

# Spice 1, D-Boyz Got Love For Me

(feat. E-40)

(Intro: Spice 1)

What's wrong nigga? What's wrong huh?  
You scared nigga? You scared?  
What, you can't talk with a motherfuckin' gun in your mouth nigga?  
I'm gonna give you a three count  
I'ma blow your motherfuckin' brains out  
One, what you think about, what you thinkin'?  
I'm proud, two (kinda slick motherfucker)  
(\*Gun blast\*)

Nineteen motherfuckin' nine-fo' comin' at cha  
Gi-gi-gi-gi-gi-gi-gi-gi-gangsta Spice motherfuckin' 1

(Spice 1)

I eat they ass up like a Swason with the Thompson  
fo'-fever, leave a - motherfuckin' crime 'fore he take his last breather  
So come along take a trip to the dirt track  
Where the young niggas be takin' your car and be peelin' your cap back  
That's why it's A to the motherfuckin' yay  
keeps a fat gat for the funk in the East Bay  
mainly off gat, I'm goin' brain dead inside  
Talkin' to my homies 'Scratchy' tellin' me he wanna ride  
on the nigga that peeled his cap so now I'm on the streets  
With the dead motherfucker in the passenger seat  
And it's fo' to the motherfuckin' five  
G-a-gat that ass leave 'em dead in the ives  
Red Rum on the late night, catch my case right at the crack hut  
Niggas better back up, while I fix my sack up  
Pistol whip, shit, kick that ass quick  
Quick to rip shit, cause I'm a Coca Cola Classic  
O.G. and D-Boyz got love for me, D-Boyz got love for me

(\*Interlude\*)

(E-40)

Da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha  
Da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha

(Spice 1)

I'ma chuck a dead body on your motherfuckin' lawn  
like jump like Red gone, nigga I'll be ready the funk is on  
So call up the Paramedics and tell 'em that you're dyin' nigga  
I roll strapped with no love upon my fuckin' trigger  
I lets my hair platt, and took his mail stack  
Now he's a stiff black, cause I was at that  
I'm dumpin' these niggas in ditches back to back  
Hangin' they ass from telephone posts  
to leavin' 'em makin' 'em bleed without no money  
Gun me, hoe niggas wanna do that, do that  
But I go out and get a new gat, new gat and let 'em have it  
Nigga, so D-Boyz got love for me

(E-40)

I got love for D-Boyz, cause D-Boyz got love for me  
I got love for D-Boyz, cause D-Boyz got love for me  
Nigga got outta line I had to chop him  
Reached into my draws and pulled out my strap (pull out your strap)  
Motherfucker got outta place I had to chop him  
Reached into my fudadalooms and pulled out my strap (pull out your strap)  
Nigga got outta place, youse got to pop him  
Reach up in your draws and pull out your strap (pull out your strap)  
Rookie get outta line you better ice him

Reach into your d-dun-dun-duns and pull out your strap (pull out your strap)  
Just call me Chef Boyardee-Boy, soda for bakin'  
Cupcakes and cookies, rappies I'm makin' huh  
Tall cash, can't let eat up my grass  
Don't make me have to come back and split your parents house in half  
with my 6RP226-Diana Ross cousin Nina - Mr. Meaner, body bleeder  
Heartless, empty the cartridge roll  
Smartless, get out and die so cold  
Hollow point hot ones dipped in garlic  
I lives up the bar like an Alcoholic  
Niggas think that I be bluffin' when I tell 'em I'm a good shot  
But I'm also into some other things like ice picks and piano strings  
So bitch, I'm tryin' to get nickeraage  
Open up shop, cotton candy and liquorice, uh

(Outro: Spice 1 & E-40)

Shoot 'em up now  
Blaow! Spiggidy one whippin' up on dat ass for nine-four  
Da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha  
Shoot 'em up now, byd-a-bye-bye  
Blaow! (Spiggity sp, sp, spiggity sp, sp, spit nigga hahahahaha)  
They call me Spiggity one, Spiggity one  
Me bust a cap up in your ass with big black gun, byd-a-bye-bye  
Chill man, me roll down the block with my nigga  
Byd-a-bye-bye, Spiggidy one whippin' up on dat ass  
Chill man, livin' in the city is a motherfuckin' task  
(What's a 7-0-7 on er... your trunk nigga?) 5-10  
(4-1-5's?), yeah (That's four-fifteens if y'all bitches didn't know)  
Yeah bitch, stupid ass hoes  
(Da-tha-tha, sing it with me, da-tha-tha-da-tha-tha, ah yeah)  
(\*Whistling\*)