Spice 1, Balls 'N Brains

[VERSE 1]

Pullin up a 500 with the 20-inch D's

A muthafucka better freeze

When he see me cockin these

Two glocks, bust off a few shots

Catch a muthafuckin case like 2Pac

A real nigga gotta have balls and brains

To maintain in the game

Livin in the city with the killers and thugs

And might be dealin some drugs

A nigga either show love

Or bust slugs in mugs

Time tickin on my Rolex

Niggas be watchin me dippin and trippin if I'm heated

Cause I leave they ass deleted, erased

I seen the bitch in his face

When I was pullin on the trigger

One less nigga

Enemies ställin, I be killin em all

Cause I got the brains and balls

And I don't beckon for no bitches or no niggas at all

It's r.i.p. on the wall

I be the last nigga standin tall

[CHORUS]

Real niggas gotta have balls and brains

To maintain in the game

Suckers dream of schemes

A baller fiend for cream

I weigh my muthafuckin life on a triple beam

[VERSE 2]

Don't let your mouth write a check that your balls can't cash Or put your Uzi where you mouth is, nigga, we on a mash

Ain't no rules to the game, muthafuckas run up and blast

Drive the car in a alley, throw the body up in the trash

If it wasn't for rappin I'd be jackin you muthafuckas

With the fully automatic, we killers, you can't touch us Tell me how you gon' deal with the niggas that feed

When they're comin from the city where the murderers bleed

Keep a strap on the side, a A.K., Mac-10

Watchin all my enemies and all my friends

Rollin up on niggas with the Tec in a Benz

Might need checkin my ends, money and power'll win

And when the enemies see me, I'ma dip in the cut

Pull out my Uzi and tear his muthafuckin ass up

Mob shit, dumpin and jump in a drive-by bucket

Screamin out 'fuck it'!

[CHORUS]

| VERSE 3

When I'm dead throw a blunt in my casket if I didn't die high

My niggas go to war for me in gee rides

Skip the killas, real niggas pack Uzis up in the pillows

Big figures, hope you feel us, we love them big wheels

Puttin niggas in comas if he ain't dead from the blast

Get to hospital, stick a knife in his ass

Mob into the hooptie, put the foot to the gas

Forget wearin a mask and stick and move real fast

Got the morgue on my pager

Niggas be talkin 'bout killin me while I'm sleepin in my bed alone

And when I'm headin home they wanna follow me on

Until I tap em with the strap and get to bustin the chrome

It's bullet holes in my hooptie Some muthafuckas rollin round wanna shoot me It's all bad, live a life on the razor with all eyes on me These niggas be talkin, but they be so phoney

[CHORUS]