

Spice 1, In My Neighborhood

[D-Wiz]

Hey yo, Spice

What's goin on, man?

I see five-o over there

Is that five-o?

[Spice 1]

Same muthafuckas that beat my partner down last week

But I ain't trippin, I got this 187 Proof by my side

It's finna be on

[D-Wiz]

Is that right?

[Spice 1]

Yeah

[D-Wiz]

But where you stayin at, man, what's goin on?

[Spice 1]

Same muthafuckin neighborhood, man

Just tryin to get this shit off the ground

This rap thing, you know?

[D-Wiz]

Yeah, I heard that shit, man

Let them niggas know what time it is

[Spice 1]

Yeah

Check it

[VERSE 1]

I like to walk around my hood, smokin dank a lot

I see some brothers in the trees, is they slingin rocks?

Runnin through a broken-down wooden fence

A nigga didn't have brains cause he smoked sinse

Or sess, or whatever you wanna call it

He got the task on his ass, better haul it

Fiends suckin up the crack in the backyard

Dropped a pebble on the ground, now he's lookin hard

Will he keep searchin or will he cease and just forget the hit?

Or pull a jack move and let the nine click

I'm in the cut, late night, about 12 o'clock

I see some brothers bustin caps in a parking lot

There go my homies rollin up in a black 'Vette

Nothin but the money for the paycheck

"Another day, another dead up in the alleyway"

That's what the boys in the Bay up in Cali say

The California life, task in the palm trees

Brothers be clockin g's, slingin ki's

Up in my neighborhood

[CHORUS: Larry B. Davis & Bobby B. Ross]

In my neighborhood

(In my neighborhood)

In my

In my

In my neighborhood

In my neighborhood

[VERSE 2]

Funk - is a part of my life

It's the sound of the gangster Spice

Warning - check out the blast of a shotgun

Nine muthafuckin millimeter, have one

Or two or three or four

Cause every brother in my hood is hardcore

Boom-boom! to the death of a cop

Pop-pop-pop! - see another one drop

Crazy-ass nigga off the peppermint schnapps
And now you wonder why young niggas sling hop?
Never woulda thought I'd be a dealer of dope
Niggas slingin and bangin and breakin necks and throats
The spot, it was poppin, but yet the fuzz kept ridin my jock
Tick-tock, I watch the clock, they flock
See a undercover cop raise off the block
That's how it is in the game of slingin rocks
Cause on the TV they make it look real good
But Mr. Rogers ain't got shit on my niggas up in the neighborhood

[CHORUS: Larry B. Davis & Bobby B. Ross]
In my neighborhood
(In my neighborhood)
In my
In my
In my neighborhood
In my neighborhood

[VERSE 3]
Welcome to the ghetto, although I call it my neighborhood
Some people get out, but some people stay for good
I see a dopefiend yellin he's a O.G.
He scratched his head and started starin like he knows me
I say, "What up, old man, I seen your face before"
It was my homie's pops, shirt dirty, pants tore
He had a 40 in his hand, left a little swallow
He said, "Young-ass nigga," and then he threw the bottle
I ducked down, and I had to duck real fast
Stepped two feet back, and then I banked his ass
I started kickin and stompin my nigga's brains out
I heard a bitch yell "freeze!" and runnin out the house
It was his wife, and the bitch started bustin at me
I can't believe this shit, this bitch is trigger-happy
Pull out my nine, bust the bitch in the left titty
That's how it is in a burned-out dopefiend city
And now you're sayin I'm the nigga up to no good
If gives a fuck if you're Bush, you get jacked up in my neighborhood

[CHORUS: Larry B. Davis & Bobby B. Ross]
In my neighborhood
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