

Spice 1, Lucky I'm Rappin

(Intro: Jayo Felony & Spice 1)

Yeah, Spice 1, Jayo

It's on there (Blaow!)

(yeah what's really pimpin'?

I mean, I mean, I mean what you mean

Sure got a nigga fucked up (fucked up)

Just takin' it gangsta for a reason)

(Spice 1)

Old school like Wrangler, rough and rugged

Got my AK in the air, these busters screamin' I'm fakin' (Blaow!)

W-a-wild ass nigga, b-a-born to die

Point the Infra-Red beam right on your eye

It'll come slack, cause my family is stone - cold killers

So vest make sure that it's on still on niggas

With the ass of the gat, make them back that up

My SWAT Team swung on that ass like nigga what (WHAT!?!)

Without the motherfuckin' gat and get to cappin'

Got niggas throwin' they hands up and I ain't even rappin'

Get my weight like Champagne, I hit 'em with bang, bang

It's Speezy Ace givin' a fuck by the damn thang

World wide like dot com, you know my name

Get sacked on, peepin' my enemies carry glock form

Gotta show 'em I ain't no fake rap nigga

It's Spice 1, two to the dome, straight killer

Niggas lucky that I'm rappin'

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You niggas lucky that I'm rappin'

Cause if it wasn't for this rappin'

I'll be jackin' - steady smashin'

Partner tryin' to see what's happenin'

Please believe you niggas lucky that I'm rappin'

(Jayo Felony)

Spice, they know when not to fuck with us

these tricks'll get jacked

Takin' bitches down while I put my hood up on the mat

I'm from that mad ass four-seven n-hood seed rippin'

SDC crippin', test me and see slippin'

Set trippin' on you niggas from the giddy up

like you ain't never seen a crip take your city up, BITCH!!

Rich rollin', when you see me stall

All crips don't C-Walk and that's G talk

Throw up the phone, rap that bring your city through the mud

I'm tossin' up seeds in a city full of bloods

And it still crip and die and my alais is Mad Guy

Any record label put your money up and just die

I'm sherned out in my boxers, chokes on the corner I don't rid

Like momma look what the world did to God's kids

Came back to my senses, got in the hooptie and slid

And realised damn cuz, I'm the motherfuckin' shit, BITCH!!

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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(Spice 1)

I stay in Cali for the cream cheese

But a nigga got fans and Puertorican, white, black and even Chinese

Your parents sippin' Zaki (Zaki)

Imagine a Jacuza Clan bumpin' Spice 1 tryin' to mock me
Flip niggas like blunt ashes (ashes)
I carry stashes of AK's and endo's hidden up in my attic
Though I'm an addict to the automatic
When the philly is in me I pull the trigger then
I cock shit back and reload
with intentions premeditated with no remorse
No feelin' no mourn, just flesh torn and burnin'
Look into my eyes and see
It's so hard on a nigga when you livin' like a G
You niggas stay tricks while I come 3D like The Matrix
Don't play tricks F-a-Fetty Chico from the Bay bitch
Independent now, fuck you pay me
No dough, low show nigga, fuck you pay me
You niggas lucky that I'm rappin'

(Chorus: Spice 1)
You niggas lucky that I'm rappin'
Cause if it wasn't for this rappin'
I'll be jackin' - steady smashin'
Partner tryin' to see what's happenin'
Please believe you niggas lucky that I'm rappin'

(Outro: Spice 1)
Yeah, Speezy Ace, Black Bossalini, Fetty Chico, Shiznilty
Uh, that's Spice 1 nigga, Spice 1 motherfucker
They gon' do it, they gon' let me do it again?
They gon' let me do it again?
Yeah it's platinum shit bitch
A-aaaaaaaahh - blaow!!
What, you niggas lucky I'm out here rappin'
Cause if it weren't for this rappin'
I'll be jackin' you punk motherfuckers
FUCK YOU niggas, YOU PUNK MOTHERFUCKER!!!