

# In My Neighborhood

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey yo, Spice, what's goin' on, man?  
I see five-O over there, is that five-O?  
Same muthafuckas that beat my partner down last week  
But I ain't trippin', I got this 187 Proof by my side  
It's finna be on, is that right? Yeah  
But where you stayin' at, man, what's goin' on?  
Same muthafuckin' neighborhood, man  
Just tryin' to get this shit off the ground  
This rap thing, you know? Yeah, I heard that shit, man  
Let them niggas know what time it is, yeah, check it I like to walk around my hood, smokin' dank a lot  
I see some brothers in the trees, is they slingin' rocks?  
Runnin' through a broken-down wooden fence  
A nigga didn't have brains 'cause he smoked sinse Or sess, or whatever you wanna call it, he got the task on his  
ass  
Better haul it, fiends suckin' up the crack in the backyard  
Dropped a pebble on the ground, now he's lookin' hard  
Will he keep searchin' or will he cease and just forget the hit? Or pull a jack move and let the nine click, I'm in  
the cut, late night  
About 12 O'clock, I see some brothers bustin' caps in a parking lot  
There go my homies rollin' up in a black 'Vette  
Nothin' but the money for the paycheck" Another day, another dead up in the alleyway"  
That's what the boys in the Bay up in Cali say  
The California life, task in the palm trees  
Brothers be clockin' G's, slingin' KI's up in my neighborhood In my neighborhood  
In my, in my, in my neighborhood  
In my neighborhood Funk, is a part of my life  
It's the sound of the gangster Spice  
Warning, check out the blast of a shotgun  
Nine muthafuckin' millimeter, have one or two or three or four' Cause every brother in my hood is hardcore  
Boom-boom to the death of a cop, pop-pop-pop, see another one drop  
Crazy-ass nigga off the peppermint schnapps  
And now you wonder why young niggas sling hop? Never woulda thought I'd be a dealer of dope

Niggas slingin' and bangin' and breakin' necks and throats  
The spot, it was poppin', but yet the fuzz kept ridin' my jock  
Tick-tock, I watch the clock, they flock  
See a undercover cop raise off the block  
That's how it is in the game of slingin' rocks  
'Cause on the TV they make it look real good  
But Mr. Rogers ain't got shit on my niggas up in the neighborhood  
In my neighborhood  
In my, in my, in my neighborhood  
In my neighborhood  
Welcome to the ghetto, although I call it my neighborhood  
Some people get out, but some people stay for good  
I see a dopefiend yellin' he's a O.G.  
He scratched his head and started starin' like he knows me  
I say, "What up, old man, I seen your face before"  
It was my homie's pops, shirt dirty, pants tore  
He had a 40 in his hand, left a little swallow  
He said, "Young-ass nigga," and then he threw the bottle  
I ducked down, and I had to duck real fast  
Stepped two feet back, and then I banked his ass  
I started kickin' and stompin' my nigga's brains out  
I heard a bitch yell "Freeze" and runnin' out the house  
It was his wife, and the bitch started bustin' at me  
I can't believe this shit, this bitch is trigger-happy  
Pull out my nine, bust the bitch in the left titty  
That's how it is in a burned-out dopefiend city  
And now you're sayin' I'm the nigga up to no good  
If gives a fuck if you're Bush, you get jacked up in my neighborhood  
In my neighborhood  
In my, in my, in my neighborhood  
In my neighborhood

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