Nigga Gots No Heart

Spice 1

A nigga gots no heart (a nigga a nigga)
[repeat][Verse 1]I'm sick up in this game
I'll take no muthafuckin' shorts &
slam dunk these riddles up in yo' ass like Jordan
Menace II Society muthafuckin' killer
just call me the East Bay Gangsta
I'm yo' real ass nigga
Quick to make decisions & I'm
quick to get my blast on
Do a 187 with this muthafuckin' 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, nigga
slangin' 'Cola since the very very start
much love for this game so a nigga gots no heartAin't no love bitch
A nigga gots no heart
[repeat]
[gunshot][Verse 2]Release 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
murdering muthafuckas & massacre robbery
I'm twenty-two & 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 nigga
187 is a art 'cause a nigga gots no heartAin't no love bitch
A nigga gots no heart
Ain't no love bitchMe shootin' him up me shootin' him up
if he no give my pay

Ain't no love bitch
[repeat][Verse 3]A nigga gots no heart
& 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 & my 'hood's dubbin' pay back
I sat & watched them shoot my nigga
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 up in that nigga left his body full
of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back
I let my mail stack & let my hair platt
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart
his posse came & them niggas 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 man
comin' at yo' ass wit no love
Blam! Fuck ya man Pussyclot man
187 thousand G

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