

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 nickerage
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*)