

# 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...

Blaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa the 187, the 187, the 187, the 187  
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