

Spice 1, If It Ain't Rough, It Ain't Me

(Chorus)

If it ain't rough, it ain't me, no it ain't me (if it ain't rough, it ain't me)
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(Spice 1)

More chips no kippers more bits like your computer
With a niglet with the criminal mind like Lex Luger
I, leave your top in your lap like I-B-M
N-a-navigators, TV's be ridin' them
I be him, black beany a brim, twenty inch rim
The niggas b-a-bustin' them thangs ridin' with them
Slide 'em in, niggas swallow butch like ride 'em in
Creep and crawl on they ass like Spiderman
Out of men, without the man next to the man
Out of men that'll have ya ass buried in sand
We ain't playin', layin' niggas across the flo' you gots to go
No waitin' for the cops to roll that's pot and a coal
Rose like a popsickle and tag his toe, hit him with the calacoal
I ride fo' sure and it it ain't rough it ain't me
Forever be thugged out Mr. Bossalini

(Chorus)

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(Spice 1)

Slam dunk this uzi up in your chest like J.R. cause I'ma rider
Score thirty six shots in one body slugs burn inside
you don't think I'm bad, nobody know karate
just a thugged out nigga puttin' hollows up in your body
I don't fuck around with that return from the dead
So I make sure I blow off half the back of your head
Nigga we skyballin', call me Lucci Skyballer, fly talker
Catty trunks with dead carcuses in 'em
I spit venom, born to sin 'em sick as fuck
With a thug disease, niggas tradin' slugs for cheese
In the year two-g's, we call it Y2-YAY
and wonder why I pack two AK's, witness the end of days
I'm on shots on niggas lotsa niggas to die
Hit bitches between their thighs and niggas between their eyes
Just pick me with the blunt off in my mouth is lit
I smoke the knockout King's two thousand two shit

(Chorus)

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(Spice 1)

When you come to my city your vest best be tight on
I thought you niggas knew the West was Spice 1
Please believe it, we heated with fullies
Pull these triggers with baguettes on the index
Flexi blast pumpin' like Lex off the X
we don't give a fuck we buryin' niggas
Never die alone is what we steady tell our young niggas
If they comin' to get'cha, take a couple of 'em wit'cha
Got 'em rollin' with the "Strap On The Side"
now can you picture me bustin' with saggy pants on runnin' with killers?

Bail up on your front lawn with a truck full of niggas
We bring nightmares to snitches hangin' around a alley
West Sides' finest thug niggas straight outta Cali
Bringin' it to ya live, raw and uncut
Space ballin', diamonds shinin', plottin' pictures of shit
Nigga what I leave you shouldered in the midget of some quicksand
Have your ass limp'in' around here with a wooden leg and a kick-stand

(Chorus)

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