

# Spice 1, Niggas I Roll Wit

(Chorus: Spice 1)

You ain't gotta worry 'bout me  
watch for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'  
Pimps, playas, hustlers and G's  
is the niggas I'm rollin' wit'  
We all got the same enemies  
me and the niggas I'm rollin' wit'  
Pourin' liquour out on the streets  
for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'

(Spice 1)

Me and my niggas go together like twenty-three's on paralies  
with mobb style tattoos on our shoulders, backs and bellies  
All crazy as fuck and don't nobody give a shit  
Carry guns, smoke weed, pop ex and fight pits  
Make 'em fight to the death so we can all get a rush  
Niggas lettin' off fo'-fo's when fired the FUCK UP  
Money, liquour and pieces, bullet wounds, scars and stitches  
My niggas is savage, attitudes is all vicious  
Doin' doughnuts and burnin' rubber in six hundreds  
Some allegory vehicles while cops'll be stayin' blunted  
Fight each other some times but still drink out the same bottle  
if a nigga pull a pistol he gotta use it and that's the motto  
We don't owe none of you motherfuckers a goddamn dime  
Couldn't get a one nickel outta me, just a slug and two nines  
And I don't give a fuck I'm gangster, my nature is savvy  
Blow your brains out and shoot a happy face in your caddy motherfucker

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(Spice 1)

Sometimes I just can't tell my niggas shit  
cause I know they gon' get to bustin'  
You fuck me, you fuck my niggas - crips and bloods and killers  
Nappy braids, afro's and saggy pants  
Pop a motherfuckin' collar, just boogie and don't dance  
Test my thuggin', my niggas act up, I can't control 'em  
Shake the dice and you can't stand pain, you better hold 'em  
Don't roll 'em, we bound to put slugs up in your scrotum  
We all unload together and reload 'em  
Spiceberg and them millimeter the niggas that roll with me  
I roll with them, we roll together, till the tank is empty  
Nigga, my dogs, my folks, my people  
my blood cousins, my playas, my pimps, my ridaz, my thugs rushin'  
Motherfuckers did dirt, we ain't trippin' you know the rules  
Like mechanics my niggas come laced with all the tool  
So you ain't gotta worry 'bout me  
Watch for the niggas that I came with  
and do the damn thing in the game with

(Chorus: Spice 1)

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(Spice 1)

Uh, picture me crawlin' in my catalac escalade  
Ain't no need for no hatin', cause we all gettin' paid  
I gotta pocket full of chips, an ounce of weed in the stash  
we all high talkin' shit, watch the whole car laugh  
But there's a serious side to all the shit that we do  
Keep us circulin' killers givin' my enemies blues  
We choose the life that we live in, take the bitter with the sweet  
Ready to poom, hittin' the pearl of a hard beat  
It's Thug Nature, pistols, pimpin', power and paper  
Real playas, woodgrain, TV's and navigators  
Just a motherfuckin' gangsta like all my friends  
Pull up on you muggin' with bullet holes in my Benz  
We been in all kind of shit, it's been a long ass road  
I make demo's outta niggas, strikin' fear on my foes  
Fuck the world if you can't thug  
A lotta niggas out here as well will do for some slugs motherfucker

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