

Spice 1, You Can Get The Gat For That

You can get the gat for this
And you can get the gat for that

(CHORUS)

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
I don't give a fuck, I'm just a nigga stayin high
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
Cause these playin hatin niggaz wanna jack me for my rizzide
Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die
I'm just a young nigga and I'm tryin to get my cash on
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side
Cause if shit'll get too funky I might have to get my blast on

It goes 1 for the treble, 2 for the funk
Time to get my motherfuckin 12 gauge pump
I blast off like NASA, as I rolls right past ya
Bust a couple a caps and leave ya ghost like casper
I peels caps like bad, comes wicked like Iz
They make me hollow tipped and then they seal it with a kizz
For them bootsie motherfuckers that be ridin around
Hidin around the corner tryin to get a motherfucker down
Wearin his adams apple like a fuckin snapple
Dismantle motherfuckers, and hear they bodies crackle
Laugh like a jackel as I tackle they ass
With a fury of them buckshots, crackin they mask
Kinda skip the drama, puts bodies in freezers like Jeffrey Dahmer
You can get the gat for that kidnap your mama
The big mack from the itty-bitty city
Niggaz actin shitty so I licks em with my nitty

(CHORUS)

Stick that nigga, I told my DJ Xtra Large
As we pull some niggaz car up out his own garage
I stack them niggaz up in them hearses like a can a sardines
2000 dollars a body, I'm for hire if you got the green
"Ya got the mad buy, my millimeter to say
187, comin wicked leavin black much day"
I don't be fuckin with them niggaz who be shady n shit
Better stock that grip and an extra clip and a bottle a hindu to sip on
Trip on this nigga that's leavin' em dead in the alley
Whats your murder penal code? 781 here in Cali
Red rum, we hit'cha and we give ya some
See mosta these niggaz up in my set, we bustin dum-dums
My uzi eats em up and spits em out, fuck a title bout
I'm pullin my gat up out a fist fight with out a doubt
Cause I ain't playin, fightin is fuckin around
I'd rather bust and leave your ass 6 feet up under ground

(CHORUS)

(G-Nut)

Yeah, its the G-Motherfuckin Nizzo, that nappy headed nigga
They got me lookin up over my shoulder now man
I gotta strap
I ain't be shady, playa hataz hate me
Bitches snitchin, heh, it really ain't the same
But um, Spice told me once, him and DJ Xtra Large, they told me
That I can get the strap for this
And that I can get the strap for that
And that's what the fuck I'm gone do
I'm out this bitch man