510, 213

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 bendin' 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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