

Spice 1, Mo' Mail

(E-40)

Ah fuck it

Ah y'all got your nigga E-40 in this motherfucker

I buzz I put a step in

(G-Nut)

Kickin it in the Fac house motherfucker

(E-40)

Ay, G-Nut, Spice, Xtra-Large

(G-Nut)

Let em have it

(Spice-1)

Went out the house I think it was a Sunday

Nigga was runnin with drop top drop havin a fun-day

Kickin it with my niggas up on the block

talkin shit drinkin "Crooked Eye"

I got the fat head rush from the chocolate Thai

I'm feelin good I wanna kick it and hang out

But when the drive-by hit this is the main route

What the fuck is my problem nigga?

I got a glock seventeen better gobble them

So why should I trip, load the clip, put the joint to my lip

Get the motherfuckin forty take a real ass nigga hit

I'm sittin on my gat thinkin shit is cool

Some niggaz roll up in an old school

I ain't trippin, ay ' you know this nigga's face

I heard the motherfuckin bass

of a sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump

Musty dead bodies and a catty bump, trump

Smellin up the neighborhood lyin in the bushes

Somebody had mo' mail than the rest of the pushers

(E-40)

Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Spice-1, you know some hoes gonna go boy

Look here ay look here

They got schemes and scandals out there right?

When that funk is on this here

Check fan, the motherfucker gotta be about

As greasy as gravy in order to maintain

So society is a motherfucker ain't it?

Ay, whatta bout those niggas on your dick nigga?

Ice spit some shit about that shit nigga

(Spice-1)

Get off my dick nigga get your own motherfuckers

steady mobbin gaffle the motherfuckers cause my jobbing

Shootin up motherfuckers was my hobby

Stop the tech-eleven on two-eleven I did a robbery

Shot the motherfucker is grenades that I'll be livin

Lowin the motherfuckers like a new pair of Levi's and

Used to think the cops were so motherfuckin friendly

Till they tied my cousin to a chair and broke his chin '

My homies motherfuckin head like a melon

Slavery is (?????) of convicted felon

So dear Mr. Officer of the motherfuckin law

Rodney Kind don't need a trial what was seen was what was saw

You could take the niggas up out the motherfuckin ghetto

But you can't take the ghetto up out the motherfuckin niggas

Can't you hear the voice of the niggas comin at cha?
Fuck you Mr. President I think I wanna gat ya
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers
Mo' mail than the rest of the piles

(E-40)

I can't get enough, good, good
Good shit motherfucker good shit
I think I'm a little jet drunk motherfuck
Ay, look here ay I'm off this Liquorice Rainall boy
You understand that don't ya
Huh, you feel it
Ay, ay look here nigga, ay
What I want you to do boy, drop that ill shit

(Spice-1)

I'll make this gat sing like motherfuckin Mary J. Blige
And reminisce on havin a nigga's last breath when he slowly die
Stang his ass in the chest with the hollow
Capped him in his thr-thr-throat so he can't swallow
R-a-rat t-a-tat put a buck in y'all
The motherfuckin six-foot chunky dog
Comin to play with the trigger of the AK
Another real ass nigga from the East Bay
?W-E-L-L-T-E-P-R-O-O-F?
For the niggas who kid yourself by losin your fuckin death
Bloaw! Bloaw!
Cap, we do it just like that
Quick to put a motherfucker brains in his lap
Smokin up a blunt as I reminisce
of bloody body bags a motherfucker going nutty
Bloaw! Bloaw!
Po' bust a knowledge route
Brown, notify his family, fuck it, send his fingers home
Cause the shit get major, put the ?Montgomery? number upon his pager
Bitch don't fuck with me
I know a gang of niggas that will shoot it up with me
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers

(E-40)

It's the S-P-I-C-E with ya nigga E-40 (Erick Sermon)
Roll in to the curb and die
These motherfuckers don't understand this shit boy
This shit is so damn real man
Ay, nineteen ninety-tre-four-five
Ay, I got one of them

Mo' mail than the rest of the pushers
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