

RIP

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, whassup?
RIP, shout out to my dead partnersMy nigga went crazy, he's trapped in a cell
He chopped off his fingers and sent them back in the mail
If life is a bitch, I'll pimp it just like a hoe
I make all my money from slangin' ounces of cokeI shot up a bitch 'cuz she was fiend
She's spreadin' information, tryin' to run off with my ring
I'm livin' in fear, motherfuckers wanna jack when
A 187 nigga's best friend is a Mack 10Niggas be rollin' up on me and loadin' the clip and say I'm slippin'
But I'm in a fucked up state of mind and I'm packin a nine and I'm not trippin'
'Cause I'm strapped, thinkin' about my nigga, took out in the game
RIP, plan B, Jessie was his name
So, rest in peace, peace my nigga RIPRIP, RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
Yeah, whassup Clean?I ain't forgot about you homie
Johnny B whassup Clay?
I ain't forgot about you either
Hope y'all tear this thang knahI'm sayin'?
Big Dave, Jr, Six-O-Mobb, yeahWhen I was young, I had the lust to pull the trigger
So, I know how it feels to shoot another nigga
Take one of mine, I'll take ten of yours
You call up your posse, I'll call up my boysThe funk, it was jumpin' but why should it jump?
Niggas with Uzi's and hella niggas with pumps
Ready to spray, do a nigga up proper
Did my boy in good, chopped him up with the chopperSee some more from the North, Johnny B from the crew
Seen a nigga get blasted his bloody foot in his shoe
The bag, the body, the body, the bag
From forties to funerals, from chronic to zag'sI'm rollin' up one for niggas that died
I go out to forty and hit the strip in my ride
And let down the top 'cause my top drop
Handle my glock, in case I gotta popRIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall

RIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
YeahFool, whatta you know about my partners Mark Crowser ?
Y'all know nothin' about Erick Ason
Y'all know nothin' about Big Round Sink knahI'm sayin'?
O.G.'s they got much love, Marcus RaineMy nigga had bomb, we called him Big Dave
Six slugs in the chest put my boy in the grave
I went to his house to get me a sack
His brother stood on the porch and told me the factsStrange how it happened, he went out for a night
Strange car drove up, that's when the pistols went pop
Should I pull on the trigger and we bell on these niggas?
Should I roll up the Endo, hit, throw up drunk offa liquor?My memorials of my dead niggas on the wall
And when I die, I know I'm dyin' with a bullet y'all
But the nigga that take me out, he better have the clout
Because my niggas gonna chop your bloody body routeYou know this nigga ain't afraid to die
Just write my name on the wall, gangsta S P I
C E [Unverified] RIP, rest in peace, niggaRIP, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
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