

# 1-800-Spice

## Spice 1

Aw shit

One of them fake-ass answer machines again  
1-800-fake-ass-answer-machine

Mi-ni-mi pickin up da phone to hear da ring-a-ding-ling-a  
Mi hope ya not a cop, 'cause mi be slingin' dem things-a  
Da niggas up on mi block, dey got much love for da game-a  
Jah man, just put your hands up if you slingin' da caine-a  
Mi got to get mi propers, if it snow, shine or rain-a  
Mi pockets got di bumps 'cause mi so sick in da game-a  
Gafflin' muthafuckas, sellin' 'em rocks on da streets-a  
Ya want your money back, ya got to meet millimeter  
Mi maxin up on the block with dis nigga from the Fac-a  
Mi gots mi cellular phone, in the bushes was mi gat-a  
Ya can't fuck with mi posse 'cause mi posse be strapped  
Ya want your ganja, Xtra Large'll you a fat 20 sack-a  
The 187, the Faculty is back up in the house-a  
So roll up da canibus and put it up in your mouth-a

Geah man

Ha-ha

Yeah, you tight with all that gangsta shit, partner, right?  
But I heard you ain't the nigga you claim to be, right?  
You one of them studio gangsta muthafuckas  
So what's up with that, nigga?

Giggagiggada-gangsta, giggaggida-gangsta  
S-p-I-see-e is a real one, and not a pranksta  
Mi like to bust-bang, shootin' 'em up, mi glocks hang  
Shootin' out da window of mi drop-top Mustang  
Aim for da chest while Ant Banks hold di clip  
Mi buckin 'em down, mi buckin 'em down 'cause for mi kilo mi killa  
Roll up a twenty sack, call mi da gangsta mack  
Look down da street and you see me, nigga, slingin crack  
The dopeman set up shop on mi block  
So call 187 line and order your rock-a

Geah man

Ah yeah

This, ah

Liquor Store Willie, ah

I want to,

I want some for 10 dollars

Can you do somethin' for me for 10?

Mi nigga Ant Banks,

Come down with di funky breakdown

Damn man

This ganja gets you fucked up, man

Geah

Mi need lick up another 20 sack

Geah man

Mi kickin' da rasta shit, but mi not Shabba Ranks-a

Mi Spice 1, di mothafuckin' gangsta

Mi smokin da dank and it just might make mi kill ya

If you comin' at me talkin' about sinsemilia  
Mi nigga G-Nut put together Endonesia  
Mi call it Gaja, give me some fire-a  
Can't lit di ashes, hits me in mi eye-a  
Before mi lead bust got to get mi headrush  
Even though Endonesia make me nervous  
Mi got mi nine and mi coolin' up on di block  
Play mi for a fool, mi take his chest with mi glock  
Let dem niggas know not to be rushin mi knot  
So call 1-800 line and order your rock  
Geah man

Uh yeah  
Uh this, eh  
Suck-Your-Dick Sally from the liquor store down the block  
Uh, I ain't got no money, but I'll suck your dick for a 10 piece

Before mi lay mi start, let mi say peace to mi nine  
Cause in mi neighborhood young niggas do di crime  
It's a ghetto thang to the East Bay Gangsta  
The city streets make a nigga want to shank ya  
Break yourself, now you fucked in the game  
The killin' dance is a goddamn shame  
Money or murder, it's 187 proof-a  
So Ant Banks, bust da gin and da juice-a  
Mi signed with Jive, now mi Jive-ass nigga  
Break down di doja, roll it up a little bigger  
Mi watch da bitches 'cause da bitches a-gold digger  
So D the Poet, won't you pass mi the liquor  
The dopeman set up shop on mi block  
So call 1-800 and order your rocks

Geah man

Ah no, Spice  
I don't want no rocks and shit, man  
I'm callin 'cause I heard you was a fake-ass studio gangster  
Ain't never had a gun  
Ain't never been to jail  
Ain't never shot a muthafucka'  
And I'm just tired of this fake-ass shit you kickin' all over this tape  
I'm tired of it, man, I'm tired of it  
I ain't buyin' it  
Fuck that shit  
You fake, partner  
Fuck that  
Fuck that  
I'm out, man