Spice 1, Fuck The World

(Chorus: Spice 1)

FUCK THE WORLD, I'll load my clips

Slang my ki's, smokin' ounces

Dump niggas in ditches cause I'm a rider

One of the 50 calibur inside ya

FUCK THE WORLD, I'll load my clips

Slang my ki's, smokin' ounces

Dump niggas in ditches cause I'm a rider

The Black Bossalini put slugs inside ya (slugs inside ya)

(Spice 1)

Fuck the world, we be gattin' the up

Niggas be comin' with the AK runnin' out of the car, we givin' a fuck Grabbin' my nuts and bustin' with the killers side, we killin thugs

Catch my enemies slippin' and hittin' them up we bury they ass

Some of you niggas is bitches we scary to blast

I'll put down the mash and I'ma pull fast class with tinted glass Murder for cash, niggas be runnin' and dumpin' with no ski mask Paid hits so close your eyes and keep a close grip on your dick

We empty clips, slip, silde and dip to those who collect the chips is thug shit

(Kyoz)

My life up in the ghetto stackin' talk show flow

King of the block (block), pushin' rocks until my heart stop, clock me or not

Brought me a drop, triple gold D, stackin' my teeth

Puttin' slugs in enemies, makin' niggas freeze just like the police

And until I'm deceased, marry me a 'G'

Young niggas, dumb niggas with chrome (chrome) and tell Al Capone

Flippin' zones by the phone when I bought my home

Laced with game, the game explains wettin' them up like rain

Killin' the markers was the caine

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(Den Fen)

I'm mentally mind gone with the chrome in my hand

when I take my stand and glance at the right foes

Two shots for my right foe

The life that I'm livin' I'm leavin' 'em fucked in the game

when I maintain in my ghetto path

True to the roots, only crews gonna blast on your punk-ass

They flashback to my main frame its the same thing

but a different game, feel a strange pain

when you got a bullet hole enlodged in your motherfuckin' brain

They slang caine on my blocks, glocks cock on fight non-stop

Patrol - nigga me slangin' that caine since sixteen years old

(Spice 1)

My foes be shot up in caskets, half of they faces be missin' dumpin' on you jealous bastards, six feet deep nigga listen Bossalini bring the drama as the motherfuckin' world keeps turnin' And I won't rest in peace till I see my enemies burnin' I'll load my clips and slang my ki's smoke ounces of chronic weed while niggas bleed over scandalous bitches, money and greed Down for the wettin' them up, niggas be diein' for disrespectin' a thug

Now takin' some slugs and leave these niggas with all they gats in the mud

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