, 187 He Wrote

[VERSE 1]

I'm tryin to keep my aces and my deuces all together
I'm thinkin of self-murder I know I won't live forever
This chronic got me noid I need to get a job
but instead I wanna sell dope hang on a rope and steady mobb
I'm wakin up in the morning thinkin of death as I break out in a cold sweat
I'm havin dreams of a whole family put to rest
Visions of a dead man body bags
and all the youngsters gettin their cap peeled over coloured rags
I write about murder and death cause thats all in the hood
comin up strong while in crack yo G its all good
Describin a way of life that they don't understand G
So Imma keep breakin it down until dey understand me
You see its real G and jealousy it roam my block
Thats why I'm never leavin the house without my plastic glock
Cause if they want it they'll take it and kill for it
And if its worth sumtin then blood gettin spilled for it
My mother thinks I'm goin crazy
And when I leave the house she just stares out the window
I think I'm being followed everytime I leave my home
Havin these fatal thoughts of gettin chrome to my dome

[CHORUS]

18--187 me say the murder the murder he wrote
18--187 me say the murder the murder he wrote--- bloooooow

[VERSE 2]

Did things up in the past that I regret at 22
And when I hit 23 I hope I'm livin well as you
Its good to be alive in 93 I guess that so
But if I gotta go I gotta go I gotta go
I guess I'm just a soldier with a song out of the streets black
Stressin of that chronic sack but I feel death is knockin at my bed
Sleep walkin with my pistol in the middle of the night
Wakin up inside my hooptie holdin my glock full of fright
Violent in this art thats only because its comin from a G to the heart
Got friends that have died and I mourn for their families
Bringin flowers to dey graves everytime I get a chance G
Nuthin like a old school homie from the hood
Which are right or wrong doin dirt doin good
And now I know inside I'll never see my boy again
I fie myself always pour brew out fo my friends

CHORUS

[VERSE 3]

I'm keepin all my pictures from my homies up in jail
If I told you what dey did it will probably turn your pale
I used to hang wit killers and I didn't even know
Wrestlin wit my homies as a youngster age 4
Now half of dem is dead and the rest is in the jailhouse
Writin to me monthly givin they homies sumtin to rap about
Tell me do my music and don't trip off what dey say
Thinkin to myself I might just be in there one day
Some stayed about the big house and still slingin yay
And now dey stayin under diction of feds everyday
Tryin to wash their money they wanna go on tour G
Gettin into the business learn about the industry
Try to help em out doin everythang I can
I still gotta worry bout the next jealous man
My homies gettin robbed so they rob somebody else
You can see it never stops let that story tell itself
I'm walkin wit my head down pervin in the rain
Thinkin deep askin myself am I insane

I think about that daily and I'm leavin on that note
and thats the definition of the 187 that he wrote

CHORUS