

Spice 1, Busta's Can't See Me

(Intro: Spice 1)

One eighty seven, the one eighty seven
the one eighty seven, the one eighty seven BLAOW!!
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One eighty seven, the one eighty seven, the one eighty seven
the one eighty seven

(Spice 1)

Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta, gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta
Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gat that ass if I don't shank ya
Glock shooter, dumpin' 'em up in ditches
Givin' them niggas stitches, smokin' them with the peoples
cause a - ain't no love see I'm just a G
with twin glocks on my side you can't fuck with me
Once again they come at me with that same old shit
Got to show 'em, let 'em know I'm not no punk ass bitch
Ready to pop them blood clot and let him feel hostile
S-P-I-C-E comin', we gettin' hard to kill
So sit your ass down don't you flinch one inch
Hollerin' at you with this twelve gauge under my trench
Got a whole live bury full of Smith-N-Wesson
Servin' your ass like salad dressin'
So prepare to catch a hot slug, from a O.G. thug
Leavin' your bloody body in the mud

(Chorus: Spice 1)

Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang! (SHAME!!)
Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang! (SHAME!!)
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(Spice 1)

Thought you was my nigga but you set me up
Tried to shut me up, tried to wet me, tried to wet me up
Now I gotta twist your snapple, kill shit up and gaffle
Put a worm hole in your rotten apple
Time for confrontation, and I know this
ex-drive through won't give me your exact location
So don't be sleepin', cause I'm gon' be creepin'
Cleanin' shit up, straight street sweepin'
My destination ain't too far
As I smobs in my rag top gangsta car
to come and get ya, I'm drinkin' Red Rum
Don't need a damn thing for the chase cause I likes to taste
One eight seven artist, play your ass like a Sega punches
Back in the game, knockin' out teeths'
Blowin' motherfuckers in Teresa's pieces

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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(Spice 1)

Me erupt this rust clot with my f-a-fo-five, don't wanna see me take no lives
Play with the funk, open up your trunk see who survives
I'm servin' the murder by the pound, a hundred and fifty rounds
Shake 'em up like Gin & Juice then guzzle 'em down

They claimin' this O.G. is a has been
But I'll be damned if I let these
busta's think that I won't pull out my mac again
We can all talk, it ain't no thing to bust
Leavin' your flesh lookin' like it's melted as I raise up outta the cut
Mad man killer, feel me on the realer
wouldn't bullshit ya homie I'ma cap filler
Ready to handle my business
Wrappin' it all in my clip blowin' niggas outta eight story windows and shit
So keep your hammer cocked and keep a close watch
for the nine millimeter and a nigga that's makin' your place look stocked
Peel a cap for the funk he did that's smokin' on this BT
Niggas pop at my shadow cause these busta's can't see me

(Chorus: Spice 1)

Busta's can't see me my uzi goes bang! (SHAME!!)
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