

Spice 1, The Boss Mobsta

Blaaw!

Verse 1:

Nigga who you think you fuckin' with?
You ain't no killer I put slugs in niggas opposite leg to get my skrilla
Does a blackflip pull out my gat and blow your ass
Twenty paces nine millimeter slugs up in they faces
Ain't no nigga living alive that could vibe
And have me caught up in some bullshit I eat your ass up with the full clip
The giggidy giggidy giggidy gangster from the eastside of the Bay
Ballin' outta the hooptie with the 50 clip A.K. Blaaw!
Niggas don't wanna fuck with me
Infared was up in your eye when you rolled up to me
I have one bullet up in the chamber ready to put your ass to rest
You was strapped with a bullet proff vest and it still went through your chest

You fail to realize the size you fuckin' with a killer
Boss mobster known to be effective figure (x5)

Hook:

Don't cry when me bleed ya, LR nigga don't let me break you down (x3)

Verse 2:

Don't be fuckin' with my emotions playa
Cause a nigga will cut your balls off and feed 'em to you
I'd love to do you with this big ass tech to get motherfuckin' respect
Woo-ha put your ass in check
Leavin' you hoppin' down the street with half your ass hangin' up off your back
So hold your motherfuckin' nutsack I'm off the yack nigga
Put your dead homey up in my seat
Open up the door and throw his ass out on the concrete
See you can't fuck with a killer though
YYou catch me bailin' parlayin' but I have to blast at you nigga though
Keep it on your ass on the slundin' with the beenie
Keepin' you motherfuckers two dollars short of a martinee
I'm a straight soldier motherfuckin' player shotcaller boss baller
Poppin' muy fuckin' collar hopin' you niggas is feelin' me cause I'm born to die
Catch me runnin' in handcuff don't ask me why

Hook:

Verse 3:

Circular game for murderers coke dealers and deez
Gotta get my uzi for niggas that got that love for me
Gotta pay my dues in this shit can't get the game for free
So at the age of 14 a motherfucker was slangin' D
And I've been gang related ever since I came out the womb of my mama
Readly for the motherfuckin' drama
Seen this Cherokee they start shootin' this bike
Will see I hopped out of the hooptie to take they motherfuckin' life
Got to bustin' apon they ass with the 4-4 watchin' 'em flee
Harder to kill than your average motherfuckin' G
Suprise niggas I got you cocked up in sight
And Im hopin' I got your punk ass won't be makin' home tonight
You cryin' homie that on the reala nigga you fail to realize the size
You fuckin' with a killer

Hook