

Rick James, 666

(ha ha) bringin me up in life
brake it down sonn.....
6....6....6....

verse 1 : niggas listen, and they be wishing, on my death! But wait until that day you'll be taking your last breath, wishing apon a lonely star, thinking about is you gonna die tomorr, i chop little niggas up like you, come through and demolish your whole crew, we throwing up them big w's, in my world it doesn't matter if you win or you lose, now follow the clues!

chours:the manechie is bleachy
and ya honey is money
now watch ya back when
you makin them paper
stacks.....cause cuz
you might get wacked!!!!!!