

Spice 1, Too Deep In The Game

Livin in a world hardcore,
niggaz be dumpin on them foes,
catching cases highspeed chases,
40 Gz and 2 kilos, give me everything,
cuz i aint all the world seem,
seen to much mother fuckin gangsta shit and sucked up the game,
times are savage,
hardcore playaz aint your average,
trunk full of triple beams,
and the schemes of cream and cabbage,
niggaz die for dead presidents on a green peice of paper,
with the smash down for the cash niggaz that was in my thug nation.
try to scalp all fuck half the world i want it all!
but im bustin at u niggaz,
with my back against the wall.

fuck u bitch ass niggaz, lil trick ass niggaz,
make your name up in my mouth taste like shit ass niggaz,
see myself a smokin pistol, when i look in the mirror,
its like a hologram picture of a tired up niggaz (ahahaha)
you never really really know the game,
cuz every time a nigga look up, the shit a changed,

chorus

nigga i wake up in the morning with a hustle and game,
stick a needle in my vain,
eatch injecting the game,
tired all thugged out,
fuck the money fuck the fame,
try to make it happen mother fucker,
cuz we too deep in the game.

verse 2

its time to make it happen get paid,
its that nigga s y a s k,
tag- teamin for high screamin, plates in the A.
there slackers they slingin all day.
until the players rock and get paid,
like on the ground face down, break yoursf,
dont fuck around, and get sprayed,
???????????? paper.
im on paper,
leavin fakers with the fakers,
like loaded pistols to their faces,
i told my family as soon as i get the dough,
im on my way back home,shit across the border
like hard ? standon like noreaga the money maka,
scott free across the sea,
sippin cone whiskey, with the miggy gz gz.
cold red fantasies, board a bocin,
kick back floating across the ocean.
like the black lack triple ds the mack,
slanging the niggaz like keys of crack,
back for opportunities,
cuz our niggas sees is scratched,
playing for keeps,
addicted to getting it for quitting it,
like the junkies hop fiends,

chorus:

nigga i wake up in the morning with a hustle and game,
stick a needle in my vain,
eatch injecting the game,
tired all thugged out,
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verse 3

u sound crackin mad cuz i aint getting no younger,
and eatch mother fuckin poe poes that aint getting my dough,
roll a hummer for the summer,
rad katty in the fall,
keep my mind on my money,
platinum plats on the wall,
u niggaz know i wont be fucking around,
im bout the cash,
and i hope u know im all about action,
and down to blast,
what the fuck u think,
my homies are killas and drug dealers,
use pills for sinuses,
crash homes and dome niggaz,
break bones and stoned niggaz.
where u had to be ???

got game ??? niggaz getting toed out,

just dipping just getting niggaz twited up, smoked up.

on a mission for the cash, cant be stuck up we mashed.
were protection the money figures, protectiing them with triggaz

city under seige, probably distruged, because some foes are killas,

but no body claimin cuz their fobutaded niggaz,

chorus.