

## Spice 1

5-1-0 And 2-1-3 is you a baller or a G?Ha ha ha. To thug or not to thug? To G or not to G? See that's the Question. Everytime I hit L.A. I get love you know cause I'm from the Bay  
Dub C, Big Syke you know Spice 1. Feel meCount the dollars on the Lexy don't waste your time

Let it shine let it shine let it shine  
Mizzolas and 850 flossin' I'm tossin'  
Doobies up out the window smokin' often coughin'  
Chokin' hard up off the indo smoke  
My mens with extra clips Hennessy Lemon squeeze begin to dip on me  
The G with the strap up on my side  
Keepin' these haters apon they toes cause they know I'm ready to ride  
Hide but you can't get away  
This is your dead homie you should of put your tool away  
But you still pull it on me, see I ain't trippin'  
I got foot soldiers that do dirt for me  
Love me enough to hurt for me and do some work for me  
Black roses is sent to the families with all the lives lost  
Kill 'em soft pay off my henchmen like a mob boss  
Mobster ballin' out the hooptie

Who could it be? S.P.I.C.E5-1-0 And 2-1-3 is you a baller or a G?Sound like baller I'm caught up in troubled times

Destiny knows help me free my mind  
What can I do but stay true and be a man  
I'm just doin' what I can  
Migrate to Oakland lay low with my dog Spice  
Hang out with killers and dodge device  
Gotta pay the price took a life or maybe two (was it two?)  
I wouldn't of done it if I didn't have to  
In the wrong place at the right time evil minds learkin'  
Thought I was over peerkin' searchin' for a home I feel alone  
On these cold streets, sleepin' on couches with no sheets  
God guide me hide me from incarceration and start this despiration

I'm facin' more time then I really got to give  
Damn I wanna live in 2-1-35-1-0 And 2-1-3 is you a baller or a G?It's the Dub S.C. O.G. parolee  
And although deez steadily grinding for cheese  
Trunk fulla keys on my way O.T. from 5-1-0 to the 2-1-3  
I puts it down bendar' the corner with my all blue Chevy  
My mind on gettin' the fetti, my heater cocked back and ready  
With G's crime related, affilated eyes faded  
Big bodies paper plated stayin' shaded for federated

My crews full of nothin' but riders high off the Remy  
Chuck Taylors neck pieces and knitted beenies (uh ha)  
Mashin' on the regular hustlin' day and night  
Went from chronic to water but now we pushin' the China white  
Much loved by many but now by many hated  
Trippin' off the the haters lookin' mad cause we made it  
But don't get mad at me because I executed the game  
I got my hustle on loc you can do the same5-1-0 And 2-1-3 is you a baller or a G?

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