

Mind of a Sick Nigga

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(theyre all gonna laugh at you)

(theyre all gonna laugh at you)

(hahahahaha)

(theyre all gonna laugh at you)Enter the mind of a sick nigga.

With bloody uzi clips,

Decapitated heads in baskets,

Closed caskets. murda on wax.

Nigga, thats what it's all about,

Thats what you bought the muthafuckin tape for.

Murda on wax.

Redrum. on wax.

Nigga, I said, redrum, on wax.Gotta get my prozac fore I go back

And murda these muthafuckas

Jumpin up out yo bushes in front a yo house with a tech nine

Leavin in yo spine a flurry a bullets

Its that killa s-p-i-c-e

A lot a these jealous muthafuckas they wanna murda me

But they cant fuck with that giggedy-giggedy-gangsta

The nigga thats leavin they muthafuckin body parts in dumpstas

Budda-bye-bye-bye feel them blood clot rastas

The niggaz who be out there slippin catch some buckshots to them head

Pullin up four deep in an old school caddy

Fully auto-maddy

Empty the clip, niggaz like paddy

In the alley, niggaz domes they cap

Pistol whippin muthafuckas, got some blood on my strap(chorus)What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?

Them bloody bodies, face down in the dirty river

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?

Redrum, professinal gravedigga

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?

Them bloody bodies, face down in them dirty river

What goes on in the mind of a sick nigga?

187, professional gravedigger
Im bailin up out the cut and niggaz they don't know what the fuck happened
Im laughin and blastin, rippin asses in half an
Street sweepin these niggaz up under the rug
Plug they ass, makin they hooptie blow up when they crash
Zonin out that hash
Face down, back open, hopin they ain't no snitches scopin
Witnesses witness they own smokin
See it ain't no joke and nothing funny
Bustin caps in yo ass like yosemite sam and bugs bunny
They all see my comin and then they fled
Im shootin these niggaz off in the backa they head
Blowin off they legs
Talkin shit while they dyin
Fuckin off they high an
Hollow points keepin these niggaz cold bodies fryin
I ain't no stranger to this killin shit
You shoulda thought before you fucked with this nigga you was dealin with
You see I mobs through the ghetto smokin hash blunts
Stalkin game in the streets I grew up in
And when the shit get funky I just get on up
And blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10, bitch
Chorus Youll be outta this muthafucka like ron
goldman, chopped the fuck up
Aint no nigga livin alive that survived
And had me caught up in some bullshit
Now who you tryin to fuck up in the hustle
This 20 gaugell ripple your ass up like a can a ruffles
Im tryin to bubble like johnson and johnson
With one in the chamber up an I load this strap with a 45 thompson
And we gon see if all that shit is true
Comin up out the bay, guaranteed to be 187 proof
You see my bustin with one hand up on my nutsac
Departin domes yellin out whos the muthafuckin mac
Its that red infa, nigga with a hot temper
I got your funeral date set up for next september
You gon be deader than livin presidents
'cause in a couple a secs your soul gon be checkin up outta it's residence
Bodies stiff like christmas ornaments
Because the niggaz that a fuck with me bein mo funk than parliment
Chorus You see I mobs through the ghetto
smokin hash blunts
Stalkin game in the streets I grew up in
And when the shit get funky I just get on up
And blow your head off with a muthafuckin mac 10, bitch
Chorus (nigga, what you thinkin bout?)

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