## Spice 1, Dumpin' Em In Ditches

Ratta to the motherfuckin tat is how I stomp this Much love for niggas that's sleepin up in the darkness Cause I'm a crooked nigga 2 like Pac I do a 1-8-7 with this motherfuckin glock Shot you in the body Had to break the gat off in his ass at the party, nigga Crazy as fuck, I thought you knew me Quick to put the bullets up in the motherfuckin Uzi, bitch A OG nigga, so I gotta G-O and creep slow And get this nigga while he's steppin out his car door Bust, bang, I let my nugs hang, chewed out my Mustang And let this motherfuckin gat sang A bloody glock and a pocket full of rock Got my shit on cock cause my slang don't stop In the darkness I ain't the nigga who's slippin I get the clip in, slam dunk it in the gat like Scottie Pippen And watch these niggas scream like bitches I break em off somethin proper And dump they ass in ditches

## Chorus:

1-8-7, dump the niggas up in ditches
Fat nina for the player hatin bitches
1-87, dump the niggas up in ditches
I got a fat nina for the player hatin bitches
1-87, dump the niggas up in ditches
Fat nina for the player hatin bitches
1-87, dump the niggas up in ditches
I got a fat nina for the player hatin bitches

Engrave my name on the motherfuckin hollow tip A autograph from the nigga, killer, lunatic 13 for the birdy, fuckin him in the game When I get my hands dirty, nigga You wanna squab with the nina Comin up, wanna gat you with this trigger happy finger, bitch Still whoopin a nigga ass with some St. Ide's Jealous niggas be wantin to gat me because they can't rise I sell my shit wherever I want to sell my shit I dig a ditch and let him meet nina, my little bitch Cause a nigga ain't soft I fuck around and break every nigga in your hood off Somethin proper cause I can't be caught slippin 7 in the mornin cookin keys in my kitchen Here comes the pig bangin on my door Screamin some shit about that 5.0 They must of seen me kill that man and run off in a hurry Left the cola and the gats and the money cause a nigga done

## Chorus 1/2

187 erupt, another motherfuckin walk by in your hood I broke a gat in his ass because it's all good And now the boys in blue wanna come after The motherfuckin East Bay gangster murder master! I'ma make that bacon fry, if he keep followin me around Fuckin off my indo high Pigs don't notice shit, 1-87 is the nigga you're fuckin with When I was young I used to get my gun Fuck with the G.T.A and bust at they ass for fun Put the piggy in a blanket and when the G.T.A stall I'm fucked till I crank it Then I'm 187,000 G with a warrant on head, layin d-e-a-d

My chrome gat shined like a sword

One motherfucker sent off to the morgue

Chorus 3/4

Yeah nigga, straight motherfuckin G's in nine-tre My nigga G-Nut, Omar, DJ motherfuckin Extra Large 187 Fac dumpin motherfuckers in ditches in nine-tre You know what I'm sayin? E-A-SKI, CM motherfuckin' T, you know what I'm sayin? Niggas straight doin it, gangsta shit