

Spice 1, Doncha Runaway

(Verse 1):

Now don't you run away from my Glock
You can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
Could somebody pass me a clip and a trigger
Walk across the party pistol whip a nigga
Shiiit,
I'm comin' up at 'em with the .9's the Glocks and Macs
And they'll never breathe again like Toni Braxton
Cause I don't see nothing wrooong with a little bummpet jack
So say "what up?" to the 1-8-7 FAC
Nappy head ass muthafuckas wearin' plats
Kickin' back like a muthafucka slangin' sacks
Ready to peel a nigga cap if they got the nap
So if you're funk'in' with the FAC
Better to stay strapped
Cause we'll be comin' up at your back with the black Gat
Nigga, and you be feelin' kinda fucked up
When your homie drop, it's simple
You can't run away from my Glock

(Chorus): 2x

Doncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and by

(Verse 2):

Spiggedy One kickin' dat ass with some lay back shit
The trigga-happy nigga, I figure
Niggas won't wanna step to me
If they know I'll be bustin' caps
I roll straps niggas take naps
Cause I don't be fuckin' around
When it comes to bustin' that steel
I'm too real, niggas feel me
When I kick this gangsta ass shit that you never heard
But fuck what you heard
I smokes niggas like Herb
Put your ass smooth on ice
So nigga don't be 2 proud to beg
For your muthafuckin' life
Cause Nine Cali'll make 'em stutter
Make 'em drop, nigga
You can't run away from my Glock

(Chorus): 2x

(Verse 3):

Comin' like the Lench Mobb swingin' on a vine
Yellin' out peace to my muthafuckin' Nine
Pullin' my cap back ready to serve they ass
Givin' a fuck about what the next nigga done up in the past
Nigga, I like to let a nigga have a bloody body
Don't think I'm bad, no boxin' no karate
Just a big fat Gat for them suckas
I ain't scared of you muthafuckas
Shiiit, and nigga that's how it be
"Rollin' with my muthafuckin' strap on the side of me"
So don't come at me with that shit
'Bout you gon gaffle me up
I cock your cranium like the muthafuckin' Snapple and cut nigga
So keep your hand on your pistol grip
Bullets whistlin' and shit
Feel like a fuckin' missile when you hit

And I advice you to stay on alert
Cause if you funkin' with my niggas
You gon put in some work, nigga

(Chorus): 2x

(Outro):
Yeah nigga
You knew you couldn't fuck wid this G
Would you wanna step to me
Fo, hoe, haha
Spiggedy One whippin' on that ass
Ant Banks in the muthafuckin' house
My nigga Omar
That nigga knocked out muthafucka drunk and shit
This nigga Jamar lay down the muthafuckin' studio
Drunk than muthafucka
You know what I'm sayin'
But you know one thing
Everybody in this muthafucka's strapped
You know what I'm sayin'
And nobody comin' up short
So don't try to run away from my Glock
Can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
1-8-7 thousand G