Spice 1, Tales Of The Niggas Who Got Crept On

(*several coughs*) (*inhales*)

(intro)
Yeah, hahahaha, we's black again from the face down in the river huh, huh
Mark from tellin nigga jokes (oh shit, ain't about a bitch), yeah

(spice 1)
I got your mama up in the shoop of my hooptie, what should I do with the bitch?
I think I want to dump her in a ditch, cause I'm the kidnapper
Body-snatcher, witness killer, special deliver, from murder to your dough nigga
Open it up and you'll be starin right down a rarer, rarer desert eagle fo-fo
I'll split your flow it's time to bail, stick and move, dip and dive
It ain't no trace, just a bullet enlodged up in your f**kin face
I knew a nigga who always wore black
Said he was an o.g. player shot up some niggas with macks
Said he had a little drama with some high powered killers
And the nigga that watched his back, he said he'll give me some scriller
So he partied through the city, hittin party's and clubs
Cause these so called o.g. motherf**kers finally showed up
These bastards opened fire in the middle of the party
Blow to the blow and put my mack and aimed the legs and body (oh shit, God damn)

(chorus)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(punk ass motherf**kers)
(nigga, f**k that nigga, straightly smoked)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on

(spice 1)
I hit two niggas up in the ankle and one in the knee
Ain't nothin but the motherf**kin hog in me
So i's bail to my caddy with the triple gold bangers
Your crowd run on members, and still got one up in the chamber
I told my nigga to bring his slow ass on
Cause if he's stylin, the motherf**kers the other two won't be long
They comin, so hit the dirt and try to crawl to the villians (niggas)
These fools is some killers and I can see they really want this nigga
Musta f**ked em on some paper or somethin sick
Whatever it is these niggas want to bury his dick
Got in the caddy and raced up out the drama scene

Looked like some gangsta shit you see up on the tv screen
But it ain't no cut, just actin live, niggas die
Drug related killers, switcher on time high
See real killers can be swept on
I'm kickin tales of the niggas who got crept on

(chorus)
(shit), kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(go nigga, police lookin and shit nigga)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(f**k you doing nigga, firin up a joint, motherf**kin...)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(f**k is wrong with you?)

(spice 1)
We chopped it up, my partner had some love
50 g's to creep on the niggas that tried to kill us up that f**kin club
25 are threat and 25 are for the killin
For that kind of money I'll have the blood up on the f**kin ceilin
Now the slaughter is about to begin
Mini 14's, six homies and some motherf**kin mack 10's

Infra-red, silencer, I'll silence ya, cut off ya p-g-a and a massacre
Everybody, cause can't no nigga diss me
Niggas you sent to the club, with some motherf**kin pussy (pussy)
I'm feelin, hit the hospital straight do they ass
I took em down to his basement and then I stabbed his ass
Screams jumpin the night, the nigga never heard I kill with a routin
Even got him for a couple of birds
So then I creep up into the i-c-u, I see you livin too long
Nigga you crept on, your life gone

(spice 1)
Yeah nigga, got some shit just for you
Special motherf**kin can catch shit you on, uncut herion nigga
Straighten your motherf**kin bays nigga
Yeah nigga, you like this shit huh nigga, suffer nigga
Suffer motherf**ker, yeah, take a good dose of the shit, nigga
Yeah, yeah nigga you feelin it huh, can't breathe, what you can't breathe
Somethin wrong what, what, huh, huh, what, what, huh, huh, huh, what
Oh, thought you said somethin, hahahaha...