

Spice 1, High Powered

(Intro):

Yeah, this is Speezie Ace Black Bossalinie
Fetty Chico, Shiznilty
I just wanna say I got love for all you haters out there
Cause if it wasn't for y'all, we wouldn't be real players
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha...

(Verse 1):

We're comin' in group with mob tactics and game
Ghetto soldiers when we step on the scene
Flossin' diamonds flashin' red beams
My squad like the S.W.A.T. team
Security areas scopin' I'm with the Fourteen
By any means cream rules everything
Money is power rather die like a soldier than
Live my life as a coward
How many players spit the real hits?
How many ballers you know that you makin' scrill with?
Haters be actin' like the game is gone
But they ain't open they eyes
I've been spendin' dead presidents since they was alive
It's like Newport to G.P.C.
Generic haters get smoked quick up because they cheep
We Yay deep like a shark I pull you under the water
Get you caught up in some thug (Shhhh...)
Steady mobbin' and stackin' chips in the dirty Bay
Suit angles and hittin' switches thugs ain't your average
Marks just give up all they cabbage
See the big fish eat up the guppies
It's like real big dogs to little pound puppies
.22 to a .50 cal.(iber) got 'em curious
But my style was a problem child
Robbin' banks when I was juvenile
I told my P.O. (parole officer) I wouldn't give him no drama
But if they try to take my life I'm dumpin', that's on my momma
And my little girl the world is pre-timers
Waitin' for a player like me to get behind her
High Powered

(Chorus):

High-High-High-High-High

(Skit over chorus):

(...yeah playboy, real players lovin' to ball
Natural Born Riders
From the womb to the tomb
We're real about this
We at this
Immortalized, High Powered for life
We don't die we multiply
Thugs - Energized like them batteries
Ball for this moblife, move with Thugs...)

(Verse 2):

My life is all women and money
But the money come over women
I'm a worldwide self-made mob figure
Ain't no room for suckers duckin' the undercovers
Keep my strap on the side for the others who hate to love us
Wanna be us, but they can't see us
& From a womb to the tomb I'm th-a-th-a-thugged out as a fiend IS
Born sinnin' in a world of Yea-dealers
Pretty women dickin' in us niggas twirkin' off bomb and liquor
Hit the front page of St. Louis Time's

High speed'n WESTSIDE patna
Felons committin' felonies and got the ATF all on my jock
(??) cussin' back at smilin' will never stop
We gotta duck see I'm callin' 4 or 5 different ghetto names
Bossalinie, Fetty Chico, Shiznilty, Ebonic Slang
Sported a rim since a B.G. original Bossalinie
I'm tatted up thugged out bulletproofed wearin' a beanie
Where the WESTSIDE at?
Where the EASTSIDE at?
Where the NORTH where the SOUTH where the WESTSIDE at?
We're .50 caliber players mo' fools is .22's
Murder next to my marrow killin' up streets with the blues
Bossalinie, Fetty chico, been around since '89
Steady .9-technism thuggism from the mind
To the suckers who ain't knowin, that's just too damned bad
I'm from the killa kali WESTSIDE
Where we ridin' for cash, I'm high powered

(Chorus):
High-High-High-High-High

(Skit over Chorus)
(...they ain't gon win, they can't win
We're ridin' for ever, they can't win
Patna, you just can't win
We're High Powered
You ain't nuthin but High Coward
It's 1999, Peep Speezie Ace Black Bossalinie
Fetty chico, Shiznilty
Immortalized
Blaooooooooow !!!!!.....)

(Chorus til end)
Powered...
High-High-High-High-High
Powered...