Spice 1, The Murda Show

(Spice-1)
Damn Eiht
What the fuck we gonna do now?

(MC Eiht)
I don't know homeboy youknowl'msayin?
But I'll tell you like this
we gonna bust some ass for the ninety-three shot

(Spice-1)
Right, these motherfuckers don't understand
We ain't from around here

(MC Eiht)
That's all right youknowl'msayin?
Cause we ain't takin no shorts youknowl'msayin?
Compton meets the motherfuckin Bay Town nigga
So step the fuck off this youknowl'msayin?
My nigga Spice get with em

(Spice-1) Ya see I'm nothin but a mac-10 shooter Killer man looter on the creep with the glock Got it cocked picidy pop I cold shot when the cop drop m-a-money gone nigga Mind of a lunatic on a steel trigger motherfuckin flash backs of nigga's bodies rip from the AK blast on that ass hollow point to the tip to the toe Creep slow and watch the blood hit the fuckin flo' It's the goddamn murda show Starring a nigga in black wearin a weed hat creepin low And co-starring is a psycho motherfucker He grew up in Compton bustin caps at the cluckers His name is MC motherfuckin Eiht He got the Uzi weigh a ton eatin niggas like a steak on a plate So nigga get your popcorn and peanuts cause we nuts and we know sit back and watch a nigga murda at the murda show

(Chorus: Spice-1 & Eiht)
A to the motherfuckin K
187 proof ass nigga from the Bay (murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin
Raise up off my jock with the fools that I glock
A to the motherfuckin K
187 proof ass nigga from the Bay (murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin
Raise up off my jock with the fools that I glock

(MC Eiht) Nigga shut your fuckin trap, yeah your punk ass is sure Sure that they sew when I peel your cap The slide the slick, suck my dick No mistaking I bring home greens, fuck the bacon The big black neck getting motherfuckers sprung They'll be put in the trash by this Compton tongue Eiht, Spice-1, kickin much ass for fun Ain't nothin but some nigga sold the one Fools need to stay the fuck down They can't hang when we bang from Compton and the Bay Town It's like the last dance or your last chance When I reach in for the strap in my fuckin pants I ?pump? dead then the scene is fair ain't nothin said Even your skinny ass dead, I can't sleep cause it's time to go Fool or I'll be late for the murda show nigga

(Chorus: Spice-1 & Description (Chorus: Spice-1 & Description

(Spice-1)

Step in to the torture chamber nigga let me torture Hangers on your motherfuckin back bring ya scorcher Psychopathic madmen dead body chucker Quick to pull the trigger on another motherfucker Slangin to the bass head bitches in the alley Killin for my motherfuckin money in recally My nigga MC Eiht will make the getaway drive I got the gat hangin up out the motherfuckin ride Niggas be getting the duck sit fuckin with the player, sprayer layer Nigga out with the shout of the t-t-tech, Mic motherfuckin check one Stabbin niggas up in the lungs plus the caps with bloody guns My Uzi's got my back if player haters wanna jump The motherfuckin hollow head his chest thump, thump And all the niggas leave his bloody body in the dust One-nigga dead seventeen caps bust That's how the niggas do this shit where I'm from Red-Rum leave your body numb blast of the dumb, dumb I got the glock and I'm headin for the liquor store Me and Eiht are two-eleven at the motherfuckin murda show

(Chorus: Spice-1 & Damp; MC Eiht)
A to the motherfuckin K
187 proof ass nigga from the Bay (murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin
Raise up off my jock or you might get the glock
A to the motherfuckin K
187 proof ass nigga from the Bay (murda show)
Yeah, and you ask me to stay the fuck down
Bangin from Compton and the Bay Town

(MC Eiht)
Yeah, come on
Uh, Spice-1 and MC Eiht
and that eases the nine youknowl'msayin?