

# 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