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 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' q

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 real nigga you fail to realize the size

You f**kin' with a killer

Hook