

# Spice 1, Nigga Gots No Heart

A nigga gots no heart (a nigga a nigga)  
&lt;repeat&gt;

## Verse 1

I'm sick up in this game  
I'll take no muthafuckin' shorts &  
slam dunk these riddles up in yo' ass like Jordan  
Menace II Society muthafuckin' killer  
just call me the East Bay Gangsta  
I'm yo' real ass nigga  
Quick to make decisions & I'm  
quick to get my blast on  
Do a 187 with this muthafuckin' mask on  
Rollin' up out the cut deeper than Atlantis  
tore his chest apart left his heart on the canvas  
Now I gots mo' mayo than the rest of the pushers  
rat a tat tat came my Tec from the bushes  
I blast with no heart 'cause I'm heartless in nine-trey  
A-K blast on that ass if in my way, nigga  
slangin' 'Cola since the very very start  
much love for this game so a nigga gots no heart

Ain't no love bitch  
A nigga gots no heart  
&lt;repeat&gt;  
(gunshot)

## Verse 2

Release the trigga as I blast on a nigga  
nina put a cease on his Timex ticker  
And uhh playas he can't give me no love  
'cause I'm stuck on the corna in the ghetto  
slangin' dub sacks  
and I duck when they fly by  
'cause Killa Cali' is the state for the drive-by  
caps peel from the gangstas in my hood  
ya better use that nina  
'cause that deuce-deuce ain't no good  
and umm I'm taking up a hobby  
murdering muthafuckas & massacre robbery  
I'm twenty-two & I'm still slangin' dub sacks  
I gives the fiend some love but ain't no love back  
Much love in this game ain't no love nigga  
187 is a art 'cause a nigga gots no heart

Ain't no love bitch  
A nigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love bitch

Me shootin' him up me shootin' him up  
if he no give my pay  
Ain't no love bitch  
&lt;repeat&gt;

## Verse 3

A nigga gots no heart  
& I'll be damned if I'm broke old  
pushin' on a shoppin cart  
They blast on a friend of me  
another sad case of a mistaken identity  
12 O' clock & my 'hood's dubbin' pay back

I sat & watched them shoot my nigga  
seen his face crack  
Uzis spray like Raid on these cockroaches  
a dropped bomb full of 187 soldiers  
Doin' dirt 'cause we dirty when the trigga pull  
Seventeen up in that nigga left his body full  
of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back  
I let my mail stack & let my hair platt  
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart  
his posse came & them niggas had no heart

Me kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock

Yeah mon blam! The 187 fact man  
comin' at yo' ass wit no love  
Blam! Fuck ya man Pussyclot man  
187 thousand G