# Spice 1, East Bay Gangster (Reggae)

## Verse 1:

Welcome to the ghetto, and this is the place, young niggas be throwin they rocks up in my face

My homey G be yellin yo this like a holdup, I'm pullin my gat to make a mutha fucka fold up

In my Jag on my phone talkin business, Mac 10 to my dome Yo what is this I'm tellin him drop it Yo let's box and we can go a round, he dropped his gat I picked it up and blew his ass down

I know it's scandalous but a simple fuckin dirty fact, I'd rather hear my Uzi rat-a-ta-ta-tat-tat

It's for protection not to kill or break a nigga's bones, back to the story, here's the story B the story on

His guts were scattered he was splattered up against the wall, my homey G was on my phone buggin off my call

I tried to smash but I'm lookin at some high beams into the eyes of some mutha fuckin dope fiend

He seen me shoot him so I shot him blew his ass off , I shot my Uzi up in the air and then I smashed off

I'm rollin thicker than a milkshake, I like to eat crab but I prefer steak

I ain't no joke mutha fucka so don't play yourself, I flip you over fry your ass like a patty melt

And if you ever disrespect me I'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha fuckin east bay gangsta

meneme forgot to use my nine cuz 5-0 bombed the AK, the 187 posse robbed the bank in a way. Legal or illegal it's the way of the bay. The government keep the profit of cocaine in a way. Me shootin up me shootin up if he don't give me my pay The niggas up on the block send for me every day. A thousand everyday will keep the 5-0 away. Just call me east bay G-A-N-G-S-T-A

## Verse 2:

Looked in my mirror cose range right behind me, tinted windows up in the Benz 190

I ain't no dummy knew right off he's tryin to kill me, if I don't smash full of buckshot he will fill me

Hangin out the car shots scatter windows shatter trouble, I'll shoot him up bathed in his blood like Mr Bubble

187 did I do it with an AK, another day a nigga dead up in the alleyway

Why did I do it, it's my pistol and I packed it, I think they need to lock my ass up in a straightjacket

So all you suckas listen close to this warnin, while I get into your ass like Charmin

Funky shit that so dope so open your mouth up, you ever shuck me I'ma blow your fuckin house up

And if youever disrespect me I'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha fuckin eastbay gangsta

Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta, Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta kickin the funky Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta(???) G-Nut because he's down with the Fac, lynch mutha fuckas when we're coolin the block. The X the L the A the R-G-E, the murder fac 187 posse. The E-A-Ski is with 187, the CMT is with 187

#### Verse 3:

Now as I'm maxin in this mutha fuckin jail cell, with nuthin but dried up funk to smell

I thinkin about the times that I ganked fools and why I'm coolin in these fucked up county blues

I ve murder mutha fuckas singular and in a pair, and in the morning I'll be getting the electric chair

But do I care, Yo I could give a fuck less, the CIA, FBI got it in the chest

Tappin my phone calls, wires hidden in my walls, I had the money flowin smooth like Niagara Falls

The glory got so I'm considered a murderous criminal, because my bullet ate his ass like a cannibal

Before I chopped him with AK I made him say his grace, and then I emptied the clip off up in his fuckin face

His partner callin for backup as I was breakin out, nigga refused to die, that's what I heard him shout

I hit the corner with quickness because I ain't the one, to feel the fuckin blast of a shotgun

And when they fry my ass, I'm goin straight Hell, that's why I'm kickin you tales of a jail cell

And if you ever disrespect me I'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha fuckin eastbay gangsta

Dja Mon, me gonna kick the funky gangsta shit mon, me kickin the funky gangsta. The gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta, Gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da gangsta

Dja mon, mida me got E-A-Ski in the house mon, Me got me DJ Xtra Large mon, We got CMT in the mutha fuckin house, Dja Mon we got (????) Check it out!

#### Verse 4:

(?????)

Me pullin out me glock mon to settle the ghetto job me kickin the funky reggae kickin the funky rasta
Many people that I be meeting be calling me killa gangsta then shoot up your bitch and kick back and smoke a blunt in the car
Me fuckin with dank me fuckin with dank It's S-P-I-C-E 1 me buckin em down me buckin em down shootin lead in his lung
Me kickin the funky gangsta shit to get the bitch sprung, the 187
Faculty bitch so fuck the