

City Streets

Spice 1

Yeah

Spice muthafuckin' One
Coolin' in Cali
Kickin' that gangsta shit
You get with it?

Hopped in my Blazer, mashed off and left a boy in his car, then
Tagged him with the skull and bones, cause he be soften
Hollow like a head without no brains inside
And his girl was so damn small, you had to strain your eyes
Got to the corner, hit a left, seen the HPD
That's when I knew that they were after S-p-i-see-e
Turned up my music and dashed, goin' 90, I mashed
Bullet holes all in my window from a 12-gauge blast
He was all on my ass, I had to think real fast
Hooked a left, all of a sudden heard a boom and a crash
Tried to catch the cold, sold the devil his soul
Had his car and his face wrapped around a pole
With my vogues still smokin' hit 580 to Oakland
Still upset with the police because my window was broken
But my beat was still bumpin' and my amp was still pumpin'
And my nine was in my lap if any funk was jumpin'
Got the twentieth and Nice as I kicked my tune
Hooked a left on twent third and seen my homeboy June
Jumped straight out like an arrow, had more gold than the pharaoh
Had my Nikey sweat suit on and it was read like a sparrow
I told him what had happened and he already knew
He said, "You got a little funky with a fake-ass crew
The bass went boom and your gun went bang
And all you could see was flames"
At that very moment Coke and Ray started laughin'
And slapped each other's hands and said, "It's all about blastin'"
In the city streets

City streets

Kickin' it at the park shootin' craps with some homies
My first roll was a 7, so niggas can't get on me
So since my point is 4, I left a Little Joe
I'm kissin' on the dice and I'm pimpin' 'em like my hoe
So then I roll again, I'm fuckin' with Big Ben
Now I ain't fade jack because I'm knockin with that ten
I picked up the dice, shook em up and rolled once mo'
What came out the do'? Whaddaya know, I hit that four
Fuckin' with the dank I'm hearin' Marvin Gaye's oldies
Fadin another twenty, took a sip of my forty
There go my homie G-Nut with the gin and the juice
My nigga's always fuckin with that 187 proof
I took a big-ass gulp and feelin' quite tipsy
Knowin' I'm like this these niggas try to cheat me
Huh, they can't get with me, I put em in his place
Then G-Nut threw the gin and busted a nigga in his face
I thought it was quite funny, and I began to smirk
The fat-ass niggas face was grounded lyin' in the dirt
So I picked up my mail, and I'm about to go
Cause I'm about that mo' money, mo' money, mo'
Now homie on his face, he rolled over just like that

And said, "This is a jack, gimme all my fuckin money back"
I act like I was scared, gave his money back fast
And when he tried to leave, I busted a cap up in his ass
These niggas out the kitchen if you can't take the heat
Cause muthafuckas gank ya, shank ya, sank ya in the city streets

The city streets

A few weeks back I robbed a nigga for a ki
Kickin it on the block, slingin' d to o-p-e
Yo, runnin' from the five-o, you think this shit is funny
By any means necessary I must make my money
If niggas try to fade me, I pull out my nine
And pop-pop-pop-pop a nigga from behind
In this world of madness muthafuckas die
Niggas sling and bang, and bitches always lie
So I choose to be murderous and chop up niggas' bodies
And set like an example, a villain like John Gotti
The muthafuckin' gangsta S-p-i-c-e
They ring my mobile phone, now who the fuck could that be?
Bitch, I said don't call me, I'm busy clockin' G's
I thought it was the fuzz, but some niggas told me 'freeze!'
The barrel was my back, it's a muthafuckin' jack
I knew I shoulda packed, I ain't goin out like that
These niggas caught me slippin', and fuck a yellow sack
Niggas must be trippin' 'cause they Dayton's touch my back
I hopped out of my shit and told him go ahead
And when he tried to leave I busted a cap up in his head
With blood all over his face is how the homie fled
I dragged him out the car and filled his corpse full of lead
These niggas out the kitchen if you can't take the heat
Cause bitch, I'm a gangsta, shank ya, sank ya in the city streets

Aight, Banks

Let's pack the shit up, mayn