Wanna Be a G

Spice 1

So you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with meSo you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with meDiamonds up on the pinky Rolex's up on the wrist
Take a good look at this old pimpin' ass
Nigga, you ain't never seen a mack like this
It's the thug in meNiggas be walkin' 'round muggin' me, ruggin' me
Tell your bitch to give me my dick back
She pullin' me and tuggin' me
Can't be fuckin' 'round with you cluck head bitchesDon't need no fixin' rubbers
Just like my timin' ass partner E-40 say
Punk bitch y'all burn rubber
If that bitch can't swim then nigga she bound to drownWhat's up with you old ratched mouth ass bitches?
Tryna talk down on me and the town
You bitches better recognize this is 187 proofer
Mobbin' out the cut with a fat A.K. and a black on black Lex LutherAin't no [unverified] up in this [unverified]
just shut 'em down crush nasty
Right now I'm kickin' this pimp shit but you ho's know I'm the last G
In sticky situations will have bust with no hesitation
You punk ass niggas don't know my backgroundYou just stuck on that player nation
Why a nigga wanna talk bad on a timer, who been down from the get go
I can smoke a blunt up in my hot tub
Don't be trippin' off that old shit thoughSo you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with meSo you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with meYou niggas ain't never seen me in person, tryna assassinate my character
Talkin' 'bout spice, ain't got no paper
Bitch, I'm a nightmare livin' in America
Ain't no paper bag ass nigga, hoe, I done been through some shitNiggas walkin' 'round out here I wanna kill

Wanna kill me too that's real
Punk ass niggas they know who they is runnin' 'round talkin' shit
Oh, fuck that punk ass niggaSpice 1, he ain't nothin' but a bitch, but one of these days
I'ma have your ass chopped up in the back of my Benzo
Mobbin' to this old gangsta shit
Right here smokin' on some of that IndoToo many fuck you, bitches up in the game
Niggas, be puttin' too much on it
Born and bred to be a Thug ass nigga
2 fingers on 2 twin glock triggersI know the game ain't got no rules and they got been laced
Damn, if so many muthafuckas didn't know my face
I would've been offin' you playa hatin' ass niggas a long time ago
Would've seen you filled up with slugs would've seen you dyin' real slowBut you know what I ain't trippin' off that old shit
'Cause y'all niggas ain't worth my riches
Go head and sit around and chatter my name out
I lace more punk ass bitchesSo you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with meSo you wanna be a playa
So you wanna be a G
So you wanna be a gangsta
(Player, player)
But you don't wanna fuck with me

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