187 He Wrote

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm tryin' to keep my aces and my deuces all together
I'm thinkin' of self-murder, I know I won't live forever
This chronic got me noid I need to get a job
But instead I wanna sell dope hang on a rope and steady mobbI'm wakin' up in the morning thinkin' of death
As I break out in a cold sweat
I'm havin' dreams of a whole family put to rest
Visions of a dead man body bags
And all the youngsters gettin' their cap peeled over colored ragsI write about murder and death 'cause that's all in the hood
Comin' up strong while in crack, yo G it's all good
Describin' a way of life that they don't understand G
So I'mma keep breakin' it down until dey understand meYou see it's real G and jealousy it roam my block
That's why I'm never leavin' the house without my plastic glock
'Cause if they want it they'll take it and kill for it
And if it's worth sumptin' then blood gettin' spilled for itMy mother thinks I'm goin' crazy
And when I leave the house she just stares out the window
I think I'm being followed every time I leave my home
Havin' these fatal thoughts of gettin' chrome to my dome18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote
18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote, blowDid things up in the past that I regret at 22
And when I hit 23 I hope I'm livin' well as you
It's good to be alive in 93 I guess that so
But if I gotta go, I gotta go, I gotta goI guess I'm just a soldier with a song out of the streets black
Stressin' of that chronic sack but I feel death is knockin' at my bed
Sleep walkin' with my pistol in the middle of the night
Wakin' up inside my hooptie holdin' my Glock full of frightViolent in this art that's only because
It's comin' from a G to the heart
Got friends that have died and I mourn for their families
Bringin' flowers to dey graves every time I get a chance GNuthin' like a old school homie from the hood
Which are right or wrong doin' dirt doin' good
And now I know inside I'll never see my boy again
I fie myself always pour brew out fo my friends18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote
18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote, blowI'm keepin' all my pictures from my homies up in jail

If I told you what dey did it will problably turn your pale
I used to hang with killers and I didn't even know
Wrestlin' with my homies as a youngster age 4Now half of dem is dead and the rest is in the jailhouse
Writin' to me monthly givin they homies sumtin' to rap about
Tell me do my music and don't trip off what dey say
Thinkin' to myself I might just be in there one daySome stayed about the big house and still slangin' yay
And now dey stayin' under diction of feds everyday
Tryin' to wash their money they wanna go on tour G
Gettin' into the business learn about the industryTry to help 'em out doin' everythang I can
I still gotta worry 'bout the next jealous man
My homies gettin' robbed so they rob somebody else
You can see it never stops let that story tell itselfI'm walkin' with my head down pervin' in the rain
Thinkin' deep askin' myself am I insane
I think about that daily and I'm leavin' on that note
And that's the definition of the 187 that he wrote18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote
18, 187 me say the murder the murder he wrote, blow

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