

# Spice 1, 1990-Sick (Kill 'Em All)

Chorus:

Kill 'em all (x4)

cuz everybody dyin' on this muthafuckin' album

Kill 'em all (x4)

don't kick up in the dirt when i'm puttin' in work

Kill 'em all (x4)

cuz everybody dyin' on this muthafuckin' album

I murda like this (this)

I murda like that (that)

pull an ak-47 up out my muthafuckin' gangsta hat

professinal, columiban, necktiea, barbwire

strangula, over killa, dead fuckin' body hanga

peepin' out the window with an ak

pullin' up on these coppas

helicoptas, squad cars, squat 10's with choppas

they tellin' me "nigga, get the fuck out before ya die

if you surrender, we'll make sure that you quickly fry"

should i kick open the door and go to war

or should i stick my throat

leave a pipe bomb and a fuck you note

hallucinations of seein' lynched bodies burnin'

and all the po-po had faces like Mark Furhman

tear gas through my glass window pane

they wanna put me back up in the nut house again

but i'm not goin' back and take my prozac

they can keep the straight jacket

and leave a straight mutha fuckin' jack

a straight mutha fuckin' jack

a straight mutha fuckin' jack

Chorus

(Get the hell off my dick, i'm 1990-sick)

(1990-sick) (x4)

Nigga's to pull the lynch

yayo case and stick

Marcia Clark screamin' out murda, jumpin' on Oj's dick

muthafuckas still sufferin' and healin'

some high tech knowledga white boys blew up the fuckin' fed buildin'

crazy niggas still bangin' and slangin' crack

to the death, when the game put 'em up on they back

muthafuckas catchin' names, from shootin' high

and phony niggas still get sprayed up on the block

and I ain't changed much, hell

i'm still smokin' four or five muthafuckin' choppas before it's twelve

muthafuckas think they know me, but they don't know

i'm sellin' first class tickets to the murda show

don't wanna rap about no nigga, let's get it on

bustin' domes, buck shots through your rib bone

so all you niggas up in the magazines talkin' shit

get off my dick, i'm 1990-sick

Chorus

Muh-uh-mobbin' up out the cu-uh-cut

with a ready to pow one

nuh-uh-90 sick content of the album

If there's a cure for this, don't cure me

I'm comin' with the fury

playa hata's gettin' hung up like a jury

so peep the game from an old school G you know so well

the east bay gangsta, leaving caution tape and faces pale

I bails on a full moon like the 12 o clock  
neighborhood watch scared to look and see who on the block  
just fed a rallys, no po-po come around here  
cuz it's a different time, different game, different year  
1990 sick

Chorusx2

(Get the hell off my dick, i'm 1990-sick)

(1990-sick) (x4)