# 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' liqour 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, liqour 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

(Chorus: Spice 1)
You ain't gotta worry 'bout me
watch for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pimps, playas, hustlers, G's
is the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
We all got the same enemies
me and the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pourin' liqour out on the streets
for the niggas I'm rollin' wit

(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)
You ain't gotta worry 'bout me
watch for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pimps, playas, hustlers, G's
is the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
We all got the same enemies

me and the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pourin' liqour out on the streets
for the niggas I'm rollin' wit

(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

(Chorus: Spice 1)
You ain't gotta worry 'bout me
watch for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pimps, playas, hustlers, G's
is the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
We all got the same enemies
me and the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pourin' liqour out on the streets
for the niggas I'm rollin' wit
You ain't gotta worry 'bout me
watch for the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pimps, playas, hustlers, G's
is the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
We all got the same enemies
me and the niggas I'm rollin' wit'
Pourin' liqour out on the streets
for the niggas I'm rollin' wit
...for the niggas I'm rollin' with