

Spice 1, Why You Wanna Funk?

(feat. E-40 & The Click)

Intro: (*some dred woman*)

Dere's no time for dem future
Come short wit me 9 milimeter
Body beater, doesn't pick up
Fully automatic collar point beater, uhh
repeat

Verse 1: Spice 1, E-40

Another whole fuckin clip and break down a nigga body, don't
think I'm bad, no boxin and no karate
Just a down ass nigga that you think you know
But you don't know is that I like to see you die real slow
So pull that motherfucker out and you'll be buried somewhere
S-P-I-C-E-1 of niggas' worst nightmare
I set the game from the killers I knew back in the past
and I'm tellin you if you fuck with me it's a slug for your ass

Ain't no more pilin up your faeces
cos niggas be actin like bitches
Pull a strap and don't use it, nigga that ain't smart
I know some niggas that'll take that kind of shit to heart
like me, bring it back e'rybody die
Spread fireworks make it look just like the 4th July
Have a sit, leave it laminated on the shelf
even though I'd rather do the shit by myself

Chorus:

Why you wanna funk when you ain't gotta chance
Don't make me have to make that call, aah-aah
Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants
when you know you ain't gon' shoot at all, no no

Verse 2: D-Shot, B-Legit, Suga-T

Things are kinda cruel on the streets
Shit, ain't nobody really tried to fake me
But it seems nobody wants to fuck with me
Why is that? I had no son enemies
I got rid of every last motherfucker
for the simple fact I can't trust a
Nathan in this motherfuckin outfit
You come my way so ya have to die bitch

I make em lay down, I gotta playground full of hardhead
beanie-capped, triple fag goose wearin
wanna catch me loose starin at a barrel
Chances get narrow when I'm maskless, bearin thangs set to blast this
Enemy provider, fool I'm a ridah wit a driver
Keep the Uzi click switched on saliva
Neither you or crew that you pumpin
wanna see the Big Dogg about nuttin

Flow-a-matic automatic nigga to my 9
Paper chasin, I'm heavy on the mine
Every now and then a nut feels a bit dainty
Hoes by the dozens they really can't stand me
Swing my way you get your dome sprayed
???? ???? fucked around and became my best friend
Every now and then I yell "Get the urge to floggy!"

like every now and then I yell "Call my daddy 'Boss!'"

Chorus

Verse 3: E-40, Spice 1

Eminate 'money over hoes', mistood a man named "Xena spokes and vogues"?
Go on a rampage, beanie, smokes and clothes
Drunk as a funk, Wild Irish Rose
Graveyard don't track, nigga might as well
Put in some overtime, make that scrilla, get some el
Late night, greedy gut, major clientel
Money-hungry, same draw, same rapper will

Blaow! Bidy-bye-bye-bye-bye S-P-I-I-I-I-I
love to do a d-d-d-drive-b-b-by
Reach out, reach out and touch a motherfucker
with my nickel plated chrome, have you foamin at the mouth
When I fill your ass to the rim like brim
I got slugs for you, one for you and one for all of them
How could you play me like a bitch, I ain't no sucker
I put slugs in nigga's arms, chests, legs motherfucker

Chorus

Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants
when you know that you ain't gon' shoot
repeat