

Spice 1, Rip

(spice 1)

Yeah, whassup?

Rip, shout-out to my dead partners

(spice 1)

My nigga went crazy he's trapped in a cell
He chopped off his fingers and sent them back in the mail
If life is a bitch, I'll pimp it just like a hoe
I make all my money from slangin ounces of coke
I shot up a bitch 'cause she was fiend
She's spreadin information tryin to run off with my ring
I'm livin' in fear, motherf**kers wanna jack when
A 187 nigga's best friend is a mack 10
Niggas be rollin up on me and loadin the clip and say I'm slippin
But I'm in a f**ked up state of mind
And I'm packin a nine and I'm not trippin
Cause I'm strapped thinkin about my nigga took out in the game
R-i-p, plan b jessie was his name
So rest in peace, peace my nigga r-i-p

(chorus: spice 1)

R-i-p, r-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
Yeah whassup clean?
I ain't forgot about you homie
Johnny b whassup clay?
I ain't forgot about you either
Hope y'all tear this thang knahi'msayin?
Big dave, jr, six-o-mobb, yeah

(spice 1)

When I was young I had the lust to pull the trigger
So I know how it feels to shoot another nigga
Take one of mine I'll take ten of yours
You call up your posse I'll call up my boys
The funk, it was jumpin', but why should it jump?
Niggas with uzi's and hella niggas with pumps
Ready to spray do a nigga up proper
Did my boy in good chopped him up with the chopper

See some more from the north johnny b from the crew
Seen a nigga get blasted his bloody foot in his shoe
The bag the body the body the bag
From forties to funerals from chronic to zag's
I'm rollin up one for niggas that died
I go out to forty and hit the strip in my ride
And let down the top cause my top drop
Handle my glock incase I gotta pop

(chorus: spice 1)

R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
Yeah fool whatta you know about my partners mark crowser
Y'all know nothin about erick ason
Y'all know nothin about big round sink knahi'msayin?
O.g.'s they got much love, marcus raine

(spice 1)

My nigga had bomb we called him big dave
Six slugs in the chest put my boy in the grave
I went to his house to get me a sack

His brother stood on the porch and told me the facts
Strange how it happened he went out for a night
Strange car drove up that's when the pistols went pop
Should I pull on the trigger and we bell on these niggas?
Should I roll up the endo hit throw up drunk offa liquor?
My memorials of my dead niggas on the wall
And when I die I know I'm dyin with a bullet y'all
But the nigga that take me out, he better have the clout
Because my niggas gonna chop your bloody body route
You know this nigga ain't afraid to die
Just write my name on the wall: gangsta s-p-i
C-e? r-i-p - rest in peace nigga

(chorus: spice 1)

R-i-p, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
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