

# Hard to Kill

## Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, play times over mutha phuckaz  
Spice 1's defiantly in mutha phuckin' effect  
You know what I'm saying?  
Bringing it to all you bitch ass niggaz  
So raise up and recognize  
And understand that this brother is hard to kill I'm running this niggaz off their block  
Taking their shit kicking it to the bitches  
People can't lift off your spot  
I'm leaving your shit all up in stitches Nigga, bullets go through the door  
I'll shoot you and that ho  
Got a cap for each nigga  
Fucking with my cash flow Pid cap, be love cap pid  
Because in the neighborhood 'cause still kill at will Gotta keep on my pistol on tight, slanging sugar delite  
That Shina white got these niggaz killing each other tonight  
Sometimes a turf is like a war zone, or even Vietnam  
Not at the movies but you still see the died come And a nigga catch a slug, caps' be pulled for fun foo  
You got to watch your shit before we pull a ak on your own blood  
See niggaz will stick you for your cash  
That's when they enter the t-shirt contest to super soak their ass So Method Man show these niggaz the deal  
Let these mutha phuckaz know that your hard to kill Who dat nigga?  
You on with me with the super fly Methtical nigga  
Who want to die?  
For year nigga Wow, even try to test sides  
Challenger your the bird with my 45 cabolar  
Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1  
And the method mutha phucka with the guns blazing? You trail, my god, its amazing  
Where your punk at?  
Nightmares like Wes Craven  
The bigger the critter, the harder to pull the trigger I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga  
Your a snake, I've seen you sliver, so I deliver with death  
We'll throw your punk ass in the river  
On the battle ship I'm the captain

Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the camp  
Tical S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah Blah, these mutha phuckaz nutz if you want to  
murder me  
Harder to kill than your average mutha phuckin' G  
Rollz with the Uzi with that shit that will make your body drop  
'Cause if your shot, tic toc and you don't stop Nigga, down for my strap niggaz on their back  
No rat-tat-tat so it's on the map  
Died come again, coming straight out of my jaws  
Got these niggaz screaming out paws  
Pistol grip and breaking out their jaws Yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me  
Many niggaz out there to go nuts with me  
And even on your block smoke them like a fucked up bell  
Can't be caught by no Po-Po's, can't be put in no slammer I don't be fucking with no snitches, ain't no body  
going to tell  
Leave your dick in the dirt, and yo momma as well  
New York to Cali niggaz are hard to kill, shit is too real  
Your a ignorant mutha fucka if your not riding with your steal S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to  
killah, hard to killah  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea  
1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7  
1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7, 1 8 7 Capping your ass for the 94, what you know?  
Grab your glock  
Blah, me burst out first 'Mon  
We are in 7000 G

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