

# Spice 1, Fetty Chico And The Mack

Intro: Mack 10

BLaaaow Blam 187  
Straight murder display from LA to the Bay  
Westside, My nigga Spice 1 aka Fetty Chico  
And I'll be Mack 10 aka Mack Manson  
What up Spice

Spice 1:

We serving chickens you damn sure can't get at Roscoe's  
If you don't want to see no murder then keep your eyes closed  
Nigga shake the dice up, roll 'em if it's one or ten  
They won't be able to put your ass together again  
Leave you in Reece's Pieces, rolling in white cornices  
Knocking out teethes, I know where we can get the blackheads cheapest  
From my homie down the street on the block  
He copping everything from Desert Eagles down to them mini-Glocks  
If niggas fuck off the money we raise the murder stats  
Me and my nigga Mack 10 committing terrorist acts  
You see us bailing don't mumble under your breath  
Have the heart to say fuck you so I can put five in your chest nigga  
Don't be no punk, I put my Uzi where my mouth is  
Yay under couches running out of crack houses  
We down and dirty for the birdy thirty-five a sack  
Nigga give up the stack it's Fetty Chico and The Mack

Chorus:

Fetty Chico and The Mack  
(Murder Murder) Ma-A-Mack 10 shooter, kill a man looter  
Fetty Chico And The Mack  
(Murder Murder) Open up your mouth, Say Ahh, get  
ready for theBlaaoow  
Fetty Chico and The Mack  
(Murder Murder) Ma-A-Mack 10 shooter, kill a man looter  
Fetty Chico And The Mack  
(Murder Murder) Open up your mouth, Say Ahh, get  
ready for theBlaaoow

Mack 10:

I'm in a murderous mindstate  
I'm on so much dope and coke I can't even do my line straight  
I smoke that ??? that shit put me in a trance  
And since my last LP they start calling me Mack Manson  
Now when I come around punks know they're gone  
??? my pistol around and fall straight into a coma  
So take if you want it that's my number one motto  
Hitting licks like the lotto, with a four-five bottle  
And assault rifles like Rambo full of ammo  
Dump a nigga in his chest and watch him bleed through his flesh  
???..... chicken hawking  
You kill a nigga, you kill his bitch so she can't talk  
So I smoked the bitch and made it simple  
I put one in her temple and got horny as a nympho  
So with a hard dick and guns, a bad bitch dies  
I take my two fingers and then I slowly close her eyes

Chorus

Capping him in his b-brain, with the m-mack t-ten  
that's my p-partner we d-d-doing him in  
L-I-leave him in the t-trunk

'til his c-crazy kid kicks one in the ch-chamber off  
the s-safety  
I g-got 'em g-got 'em four extra c-clips  
Infra-red b-beam h-hollow tips  
D-dirty l-licks m-midnight  
M-Mack W-One O and l-laser sights  
R-rollin b-blunts smoking to the doobie  
In my h-hooptie with my uzi t-talking to me  
Telling me thought another lick we can go pull off  
He told me keep your mask on don't take your hood off  
So me bail into Burger King and me pistol whip the guard  
Everybody up on the floor nobody try to make it hard  
Another guard was hiding he jumped out and bust at me  
So I let him count the bullets in my C-L-I-P  
Me hear them sirens ringing and me take off with the stack  
Bailing without the stretch it's Fetty Chico and The Mack  
187-187-187-187-Blaaaow

Chorus

(Murder Murder)  
Murder murder and Kill Kill Kill  
World Wide WestSide