

Spice 1, 2 Hands & A Razor

Yeah well check game you know what I'm sayin
Muthaf**ka step outside you know what I'm sayin
Then get my muthaf**kin chronic sack, know what I'm sayin
Turn around, motherf**ker sheriff
Motherf**ker got his hand in my goddamn back pocket and shit
Handcuffed a nigga
Threw him on the backseat, search a nigga car
Find his goddamn strap, now I'm up in this motherf**ker
Straight caught up, f**k it though, you know

Soon as a nigga steps up in the county
I see killaz goin to the row
It was a riot kickin off early up in the dorm next door
I'm up in the 9500 where the shankin is on
If you up in the la county, nigga you feelin me strong
It's a million penitentiary one og said
Secerity guard fast tapped a shank up under our bed
And bust them headz with a flashlight at 3 in the morning
Waken your ass up with a blew, nigga put you blues on
And get the f**k up out the bunk we gonna go for a walk
Police got a code of silence, see none of them talk
About the shit that be goin on up in the county jail
5 guards handcuffed a nigga beat him to death in his cell
See 3 days is like a month, 3 months is like a year
Cause you can get your throat slit from ear to ear
I wish somebody would help me out in the situation I'm in
But there ain't no luv up in the county
Cause your foe's got to be your friend...

If the guard want to come and find mine
2 hands and a razor blade
Then the officer gonna have to get my
2 hands off the razor blade
When I wake up in the morning and see it again
Then someones gonna have to end up d.d.dead
And if your friend got soaked then he a d.d.dead.

Yeah you know what I'm sayin a dead motherf**ker
Barely up in there, they try to slide around all over the place
Like a little bitch or something
They try to get him to calm down, but anyway it goes like this
They tell a nigga strip down to naked and shit
In the shower with thirty motherf**kers
But there's only ten in the shower
Then they tear off somebodies draws and be like
Awww too big too small, that shit ain't cool mayn

Verse 2

Murder, it's just a part of the game, you get you jugular opened
Up if you say the say the wrong niggaz name, I hear the guard screamin
Shut the f**k up, and as I look to my right side I see
Niggaz gettin cut, shanked, stabbed, wounded, sliced
Watch your adam's apple when the guards hit the lights
But the real niggaz luv me, though I'm 1990-sick
Plus I'm not the type of nigga that won't swole up quick
So past me the potatoes nigga, I don't mean to be rude
But if you starve for a minute you gonna f**k with this fool

Up in the county jail, niggaz be startin them riots
And if you see some of murder, shut you mouth and be quiet
If you are hard keep your shank nigga, there ain't no tellin
When the mafia bailin up in the cells where the niggaz dwellin

Only the strong survive, I ain't no motherf**kin cat
I ain't got nine lives, so bring it on motherf**ker
I'm tellin him to bring it on in my cell
Get my yokes on all night long
Bustin lyrics with my killa partners they so sick
Sittin around all night spittin bout g shit
Said he had three keys the motherf**kers call him fiends
Now he's stuck up in the county with some niggaz like these
Ain't no muthaf**kin luv up in the county jail
Picture you life a livin hell if you slangin yea...

Chorus with news reporter

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News reporter

How a small law inforcement budget can't even put a dent
On an estimated 100 billion dollars of weed in this business

Verse 3

Keep your hands in your pockets and your shoulders to the wall
Keep your hands in your pockets and your shoulders to the wall
Keep your hands in your pockets and your shoulders to the wall
And if you don't walk straight, then they gonna have to beat you
Until you have to crawl, this ain't no bullshit
You gonna mind somebody, niggaz comin up in here
Thinkin that they bought it like they john gotti
And still get the f**k broke off
Take the hardest muthaf**ka and turn him into something soft
I keep a shank up in my sandwich, so I can do damage
To motherf**kers who wanna test my nuts and handle this
Looked at my cellmate he threw up his set
But trigger guy so hard died with a tattoo on his chest
So know this gangsta shit is poppin, the guards is comin
Motherf**kers is runnin, I hear the po-po gunnin
While the bullets is screamin, I hear get the f**k on the floor
Niggaz holler man damn it's the murder show
So get you muthaf**kin shank and nigga beware
Of the sh sh sheriff cause he's out there...

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