

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, hahahha
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 tecs
 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

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