

# Spice 1, Nobody Want Work

Plow!  
Ba-da-ba-a-a-ah  
Comin down now  
Spice 1  
Ya know  
Jah man  
Come again

Everybody wanna go to heaven  
But don't nobody wanna die  
Life's too sweet to pass by  
Lookin at the hourglass, I  
See how fast time fly  
I keep a strong will to live  
I be a old man with a lotta game to give  
I'll make the kids do somethin more positive  
Instead of bein like me, a thug or gee  
Tryin to stay up out the penitentiary  
I got a whole army, some r.i.p.  
Some stuck in a cell, some out on bail  
Some doin major fed time in jail  
I'm lookin at the world with hungry eyes  
Inner city full of jealousy and lies  
Hopin that the Lord'll hear my cries  
Help a young black male rise  
Enemies pose as friends  
Player never know when his life'll end  
Can't trust too many, can't cross the game  
Walk with my head down in the rain  
Think about greed, some disease  
Cause everybody rappin still gettin cheese  
Some think about the pain that they inflict  
And some don't think, just stack the chips

[ CHORUS ]

Everyone wan to go to heaven  
But nobody wan to die  
Mi say  
Everyone want a million dollar  
But nobody want to work

Everybody want a million  
More jails, less schools for the children  
Invest in a penitentiary  
Makin money off niggas like you and me  
My God, it's the turn of the century  
I wonder what the game got in store for me  
Will it be a lotta seeds, my gees be free  
Or be six feet deep on the day of release?  
I can't stand it, lost in the game again  
Will I win? Nobody knows in the end  
I keep strugglin, pullin on the game of life  
Try to stay on my toes, up on the edge of knife  
I'm wakin up from the nightmares, who cares?  
God, I heard death comin up the stairs  
I got the past still hauntin me  
Still knowin how my enemies want me  
You never know when it's time to go  
The blind lead the blind  
If you don't know the game, get left behind  
No love, hold up, what you thinkin of?  
Youngsters on the corner goin dub for dub  
You can't tell em, cause ain't nobody payin em mo'  
Lost in the thug life, gone for sho'

Too many young players six feet in the flo'  
As another one goes as modern-day hero

[ CHORUS ]

To other rappers that rose out the concrete, stay strong  
Have faith in God, it won't be too long, hold on  
Never lose faith in dreams  
Watch the next people, they canive and scheme  
A cold world, ghetto kids born to die  
Some fall in the game without a chance to fly  
In too deep, can't escape the drama  
Too much drama for a young player, young timer  
Pushed in the game at the age of 12  
Hangin on the block, all about the mail  
It's hard livin, somebody gotta lace the young  
Before they get enough rope to leave theyself hung  
Hardcore livin in the projects (projects)  
Hustlers schemin for the profit (profit)  
Mo' cash comes in and go fast  
Toe-tags, dead homies in bodybags  
Where it stops, nobody knows  
I'm paranoid, is these enemies or foes?  
Can't call it, sleep with a open eye  
This world'll make you laugh, it'll make you cry  
Stay real, keep a strong mind and strive  
Cause what it boils down to is stayin alive  
Nigga strugglin, keep your eye on the game  
And never stay the same, things always change

[ CHORUS ]