

Spice 1, Funky Chickens

Yeah nigga
Muthafuckin East Bay Gangster
Back in your muthafuckin face
Rollin in my muthafuckin chicken coupe
Muthafuckin black-on-black caddy
Triple gold D's and shit
Spice muthafuckin one knowmsayin
Straight mobbin

Four chickens in a coop
Make a nigga wanna shoop
Colonel Sanders ain't poppin, droppin
Big fat Baby Huey, ki's they can purchase
Got the whole hood ballin, nigga, fuck churches
Fools in the city turn the fuck up dead
Cos I'm servin more chickens than Foghorn Leg
Feds wanna know where a nigga reside
Cos the nuggets I'm sellin ain't Kentucky Fried
See, I boil it to a certain degree
Sometimes a nigga even sellin quarter pounders with cheese
But it ain't McDonald's or Burger King
Cos muthafuckas goin under gettin caught with hot wings
Ba-da-ba-ba slingin that lleyo
Them feds don't play, hoe
Say no if they ask you if you seen
A young nigga wearin braids slinig birds out a pinto
Smokin indo talkin to my hitman
Put your ass six feet under like quicksand
Get some slugs and a golden shower
Got the muthafuckin cocaine, money and power
Takes a lickin and keeps on tickin, movin, stickin
Fuckin round with the funky chicken

Straight believin in flake from s-p-i
Never gettin high off your own supply

The world was a big fat vagina
Waitin for a nigga like me to get behind her
See, the ballers and the clockers know me so well
Servin my muthafuckin ki's outta cheap motels
Cookin chickens in the kitchen to smoked-out hoes
Collect the shit in my lungs, collect the shit in my nose
See, let a real nigga tell it
I seen niggas swallow they lley, shit it out and still sell it
Keep the hustle goin strong each day
My little homie Larry swallowed five dubs and passed away
Chickens in my drawers collectin them funds
Can't wear boxer shorts, gotta wear dun-dun-dun-dun's
Infrared cos niggas try to jack
See I'm sellin chickens and they gettin chicken scratch
There ain't no match for this killin-ass baller
Call a shot like AT&T and touch all of y'all
I'm countin chickens in my sleep
I used to count sheep
But the chickens give me heap, so catch the tweak
The fuck off, I love it when my stack thicken
Yeah, fuckin round with the funky chicken

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Clockers walk around the track pickin doves like bird seed
Mix a little crack with some dirt weed
But I mob in my chicken coupe sittin on triple gold

With just today twenty chicken sold
And niggas love me cos I'm straight 205
And when I stay alive niggas put scrilla out for my life
You put a hit out on me, I put one out on you
You wanna murder who? slugs full of dirt for you
The underground villain, chicken seller
Slingin birds out the trunk, a 95 goodfella
Stayin under from these crooked-ass federalies
And leavin niggas who don't pay me shot up in the alley
Murderin swift and I'm quick up out the scenery
Showin you niggas what my scrilla really mean to me
Cos I'm addicted to the lley slingin chickens
Got me slingin in the shower, two birds every four hours
Watch my ass and I'm on another mail mission
Finna serve some more of that funky chicken

Yeah you know what i'm sayin
Straight mobbin and shit
About 30 ki's in the muthafuckin trunk
Niggas know what time it is
Knowmsayin
Yeah, you gotta watch your muthafuckin shit
Niggas will try to get you for your caine, nigga
You know the rules, nigga
Yeah, never underestimate the other muthafucka's greed
Straight game
Yeah
And when you're rollin in your muthafuckin drop
Or whatever you're ridin in
Nigga, don't have the music up too goddamn loud
Cos muthafuckas'll ride up on you and straight
Shoot you in your muthafuckin head and drag you up out your shit
They don't give a fuck if you're strapped or not, nigga
This lley game ain't no muthafuckin joke
Yeah
Just get in funk behind them chickens
Straight uncut peruvian flavor
Cookin chickens in the kitchen, nigga, like Shake 'N Bake
Call me chef ???
187000 g's