

# Spice 1, Faces Of Death

Ay bwoy, ay, this is... this is...

187, the 187, the (chill man) 187  
The 187, the 187, the 187 (187)  
The 187, the 187, the BLOAW! (jump up in the house man, chill man)  
187, the 187, (faces of death man) the 187  
The 187, the 187, the 187 (what you know about faces of death man?)  
The 187, the BLOAW!

(\*The 187 repeats in background then Jamaican singing\*)

(Spice 1)  
(Born to kill), reign shit goes on right here, reign shit player  
Chill man, chill, walk about, walk about the (casket)  
Serious motherfucker balls, spit my dime, fuck the sidewalk man  
James Bridge just blowin down motherfuckin train man  
(Casket), real type shit man, huh, huh, yeah man (silence of a dead man body...)  
Watch them die over the drug and the white bitch man, the white bandit  
Watch them die over the Cocaine (\*CHOKES\*) faces of death man  
In the ghetto, projects what ever you want to call it  
We all the same man, we all in the same shit (S-P-I-C-E) word-a  
We say the 187, the 187 (jealousy got me strapped) callin the murder  
The 187, the 187 is in the fire (nigga)

(Spice 1)  
(East Bay Gangsta) East Bay Gangsta man, kill a rat  
Kick that gangsta shit man word up (crazy)  
Motherfuckin killer, in this...

Me say the 187, the 187, the 187  
The 187, the 187, the 187  
The 187, the 187, the 187  
The 187, the 187, the 187, the BLOAW!

(Spice 1)  
Murder from the mind of a sick nigga  
Thinkin bodies, dirty money, bloody Cocaine and Tech clips  
I play with pistol grips, dead niggas and lolly tips  
Suicidal sick shit, a psychopathic lunatic  
Caught up in murder man, dirty up in this dead fool  
Faces of Death, hog my dreams out of drains fools  
Pullin pistols, tellin niggas to get the fuck back  
I'm regulatin shit, there's money up on my dope track  
See I'm a soldier in this game, ain't nothin strange  
Got a nigga lyin on the floor with half of his fuckin brains  
Murder and crazy it's just a part of the game  
Niggas won't kill ya, just don't fuck with their Caine  
Mack 10 silencer all ya heard was screams (AHHHHHH!!!)  
All I seen was the gleams from the Infra-Red beams  
Another motherfuckin walk-by in your hood  
Better pack two clips up on your hips and it's all good  
That nigga Death, he got more faces than a motherfucker  
So don't be shocked if you're naked, bleedin in your gutter, niggas

Ay bwoy, ay this is... in this mother...

Faces of Death is an way gone past  
Fuck up all of your hoes, all up in your bed, in your bed  
Faces of Death is an way gone...  
Fuck all of your hoes, all in your bed, this is... in your bed, in this...  
Faces of Death away, fuck up all your hoes all in your bed, in your bed  
Faces of Death is an way gone... (all right)  
Fuck up all your hoes in your bed (Twilight Zone to 1999 yet, Spice 1)  
Don't you ever... in your bed

East Bay Gangsta, gangsta hoe, ooh (well all right, can you hang?)

Can you motherfuckers hang, I mean slang them thangs as they go?

Well, all right, hoe, hoe, hoe, well I'm wrong

Say no, sing a sad song ohh, cause a,

cause a hoe's are gon' lay on, we all gon' hash one day

Well all right on, uh sayer, sprayer, East Bay, well on Willie

Mother pimp in the game, 187 faculty thang hey, well all right

Uh, BOSKO whassup nigga, where that chicken at?

Where that chicken at nigga, whassup Spice?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...