

# Trigga Gots No Heart

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The trigga gots no heart  
(The trigga a trigga)  
The trigga gots no heart  
(The trigga a trigga)I'm sick up in this game, I'll take no secondary shorts and  
Slam dunk these riddles up in yo' chest like Jordan  
Menace II society mad man killer  
Just call me the East Bay Gangsta, neighborhood drug dealer  
Quick to make decisions and I'm quick to get my blast on  
Do a 187 with this bloody Jason mask on  
Rollin' up out the cut deeper than Atlantis  
Tore his chest apart left his heart on the canvas  
Now I gots mo' mayo than the rest of the pushers  
Rat a tat tat tat came my Tec from the bushes  
I blast with no heart 'cause I'm heartless in nine-trey  
A-K blast on that ass if in my way, gangsta  
Slangin' 'Cola since the very very start  
Much love for this game so the trigga gots no heartAin't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love trick  
The trigga gots no heartRelease the trigga as I blast on a nigga  
Nina put a cease on his Timex ticker  
And uhh, playas he can't give me no love  
'Cause I'm stuck on the corna in the ghetto slangin' dub sacks  
And I duck when they fly by 'cause Killa Cali' is the state for the drive-by  
Caps peel from the gangstas in my hood  
Ya better use that nina 'cause that deuce-deuce ain't no good  
And umm, I'm taking up a hobby  
Maniac murderin' doin' massacre robbery  
I'm twenty-two and I'm still slangin' dub sacks  
I gives the fiend some love but ain't no love back  
Much love in this game ain't no love gangsta  
187 is a art 'cause the trigga gots no heartAin't no love trick

The trigga gots no heart  
Ain't no love trickMe shootin' him up me shootin' him up  
If he no give my pay  
Ain't no love trickMe shootin' him up me shootin' him up  
If he no give my pay  
Ain't no love trickThe trigga gots no heart and I'll be damned if I'm broke old  
Pushin' on a shoppin' cart, they blast on a friend of me  
Another sad case of a mistaken identity  
12 o' clock and my 'hood's dubbin' pay back  
I sat and watched them shoot my homey, seen his face crack  
Uzis spray like Raid on these cockroaches  
A dropped bomb full of 187 soldiers  
Doin' dirt 'cause we dirty when the trigga pull  
Seventeen in his body left the boy full  
Of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back  
I let my hair platt and let my mail stack  
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart  
His posse came and they triggas had no heartMe kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock  
Kill all man say kill all man say  
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock GlockYeah mon blam! the 187 fact  
Is back in the house man for nine-trey  
This here see kill a man wit me Glock  
Blow! 187 thousand G

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