

# Murder Ain't Crazy

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(chorus): 4x  
Groupie ass  
Bitch type of niggas can't fade me  
They're callin' me a lunatic  
But murder ain't crazy(spice 1 - overlapping chorus)  
Yeah, yeah, hahahaha  
Wassup nigga?  
Don't look at me like y'all know who I am  
Amerikkka's nightmare  
Spice muthafuckin' 1  
Nigga, young, black  
You know I won't give a fuck(verse 1):  
Old school drop caddy five, six niggas  
Rollin' up in my rearview  
With they fingers up on them triggers  
Come let's take a trip  
And hop into some gangsta shit with me  
13 caps for them niggas who wanna get with me  
Get at me niggas empty enough clips at me  
Wanna put some holes and some muthafuckin rips in me  
But I don't give a fuck I just stay strapped  
And be a soldier about that shit  
When it comes to peelin' their caps nigga  
So won't ya get your blast on  
And if you miss me with your 13 shots  
Nigga your ass's gone  
Cause I'm gon hit you on that first shot  
And then I ain't gon stop  
Until some muthafuckas call the cops  
Then i'll be 187 thousand like my song say  
Cause you was fuckin' with this nigga on the wrong day(chorus): 4x(verse 2):  
See I be raisin' them up off the block

With my ? ? ?

Quick to come with get in bust some caps in my city

I comes with much cloud

And whenever one nigga could take me out

Rollin' him up like levis cough him and stuff him

Key him like bean pies

And niggas be talkin' that shit

But yo ain't none of them runnin' up

I'm gunnin' up the next nigga is feelin' buck shots

I thought you niggas knew

I'm finna smoke that nigga boost of my 6 deuce

And when I gat that ass someone'll leave him lyin' there

Cryin' there the muthafucka's dyin' there

And mr. lawrence better have insurance

Cause i'ma g-a-gat that ass with the touriz

Rocka-bye baby goin' crazy

Punk muthafuckas like you can't fade me

Tryin' to squabb with the clip and the trigger

Ol' groupie ass bitch type of nigga(chorus): 4xGroupie ass bitch type of niggas can't fade me

Grabs my .45 and puts down my .380

I creep up on they ass tip-toe with the pump

Split a nigga down the middle like phillie blunt

I keeps my strap by my sides to keep niggas in check

And all my posse pack glock .9's uzi thangs and tec's

You see we rolls down the block 3 o'clock in the morning

Endo got us gone and strap mobile phones

And about 5 ki's in the back of the trunk

Niggas down ass fuck but we don't wanna funk

Cause, ahh, transportation is the shit we used to do

Had a whole shop dropped mobs spot and crew

W-a-with a ring on my muthafuckin' cellular

As I heard a nigga screamin': 'get the fuck out the car!'

Nigga let me get my chronic and my endo sacc

As my dj x-tralarge blew that bitch on his back

Runnin' up on some players so I had to figure

He was a groupie ass bitch type of nigga(chorus with overlap):

Yeah

Whassup nigga?

Y'all muthafuckas ain't fadin' a real last g

Nigga

Peelin' cap for the muthafuckin' strive

Nigga you don't wanna fuck with this

You don't won't none of this

Step back nigga

Just listen

Watch muthafucka  
Look at some real last niggas rip shit up  
For '94  
Punk ass nigga  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Back again with some of that murder shit  
Spiggedy one whippin' up on that ass for '94 and '95 bitch  
Hahaha  
What y'all niggas know about a real last g  
Ha, I kicks gangsta shit daily  
Beyoaaatch!!!  
187 thousand g

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>