

# Mo' Mail

## Spice 1

Ah fuck it

Ah y'all got your nigga e-40 in this motherfucker

I buzz I put a step in Kickin it in the fac house motherfucker Ay, g-nut, spice, xtra-large Let 'em have it Went out  
the house I think it was a Sunday

Nigga was runnin' with drop top drop havin' a fun-day

Kickin' it with my niggas up on the block

Talkin' shit drinkin' "crooked eye"

I got the fat head rush from the chocolate thai

I'm feelin' good I want to kick it and hang out

But when the drive-by hit this is the main route

What the fuck is my problem nigga?

I got a glock seventeen better gobble them

So why should I trip, load the clip, put the joint to my lip

Get the motherfuckin' forty take a real ass nigga hit

I'm sittin' on my gat thinkin' shit is cool

Some niggas roll up in an old school

I ain't trippin', ay 'g' you know this nigga's face

I heard the motherfuckin' bass

Of a sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump

Musty dead bodies and a catty bump, trump

Smellin' up the neighborhood lyin' in the bushes

Somebody had mo' mail than the rest of the pushers Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Yeah, I'm just a hustler

Spice-1, you know some hoes gonna go boy

Look here ay look here

They got schemes and scandals out there right?

When that funk is on this here

Check fan, the motherfucker gotta be about

As greasy as gravy in order to maintain

So society is a motherfucker ain't it?

Ay, whatta bout those niggas on your dick nigga?

Ice spit some shit about that shit nigga Get off my dick nigga get your own motherfuckers

Steady mobbin' gaffle the motherfuckers 'cause my jobbing

Shootin' up motherfuckers was my hobby

Stop the tech-eleven on two-eleven I did a robbery

Shot the mothefucker is grenades that I'll be livin'

Lowin' the motherfuckers like a new pair of Levi's and

Used to think the cops were so motherfuckin' friendly

Till they tied my cousin to a chair and broke his chin ?g'  
My homies motherfuckin' head like a melon  
Slavery is ? of convicted felon  
So dear mr. officer of the motherfuckin' law  
Rodney kind don't need a trial what was seen was what was saw  
You could take the niggas up out the motherfuckin' ghetto  
But you can't take the ghetto up out the motherfuckin' niggas  
Can't you hear the voice of the niggas comin' at cha?  
Fuck you mr. president I think I want to gat ya  
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers  
Mo' mail than the rest of the piles I can't get enough, good, good  
Good shit motherfucker good shit  
I think I'm a little jet drunk motherfuck  
Ay, look here ay I'm off this liquor-ice rainall boy  
You understand that don't ya  
Huh, you feel it  
Ay, ay look here nigga, ay  
What I want you to do boy, drop that ill shit I'll make this gat sing like motherfuckin' Mary J. Blige  
And reminisce on havin' a nigga's last breath when he slowly die  
Stang his ass in the chest with the hollow  
Capped him in his thr-thr-throat so he can't swallow  
Are-a-rat t-a-tat put a buck in why'all  
The motherfuckin' six-foot chunky dog  
Comin' to play with the trigger of the AK  
Another real ass nigga from the east bay  
?w-e-l-l-t-e-p-are-o-o-f?  
For the niggas who kid yourself by losin' your fuckin' death  
Blow! blow!  
Cap, we do it just like that  
Quick to put a motherfucker brains in his lap  
Smokin' up a blunt as I reminisce  
Of bloody body bags a motherfucker going nutty  
Blow! blow!  
Po' bust a knowledge route  
Brown, notify his family, fuck it, send his fingers home  
Cause the shit get major, put the Montgomery number upon his pager  
Bitch don't fuck with me  
I know a gang of niggas that will shoot it up with me  
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers It's the s-p-I-see-e with ya nigga e-40 (erick sermon)  
Roll in to the curb and die  
These motherfuckers don't understand this shit boy  
This shit is so damn real man  
Ay, nineteen ninety-tre-four-five  
Ay, I got one of them Mo' mail than the rest of the pushers  
Mo' mail than the rest of the pushers

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Published by  
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patents pending.

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