Trigga Gots No Heart

Spice 1

The trigga gots no heart
(The trigga a trigga)
The trigga gots no heart
(The trigga a trigga)I'm sick up in this game, I'll take no secondary shorts and
Slam dunk these riddles up in yo' chest like Jordan
Menace II society mad man killer
Just call me the East Bay Gangsta, neighborhood drug dealer
Quick to make decisions and I'm quick to get my blast on
Do a 187 with this bloody Jason mask on
Rollin' up out the cut deeper than Atlantis
Tore his chest apart left his heart on the canvas
Now I gots mo' mayo than the rest of the pushers
Rat a tat tat tat came my Tec from the bushes
I blast with no heart 'cause I'm heartless in nine-trey
A-K blast on that ass if in my way, gangsta
Slangin' 'Cola since the very very start
Much love for this game so the trigga gots no heartAin't no love trick
The trigga gots no heart
Ain't no love trick
The trigga gots no heartRelease the trigga as I blast on a nigga
Nina put a cease on his Timex ticker
And uhh, playas he can't give me no love
'Cause I'm stuck on the corna in the ghetto slangin' dub sacks
And I duck when they fly by 'cause Killa Cali' is the state for the drive-by
Caps peel from the gangstas in my hood
Ya better use that nina 'cause that deuce-deuce ain't no good
And umm, I'm taking up a hobby
Maniac murderin' doin' massacre robbery
I'm twenty-two and I'm still slangin' dub sacks
I gives the fiend some love but ain't no love back
Much love in this game ain't no love gangsta
187 is a art 'cause the trigga gots no heartAin't no love trick
The trigga gots no heart
Ain't no love trickMe shootin' him up me shootin' him up
If he no give my pay
Ain't no love trickMe shootin' him up me shootin' him up
If he no give my pay
Ain't no love trickThe trigga gots no heart and I'll be damned if I'm broke old
Pushin' on a shoppin' cart, they blast on a friend of me

Another sad case of a mistaken identity
12 o' clock and my 'hood's dubbin' pay back
I sat and watched them shoot my homey, seen his face crack
Uzis spray like Raid on these cockroaches
A dropped bomb full of 187 soldiers
Doin' dirt 'cause we dirty when the trigga pull
Seventeen in his body left the boy full
Of hollow tips so I know he won't be comin' back
I let my hair platt and let my mail stack
But my sweet sweet Sunday had to turn tart
His posse came and they triggas had no heartMe kill all man say kill all man say
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock
Kill all man say kill all man say
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock Glock
Kill all man say kill all man say
Kill 'em all man kill 'em all with me Glock GlockYeah mon blam! the 187 fact
Is back in the house man for nine-trey
This here see kill a man wit me Glock
Blow! 187 thousand G

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