Sucka Ass Niggas

Spice 1

Four years ago I was stuck on the grind
Slangin' crack 50 sacks straight 20's and dimes
Till I came with shit that got a muthafucka known
Coolin' on the corner with the cellular phone
Took a test to be a muthafuckin' G
And all the niggas came amazed at me
Since the age of 16 I been slangin' the crack
The fiends used to scream for my muthafuckin' sacks
I used to cut the lleyo down to the bone
But now I'm killin' niggas on the microphone
Sp-Spice 1 kickin' shit to mass
A hennessy lemon squeeze and bubble bath
You see that's the life that I lead
I put a slug in a nigga try to fuck with me
So step back move back niggas try to jack
But ain't no muthafuckin' love I put you on your back
Start some shit at the party first nigga to glance
I pull out my glock and make him piss in his pants
No shorts on a dove I'm tryna come above
They call me Spice 1 and ain't no muthafuckin' love[Chorus]
I said ONE to the two, two to two three
Put a slug in your ass for you to say G
The S to the P the I the see-E
You sucka ass niggas can't fuck with meI rolls a gold Cherokee nothin' like a Seville
And when you look up inside you see a nigga that's real
So if you see me cruisin' by keep your hands to your side
You might catch a slug if I'm on a Hoo-ride
I said I first come I first served basis
Niggas catchin' slugs in a lot of strange places
One of a kind for my people's delight
And to you sucka ass niggas you just ain't right
Because you're snitchin' on your homies be seat up in the pen
And niggas want to stick you if they see your ass again
You're hangin' on the Ave you're chillin' with the crew
But niggas walk away and all the bullets hittin' you[Chorus]I said one to the two, two to three
My DJ Xtra-large and G-N-you-T
We roll up in the place pointin' straps at your face
Tinted windows black hearse gold daytons straight lace
Let off rounds you fall down to the ground

You sucka ass nigga another dead clown
You're a 5 dollar boy and I'm a million dollar player
You's a sucka ass nigga I had to spray ya
You say you pack a Nine and a Nine is fine
But I'm blowin' out the back of your head from behind
I'm comin' from the sickest city around
Spittin' some gangsta shit the Dirty Bay is the town
So G-nut and if you're bigger or pack the tight figure
Shoot these haters with the strap that you got from that dead niggaG-N-U-T in the place to be
Pimp straight up out a player's university
Every since kindergarten I acquired the knowledge
Didn't have no mail so I said : 'fuck college!'
I'm brown-skinned comin' straight out the stack
And the game that I spit'll put your bitch on the back
I'm dressed to kill I love to style
I'm the MC you know hoe check my file
The big-lip nigga for your regard
Five hundred dollar spread for the credit card
I hit your town then I go back home
Break a bitch for her mail bought a Cadillac chrome
Deep in the cut for all you bitches delight
And if a nigga playa-hate he gon have to fight
Because when I grind I hits the strip
Every time I sell out I buy a brand-new zip
It don't take a lot to entertain'
And like my nigga Method Man I'ma bring the pain
You can't rock the shop if you high off hop
You gotta let a nigga know you'll never stop
And your game gotta make a lot of sense
You gotta know when to start when the pimpin' begins

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