

# Face of a Desperate Man

## Spice 1

Smellin' stale fresh out the county jail coppers gave me hell in a cell  
But now its Mo' Murder to make mail  
They thought my heart was playin' life at a different pitch  
But I stick to the scrip dump a snitch in a ditch  
It's '94 I came to be fuckin' around  
Paranoia of a jack so I'm quick to draw down  
The only way I gets my mail is to be off in your ass  
With a AK or a Uzi screamin', "Give me your cash nigga" So back to fuck on up  
'Cause can't nobody stop this nigga to sellin' a D  
That's raw and uncut fuckin' over fiends  
Laughin' in their faces sellin' soap to niggas can die any day  
Niggas come showed off in them jacks G  
Another homie eyes wide open dead in my backseat  
We never thought that they would get him  
My nigga was like a soldier we'd never knew that the bullet hit him  
Thought to myself was cocaine with my homie's life  
He picked the crime 'Do or Die' now he pays the price  
To look in struggle on his face with his Gat in his hand  
My nigga died with the face of a desperate man So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo Check motherfuckin' 1 check 1, 2  
I gotta gets my mail thats what I gotta do  
And don't nobody run up on me  
'Cause Franklin and Grant is my only motherfuckin' homie  
I made a deal with the devil and sold my soul  
Through about O.E. and fourteen-years old  
Young hog ass nigga never ever saw  
Got me a strap and learned not to shoot my brolls of  
And all the youngsters sneakin' pass the bottle  
Because the G's, pimps and hustlers was the motherfuckin' role model And every time we had a house party  
Was just the chance for a nigga to see another nigga's dead body  
And nobody stayed around for sequels  
'Cause the nigga that was bustin' was spreadin' bullets around equal  
Now they mobbin' I'm seein' sparks hearin' shots  
Pistol's popped another motherfucker flopped  
On the ass first up by the 44 flat line ambulance put him in the door  
Loud screams from his homies yellin' I'm a smoke 'em

Feelin' bad cause his partners on blood joke 'em a touchin' scene  
Niggas screamin' in the rain looked in his homeboys face  
His homie said his name now he'd be lookin' for that nigga  
With the Gat and ready for that re drum  
With the face of a desperate man So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo 94 is gettin hot style nigga, I gotta watch my shit  
Mug on my face nigga hound dog mean bitch  
I'm muggin' every nigga that be walkin' by  
Is it true can his hand be quicker than my eye  
I'm wonderin' if I gotta pull out my steel  
'Cause motherfuckers they can feel me they will look at me real  
So, flow to the motherfuckin' 4, if I have to let 'em know  
Not to play me like a hoe 'cause I sticks to the G code  
I unloads the clips and ease on down the road  
1 and 1 Spice only I do my dirt about my motherfuckin' lonely So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo So we can tear this face, we can tear this face  
The face of a desperate man, G yeah-man  
So we can tear his face when him smokin' the endo 94, Spiggedy 1 with up on that ass, yeah  
Mean muggin' every nigga that ride by  
Face of a desperate man nigga, I got to gets mine  
So if you try to take my shit  
Quick to bust a cap in that ass  
94 blow, formally like that

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