

Spice 1, Stickin' To The 'G' Code

(Intro: Spice 1)
Yeah, hah, hahaha
And you don't stop

(Spice 1)
It's heatin' up like NBA Jams
I'll put the meal up in your coffin with the dunk slams
Is it the shoes? No it's just my gangsta funk
And it's the way that I be feelin' when I hit the skunk
Rolls off them blunts, I'm smokin' off five before it's twelve 'o' clock
I hit the blacks, see my niggas they servin' them knots
It's an everyday thing, see nigga's they gotta get paid
I'm rollin' up in my Cherokee some nigga's playa hatin' me
But see some niggas lovin' me, like 2 Pac, Richie Rich and the Guv ya see
Yeah I got some real niggas on my side ready to hoo-ride, and to all G codes apply
So put your rap up in that funk mode and now you know hoe so don't even ask
Because we stickin' to the G code

(Chorus: Rosa Knight)
Playa hate me, (stickin' to the G code) I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code (stickin' to the G code)

(Spice 1)
I ain't gon' never play myself out like some punk ass
You gotta shoot my drunk ass before I bust a cap up in your mark ass
And nigga that's game, you can't even given a shit 'bout a motherfuckin' thing playboy
See me and the niggas that I be kickin' it with be talkin' shit
We comin' with straight motherfuckin' real when we spit
So if you thinkin' you wanna test this young nigga black
My uzi's follow up motherfuckers like some chrome gat
Leave you flat on that ass as I hop into
my motherfuckin' dopefiend Renault and smile and smash
Steppin' to my face and watch my gat EXPLODE!!!
Unload, reload nigga, BITCH!!

(Chorus: Rosa Knight)
Playa hate me, (cause I'm stickin' to the G code) I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code (stickin' to the G code)
Playa hate me, (hey) I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code

(Spice 1)
I'm rippin' shit up like a motherfuckin' hurricane, shady niggas blurr my brain
Livin' up out my window pane with my strap
Got one in the chamber, ready to aim a hollow tip
me catch your grip up on my pistol as I wait for you to slip up
Just another stick up, it's just ate my clip up
Rip, rupt shit with my Mack 10 hiccup
Fuck all them niggas who be funny style riders
Stack my money pile a nigga that's tryin' to keep his ball on
You must be gone if you think I've fallen off
what I'm talkin' 'bout put these motherfuckers up in coffins
Killin' 'em off and leave their bodies hummin' like Luther Van Dross
If I don't get ya then the next nigga payin' the cost
I ain't the nigga to be fucked with, ready to overload nigga
Cause I'm stickin' to the G code

(Chorus: Rosa Knight)
Playa hate me, I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code

(Spice 1)
Don't like to let these niggas think I'm a sucker ass
Gat these motherfuckers fast if they don't feel me like a real nigga

Fuck 'em all if they wanna be like gats slipped
My clip up in my strap like Shaq and get to bustin' three
Niggas in a line, glock twenty-three and my loved hard times
So nigga don't be trippin' if I'm bustin' out my car window for nothin'
A motherfucker gettin' more than just a little concussion player
See how you gon' do niggas some harm
when you so motherfuckin' soft niggas wanna squeeze your Charmin
Let 'em know you ain't bullshittin' homie
Make them motherfuckers say: "Damn, why he pull his strap on me?"
In ninety-fo' you know I'm tryin' to have this shit sewed
And I'm stickin' to the G code

(Chorus: Rosa Knight)
Playa hate me, I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code
Playa hate me, I ain't givin' a fuck
Stickin' to the G code