

# Spice 1, Sucka Ass Niggas

(spice 1)

Four years ago I was stuck on the grind  
Slangin' crack 50 sacks straight 20's and dimes  
Till I came with shit that got a muthaf\*\*ka known  
Coolin' on the corner with the cellular phone  
Took a test to be a muthaf\*\*kin' g  
And all the niggas came amazed at me  
Since the age of 16 I been slangin' the crack  
The fiends used to scream for my muthaf\*\*kin' sacks  
I used to cut the lleyo down to the bone  
But now I'm killin' niggas on the microphone  
Sp-spice 1 kickin' shit to mass  
A hennessy lemon squeeze and bubble bath  
You see that's the life that I lead  
I put a slug in a nigga try to f\*\*k with me  
So step back move back niggas try to jack  
But ain't no muthaf\*\*kin' love I put you on your back  
Start some shit at the party first nigga to glance  
I pull out my glock and make him piss in his pants  
No shorts on a dove I'm tryna come above  
They call me spice 1 and ain't no muthaf\*\*kin' love

(chorus):

I said one to the two, two to two three  
Put a slug in your ass for you to say g  
The s to the p the l the c-e  
You sucka ass niggas can't f\*\*k with me

(spice 1):

I rolls a gold cherokee nothin like a seville  
And when you look up inside you see a nigga that's real  
So if you see me cruisin' by keep your hands to your side  
You might catch a slug if I'm on a hoo-ride  
I said I first come I first served basis  
Niggas catchin' slugs in a lot of strange places  
One of a kind for my people's delight  
And to you sucka ass niggas you just ain't right  
Because you're snitchin' on your homies be seat up in the pen  
And niggas wanna stick you if they see your ass again  
You're hangin' on the ave you're chillin' with the crew  
But niggas walk away and all the bullets hittin' you

(chorus)

(spice 1):

I said one to the two, two to three  
My dj xtra-large and g-n-u-t  
We roll up in the place pointin' straps at your face  
Tinted windows black hearse gold daytons straight lace  
Let off rounds you fall down to the ground  
You sucka ass nigga another dead clown  
You're a 5 dollar boy and I'm a million dollar player  
You's a sucka ass nigga I had to spray ya  
You say you pack a nine and a nine is fine  
But I'm blowin' out the back of your head from behind  
I'm comin' from the sickest city around  
Spittin' some gangsta shit the dirty bay is the town  
So g-nut and if you're bigger or pack the tight figure  
Shoot these haters with the strap that you got from that dead nigga

{g-nut:}

G-n-u-t in the place to be  
Pimp straight up out a player's university

Every since kindergarden I acquired the knowledge  
Didn't have no mail so I said : 'f\*\*k college!'  
I'm brown-skinned comin' straight out the stack  
And the game that I spit'll put your bitch on the back  
I'm dressed to kill I love to style  
I'm the mc you know hoe check my file  
The big-lip nigga for your regard  
500 dollar spread for the credit card  
I hit your town then I go back home  
Break a bitch for her mail bought a cadillac chrome  
Deep in the cut for all you bitches delight  
And if a nigga playa-hate he gon have to fight  
Because when I grind I hits the strip  
Every time I sell out I buy a brand-new zip  
It don't take a lot to entertain'  
And like my nigga method man i'ma bring the pain  
You can't rock the shop if you high off hop  
You gotta let a nigga know you'll never stop  
And your game gotta make a lot of sense  
You gotta know when to start when the pimpin' begins