

380 On That Ass

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(prodeje)
Go on, remember that shit you was kickin off
Peace to my motherfuckin nine(spice-1)
Yeah I remember that old shit(prodeje)
So are you gonna kick some of that shit on your new album or what?(spice-1)
Yeah, I'm gonna kick some of that shit
But ah, partner I don't even fuck with the nine no more half(prodeje)
Man don't you know the nina is the shit?(spice-1)
Motherfucker, one e-c-i-p-s is like a murderer
P-e-a-c-e to my motherfuckin nine servin ya
Cause I don't give a fuck who you are
Want an autograph bullet you can call me shootin star, nigga
I'm makin the murda shit to kick you in your ass a bit
380 puckin up on that ass come and test me bitch
You don't know who the fuck you're steppin to my nigga row
I'll bust a cap and leave that ass dead by the do'
My chrome is shining like new money and it's kinda funny
I keep one bullet up in the chamber (? ? ? ?) sunny
Five and a piggy dumb, dumb bullets to his hollow tip
Thinkin 187 proof nigga come take a sip
I'm sick, as fuck I'll do a drive-by in a black hearse
And leave yo in the street for homicide I think 380 burst
187 on an undercover p-i-g
They better duck when they see the chrome 3-ad
I'm thin as see I'm suicidal I don't give a fuck
So if my face wrinkle up everybody duck
I rush a nigga bust a bigger hole in his ass
Cause hollow tip will fight a booty hoe when I blast
The bullet fucked ya when I bucked ya it was instant death
187,000 g motherfucker rest
The nigga tried to flip and unload the clip, I did the gangsta shit(chorus: spice-1)
380 on that ass bitch

B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
Niggas look crazy
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
N-niggas look crazy(spice-1)
Me hit the block with my 3-ad
Them niggas ballin lookin kinda shady
They owe me money and they better pay me
My shit will fuck up ya posse with the s-c-c
380 talkin to me tellin me blow a nigga back
So listen closely to the echo of the clap
Hit the motherfuckin blocks and my niggas
My motherfuckin niggas with they fingers on the triggers
So now I gotta smob and p-p-p-pop, pop
And buck with that 380 until a motherfucker drop
It's in my car boy slammed it on a under-tip
I used to kill a motherfucker for his blunted grip
I let my cousin use the shit to jack the dana-danes
A g-t-a with jackin nigga left the bloodstain
On the seat of the car he thought I was a star
Said I was a studio gangsta so I shot his jaw(chorus: spice-1)
380 on that ass bitch
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
Niggas look crazy
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
N-niggas look crazy
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
Niggas look crazy
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)
N-niggas look crazy(prodeje)
So why you quit fuckin with the nine?(spice-1)
I got love for nina g but she won't fit in my motherfuckin top(havikk)
Don't you know that nigga prod and hav fuck with the nine and the 380?(havoc)
I blow a niggas ass to hell that's why I bust so deep
I pack a fuckin 3-8-0 up in my motherfuckin sleep
I'll split your skull and mail your brains to your mama fool
380 leavin motherfuckers in a blood pool
So chase your skill better yet nigga run and hide
I do a nigga on the slide when I hoop ride
So nigga smilin eat the shells from the a-t-v
Or many yet build the caps down with the faculty(havikk)
I'm ready to kill a nigga, quick I'm ready to kill a nigga
187 ways to heaven when I drill a nigga
Then kill a daisy motherfuckers with the pistol grippin
They ass is trippin because the nina gave that ass a whippin
The back-street way yard six feet digger

Loced out with the nine makin that ass shiver
The murders watch quickly smoked up
Buck, buck, block, block, bang, boom, boom niggas over(prodeje)
I'll grab your heart and squeeze the motherfucker till it bursts
And tie your corpse to the bumper of my homies hearse
I pack a nine but yo I'm down to pack a 3-8-0
And pump some motherfuckin slugs up in yo' anus hole
So punk ? look up? cause the s-p-i-c-e is strapped
And leave your brains pole sating in your fuckin lap(havikk)
The cartel is for the killers the mobb piece rhymester giggy cap peelers
The giddily fuckin faculty the prodeje the killers be the smokin nigga quicker
380's on that asshole nigga(chorus: spice-1)
B-blast at 380
Niggas look crazy (everybody duck)
B-blast at 380
N-niggas look crazy (everybody duck)
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