

Spice 1, The Boss Mobster

Blaaw!

Verse 1:

Nigga who you think you f**kin' 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 f**k 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 f**kin' with a killer
Boss mobster known to be effective figure (x5)

Hook:

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

Verse 2:

Don't be f**kin' 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 motherf**kin' 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 motherf**kin' 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 f**k with a killer though
You 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 motherf**kers two dollars short of a martinee
I'm a straight soldier motherf**kin' player shotcaller boss baller
Poppin' muy f**kin' 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 motherf**ker was slangin' d
And I've been gang related ever since I came out the womb of my mama
Readly for the motherf**kin' drama
Seen this cherokee they start shootin' this bike
Will see I hopped out of the hooptie to take they motherf**kin' life
Got to bustin' apon they ass with the 4-4 watchin' 'em flee
Harder to kill than your average motherf**kin' g
Suprise niggas I got you cocked up in sight
And I'm 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 f**kin' with a killer

Hook