Peace to My Nine

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's like root beer one of a kind
Spice 1 is up in the house with the niggata niggata nine
And the clip and the trigga
Muthafuckas try ta play me yet they callin' me they niggaShould I get the AK and jump like Jack
Or should I just reanimate the muthafuckin' Fac?
My name is Spice 1, but I be comin' like I'm two
Or maybe three or four or just a muthafuckin' crewLate night see a drive by drop Impala
The niggaz took cover and the bitches all holla
If you think it's sick then nigga just throw up
I'm quick ta bust a cap and leave your fuckin' dome toe up'Cause livin' up in the bay is like a muthafuckin' zoo
Every nigga do whatever the fuck he gotta do
The muthafuckin' rhyme did the crime last century
Now it's on parole because my mouth's in penitentiaryBut back to the ghetto you see just about it all
Rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
The shit it never stop because the nigga killed a cop
And now the cops are killin' the niggas twenty four around the clock
Around the block around the road in every ghetto
Muthafuckas wanna dropSo I'm livin' like the devil
With the underground pound, muder facul sound
So niggas that fuck around lay around
And before I end this rhyme I'd like to say
Peace to my muthafuckin' nineThe nine, the nine, the nine, the nine millimeter
The nine, the nine, the nine millimeterShootin' dice with some niggas that I didn't know
He pulled a nine when the double four hit the floe
I wonder why he'd wanna play me like a punk bitch
I thought he knew I was the one to let the nine clickI played his ass like Jesse James and shot him in the throat
I picked his tongue up out my mail, now I'm outty ho
I'm stressin' it's a fucked up world G
I think about the shit that I used to seeNiggas runnin' 'round with the street sweepers
Muthafuckas layin' dead loose change, beepers
Bitches screamin' about the niggaz gettin' fucked up
Fuck his bitch too, she was stuck upOne eight seven muthafucka that's my showcase

I'll load the clip and kill a whole muthafuckin' race
I'm stressed out like a muthafucka
Bitch got me for a twenty, damn cluckaYeah, your right I'm livin' wrong G
And I never gave a fuck about a dope fiend family
I seen a dope fiend killed last week
Left a bloody base pipe in the streetThey burnt the bitch up in the trunk over eighty dollars
Started drivin' around the hood and I can hear her holla
Smoke comin' from the trunk bitch burnin' up
Cops turnin' down the streets they was turnin' upI'm hearin' shots ring out twelve o'clock at night
A car full of dead niggas in the midnight
Because it gave the cops a reason just toshoot 'em up
But now they tape the shit off, so yo suit 'em up
And before I end this rhyme I'd like ta say
Peace to my muthafuckin' nineThe nine, the nine, the nine, the nine millimeter
The nine, the nine, the nine millimeterThe police was comin' I had to dump the body
'Cause like I said on the city streets I'm John Gotti
When it comes to the gangsta rap shit
I do a drive by murder your whole clickSee I'm a rebel without a pulse
'Cause in my neighborhood you learn not to walk
Without a nine in your draws, it's like American Express
Because a lot of crazy niggas wanna spill your fleshBut some crazy jealous muthafuckas never sleep
I'm gettin' C B banner on the beep, beep, beep
Fill a, nigga to the rim like brim
Do a drive-by while I'm suckin' on a endo stemMix Hennessey with Thunderbird, gin and juice
I'm high as fuck, fuckin' around with one eight seven proof
Hard as a nickel but I'm quick as fuck to drop a dime
Because my boys got a nigga back prime timeRata tata tat tat
Any bitch wanna squab it's like that
'Cause I ain't goin' out like a fag
Got the nigga for a ounce and a jag
Straight trip and pop the clipNow I'm gettin' rich off his sip
Pick up my boys on the block and it's on
Slangin' dope by the drug free zone
Straight gangsta mackKeyes over keyes over g's I stack
So when you step, step with caution
'Cause a nine to your throat'll have ya coughin'
The S P I C E, in a rage with a gauge gettin' P A I DI ain't goin' out, fuck Mickey D's
I'd rather pimp hoes and clock g's
'Cause that's what a real nigga do to make a livin'
The talent of pimp was naturally given'
And before I end this rhyme I'd like to say
Peace to my muthafuckin' nineYeah
I wanna say peace to my other muthafuckin' nine
Yeah, Ant mutha fuckin' ba ba booga booga muthafuckin' Banks
I wanna say what up to my nigga G muthafuckin' mzz Nut, yeah

I wanna say what up to that girl Shorty muthafuckin' B
In the muthafuckin' house, and my muthafuckin' DJXtra mutha fuckin' large go on with your big ass, heh heh
Yeah, my nigga, MC muthafuckin' Ant
Kickin' the funky shit with Spice muthafuckin' 1
One eight seven in the muthafuckin' house, peace

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