

Spice 1, Hard To Kill

(feat. Method Man)

[Method Man]

Yeah, play times over motherfuckers
Spice 1's defiantly in motherfuckin' effect
You know what I'm saying? bringing it to all you bitch ass niggaz
So raise up and recognize, and understand that this brother is hard to kill

{Spice 1}

I'm running this niggaz off their block
Taking their shit kicking it to the bitches
People cant lift off your spot
I'm leaving your shit all up in stitches
Nigga
Bullets go through the door
I'll shoot you and that ho
Got a cap for each nigga fucking with my cash flow
Pid cap, be love cap pid
Because in the neighborhood cause still kill at will.

Gotta keep on my pistol on tight
Slanging sugar delite
That china white got these niggaz killing each other tonight
Sometimes a turf is like a war zone
Or even Vietnam, not at the movies but you still see the died come
And a nigga catch a slug, caps' be pulled for fun foo
You got to watch your shit before we pull a ak on your own blood
Se niggaz will stick you for your cash
That's when they enter the t-shirt contest to super soak their ass
So Method Man show these niggaz the deal
Let these motherfuckers know that your hard to kill

[Method Man]

Who dat nigga? You on with me with the super fly Methtical nigga
Who want to die? For year nigga
Wow, even try to test sides
Challenger your the bird with my 45 cabolar
Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1 and the method motherfucka
With the guns blazing? You trail, my god, its amazing
Where your punk at?
Nightmares like Wes Craven
The bigger the critter, the harder to pull the trigga
I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga
Your a snake, I've seen you sliver, so I deliver with death
We'll throw your punk ass in the river
On the battle ship
I'm the captain
Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the camp. Tical!

Chorus

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.

[Spice 1]

Blah! These motherfuckers nutz if you want to murder me
Harder to kill than your average motherfuckin' G
Rollz with the uzi with that shit that will make your body drop
Cause if your shot, tic toc and you don't stop
Nigga, down for my strap niggaz on their back
No rat-tat-tat so its on the map
Died come again, coming straight out of my jaws
Got these niggaz screaming out paws
Pistol grip and breaking out their jaw

Yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me
Many niggaz out there to go nuts with me
And even on your block smoke them like a fucked up bell
Cant be caught by no Po-Po's cant be put in no slammer
I don't be fucking with no snitches
Aint no body going to tell, leave your dick in the dirt
And yo momma as well
New York to Cali niggaz are hard to kill
Shit is too real, your a ignorant mutha fucka
If your not riding with your steal

Chorus

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7

Outro: Spice 1

Capping your ass for the 94, what you know? Grab your glock
Blah! Me burst out first 'Mon
We Audi 7000 G