

# Spice 1, Pistols, Power, Paper

(Verse 1)

I got so much trouble on my mind  
You playa haters make a real nigga shine  
As we pop collars  
Pimp slaps, I mash for dollars  
We don't listen, hard-head-ass niggas  
Heated with choppers  
Can't tell me shit, or to talk to  
When I'm walkin with my niggas thru the crowd  
Talkin hella loud  
Off that coke and rum, they let us in with our guns  
Didn't search us at all, the made nigga Spice 1  
You don't wanna see us  
Nigga you better roll with us  
We're ready to go to war when the Feds come to get us  
We're obitual criminals, take your punk-ass home  
Tryna hang with street dawgs with a flee color on  
You can't ride with us  
You can't slide with us  
When you're actin like a bitch  
Terrified to bust  
'415' with us, too scared to die with us  
Red lights and street signs don't apply to us  
We brake the muthafuccin law every chance we get  
Put a .45 slug in the back of your shit  
Now, how muthafuccin gangsta can you get  
Cause niggas gotta have balls 'n brains in this  
Game in this bitch niggas aim to miss  
I heat and sink dat muthafuccas battle ships  
Smash and dip  
Peelin on ass and hips  
Do a show, bitches in the crowd flash they tits  
We ain't fake nigga  
Surroundin myself with killers  
Know the best gun dealers in town  
Bring Impalas to the shoot out  
Puttin muthafuccas to sleep  
It's deep, I still keep a .44 under the seat  
You muthafuccas can't see me when I fade to black  
Paranoid, tryna find where the fuck out where you at nigga

(Chorus) 1x

Pimpin is Pussy-Poetry  
Pistols, Power and Paper  
Murderers, Money, Mayheim  
Million of skyscrapers  
Tell me do you see a killa when you look in my eyes?  
Can you tell a real nigga from a bitch in disguise?  
Is you ready to ride?  
Is you scared to die?  
Is you scared to die?  
Is you ready to ride?

(Hook)

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(Verse 2)

I'm right behind ya  
I know you feel death in a room

Military from the womb quick to be ghetto platoon  
I'm a blood thirsty money hungry nigga for cash  
Ridin on enemies, smokin weed and hash  
G's don't last, will I die from a violent death  
Will I live til I'm 85 and die from sex  
This muthafucca is walkin 'round I wanna stop him from breathin  
As I dials his number he won't make it thru the weekend  
I came thru the door  
I said it before  
Put one in his dome  
He was dead before he hit the floor  
Cause a Thug Lord nigga is always hard  
Come fuccin with us and we will pull your card  
Knowin nothin in life but to ride and ball  
Never slide before a bitch nigga is hidin from  
Under cars and bushes tryna dodge the bullets  
Still makin more mail than the rest of the pushers nigga

(Chorus) 2x

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