

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 tricga 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 triggas 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 heart
Me 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 Glock
Yeah mon blam! The 187 fact man
comin' at yo' ass wit no love
Blam! Fuck ya man Pussy clot man
187 thousand G

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