

Tales of the Niggas Who Got Crept On

Spice 1

(*several coughs*) (*inhales*)(intro)
Yeah, hahahaha, we's black again from the face down in the river huh, huh
Mark from tellin nigga jokes (oh shit, ain't about a bitch), yeah(spice 1)
I got your mama up in the shoop of my hooptie, what should I do with the bitch?
I think I want to dump her in a ditch, cause I'm the kidnapper
Body-snatcher, witness killer, special deliver, from murder to your dough nigga
Open it up and you'll be starin right down a rarer, rarer desert eagle fo-fo
I'll split your flow it's time to bail, stick and move, dip and dive
It ain't no trace, just a bullet enlodged up in your fuckin face
I knew a nigga who always wore black
Said he was an o.g. player shot up some niggas with macks
Said he had a little drama with some high powered killers
And the nigga that watched his back, he said he'll give me some sciller
So he partied through the city, hittin party's and clubs
Cause these so called o.g. motherfuckers finally showed up
These bastards opened fire in the middle of the party
Blow to the blow and put my mack and aimed the legs and body (oh shit, God damn)(chorus)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(punk ass motherfuckers)
(nigga, fuck that nigga, straightly smoked)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on(spice 1)
I hit two niggas up in the ankle and one in the knee
Ain't nothin but the motherfuckin hog in me
So i's bail to my caddy with the triple gold bangers
Your crowd run on members, and still got one up in the chamber
I told my nigga to bring his slow ass on
Cause if he's stylin, the motherfuckers the other two won't be long
They comin, so hit the dirt and try to crawl to the villians (niggas)
These fools is some killers and I can see they really want this nigga
Musta fucked em on some paper or somethin sick
Whatever it is these niggas want to bury his dick
Got in the caddy and raced up out the drama scene
Looked like some gangsta shit you see up on the tv screen
But it ain't no cut, just actin live, niggas die
Drug related killers, switcher on time high
See real killers can be swept on
I'm kickin tales of the niggas who got crept on(chorus)
(shit), kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on

(go nigga, police lookin and shit nigga)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(fuck you doing nigga, firin up a joint, motherfuckin...)
Kick to the tales of the niggas who got crept on
(fuck is wrong with you?)(spice 1)
We chopped it up, my partner had some love
50 g's to creep on the niggas that tried to kill us up that fuckin club
25 are threat and 25 are for the killin
For that kind of money I'll have the blood up on the fuckin ceilin
Now the slaughter is about to begin
Mini 14's, six homies and some motherfuckin mack 10's
Infra-red, silencer, I'll silence ya, cut off ya p-g-a and a massacre
Everybody, cause can't no nigga diss me
Niggas you sent to the club, with some motherfuckin pussy (pussy)
I'm feelin, hit the hospital straight do they ass
I took em down to his basement and then I stabbed his ass
Screams jumpin the night, the nigga never heard I kill with a routin
Even got him for a couple of birds
So then I creep up into the i-c-u, I see you livin too long
Nigga you crept on, your life gone(spice 1)
Yeah nigga, got some shit just for you
Special motherfuckin can catch shit you on, uncut herion nigga
Straighten your motherfuckin bays nigga
Yeah nigga, you like this shit huh nigga, suffer nigga
Suffer motherfucker, yeah, take a good dose of the shit, nigga
Yeah, yeah nigga you feelin it huh, can't breathe, what you can't breathe
Somethin wrong what, what, huh, huh, what, what, huh, huh, huh, what
Oh, thought you said somethin, hahahaha...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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