Faces of Death

Spice 1

Ay bwoy, ay, this is... this is...187, the 187, the (chill man) 187
The 187, the 187, the 187 (187)
The 187, the 187, the bloaw! (jump up in the house man, chill man)
187, the 187, (faces of death man) the 187
The 187, the 187, the 187 (what you know about faces of death man?)
The 187, the bloaw!(*the 187 repeats in background then jamaican singing*)(spice 1)
(born to kill), reign shit goes on right here, reign shit player
Chill man, chill, walk about, walk about the (casket)
Serious motherfucker balls, spit my dime, fuck the sidewalk man
James bridge just blowin down motherfuckin train man
(casket), real type shit man, huh, huh, yeah man (silence of a dead man body...)
Watch them die over the drug and the white bitch man, the white bandit
Watch them die over the cocaine (*choke*) faces of death man
In the ghetto, projects what ever you want to call it
We all the same man, we all in the same shit (s-p-i-c-e) word-a
We say the 187, the 187 (jealousy got me strapped) callin the murder
The 187, the 187 is in the fire (nigga)(spice 1)
(east bay gangsta) east bay gangsta man, kill a rat
Kick that gangsta shit man word up (crazy)
Motherfuckin killer, in this...Me say the 187, the 187, the 187
The 187, the 187, the 187
The 187, the 187, the 187
The 187, the 187, the 187, the bloaw!(spice 1)
Murder from the mind of a sick nigga
Thinkin bodies, dirty money, bloody cocaine and tech clips
I play with pistol grips, dead niggas and lolly tips
Suicidal sick shit, a psychopathic lunatic
Caught up in murder man, dirty up in this dead fool
Faces of death, hog my dreams out of drains fools
Pullin pistols, tellin niggas to get the fuck back
I'm regulatin shit, there's money up on my dope track
See I'm a soldier in this game, ain't nothin strange
Got a nigga lyin on the floor with half of his fuckin brains
Murder and crazy it's just a part of the game
Niggas won't kill ya, just don't fuck with their caine
Mack 10 silencer all ya heard was screams (ahhhhhh!!!)
All I seen was the gleams from the infra-red beams
Another motherfuckin walk-by in your hood
Better pack two clips up on your hips and it's all good

That nigga death, he got more faces than a motherfucker
So don't be shocked if you're naked, bleedin in your gutter, niggasAy bwoy, ay this is... in this mother...Faces of death is an way gone past
Fuck up all of your hoes, all up in your bed, in your bed
Faces of death is an way gone...
Fuck all of your hoes, all in your bed, this is... in your bed, in this...
Faces of death away, fuck up all your hoes all in your bed, in your bed
Faces of death is an way gone... (all right)
Fuck up all your hoes in your bed (twilight zone to 1999 yet, spice 1)
Don't you ever... in your bed
East bay gangsta, gangsta hoe, ooh (well all right, can you hang?)Can you motherfuckers hang, I mean slang them thangs as they go?
Well, all right, hoe, hoe, hoe, well I'm wrong
Say no, sing a sad song ohh, cause a,
Cause a hoe's are gon' lay on, we all gon' hash one day
Well all right on, uh sayer, sprayer, east bay, well on willie
Mother pimp in the game, 187 faculty thang hey, well all right
Uh, bosko whassup nigga, where that chicken at?
Where that chicken at nigga, whassup spice?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...

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