

# Money or Murder

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rollin' down the block smokin' endo  
I got the glock and I'm headed for the liquor sto'  
Rollin' up slowly, feelin' on my gold teeth  
And one of these niggas said they know meHe looked kinda familiar  
But nigga, don't step too close, I might kill ya  
I couldn't really tell who he was  
But I ain't really trippin', 'cause the dank got a nigga buzzedI hop out of my shit and lock the car do'  
As I step into the store I'm starin' at some hard hoe  
She said, 'Wassup?', like a nigga, to me  
I walked to the back and fired up my doobieShould I get St. Ides or Olde E?  
Looked up, some niggas runnin' at me, 'bout 4 deep  
Runnin' up on Spice 1 ain't wise  
Whip a nigga ass with some St. IdesRan up out the liquor store, grabbed my gat and licked a hoe  
Now what they wanna start shittin' fo'?  
Now if the bitch wasn't tough, I wouldn't have to hurt her  
But fuck that shit when it's money or murderMoney or murder  
Money or murderI smashed out the parkin' lot, hoes watched  
As I shipped another bullet to this bitch's dock  
I sailed off like a yacht  
Now that's one nigga with a forty concussion and a bitch poppedSo what's next in this episode?  
Fo' niggas hop up in a Cutlass and chase me down the road  
I hit 580 like the last time  
And I'm gettin' kinda short on my gas lineDoin' 100 in my five-o  
Buckshot shatter blast out my window  
Now they think they got me  
So I slow down with my finger on the glock, geePulled up on the side  
Shootin' at the nigga that I busted with the St. Ides  
And since I couldn't lose, gee  
I tried to run his ass off the road like the moviesAnd that's about the time that he's fucked  
Shot him in the throat as he smashed into a back truck  
Fucked  
Now was it money or murder?Money or murder

Money or murder I'm in the cut, late night  
Some niggas had a argument, a squab, but they didn't fight  
I'm watchin' niggas die over cocaine  
Bullet to the brain, now he's fucked in the game Some niggas don't know  
He wanna pump my gas, but I think I seen a .44  
I figured it's a jack, because instead  
Of gas, he wanted to pump me full of lead So now I need a murder plan  
Reach under the seat with my left hand  
He walked up lookin' funny at a nigga  
I'm sittin' calm as fuck with my finger on a chrome trigger Nigga wanna see my blood waste  
But little did he know he was fuckin' with a nut case  
He tried to pull a .44  
But soon as he reached I fucked him up with the car do I got out the car and stomped his ass, gee  
He said, "Please, Spice 1, don't blast me"  
Close your eyes and grip your dick  
I shot him in the stomach and watched him scream like a bitch It ain't shit to watch a nigga gut splurter  
When it's money or murder Money or murder

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