

Mo' Mail

Spice 1

Ah fuck it
Ah y'all got your nigga e-40 in this motherfucker
I buzz I put a step in

Kickin it in the fac house motherfucker

Ay, g-nut, spice, xtra-large

Let 'em have it

Went out the house I think it was a Sunday
Nigga was runnin' with drop top drop havin' a fun-day
Kickin' it with my niggas up on the block
Talkin' shit drinkin' "crooked eye"
I got the fat head rush from the chocolate thai
I'm feelin' good I want to kick it and hang out
But when the drive-by hit this is the main route
What the fuck is my problem nigga?
I got a glock seventeen better gobble them
So why should I trip, load the clip, put the joint to my lip
Get the motherfuckin' forty take a real ass nigga hit
I'm sittin' on my gat thinkin' shit is cool
Some niggas roll up in an old school
I ain't trippin', ay 'g' you know this nigga's face
I heard the motherfuckin' bass
Of a sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump
Musty dead bodies and a catty bump, trump
Smellin' up the neighborhood lyin' in the bushes
Somebody had mo' mail than the rest of the pushers

Yeah, I'm just a hustler
Yeah, I'm just a hustler
Yeah, I'm just a hustler
Spice-1, you know some hoes gonna go boy
Look here ay look here
They got schemes and scandals out there right?
When that funk is on this here
Check fan, the motherfucker gotta be about
As greasy as gravy in order to maintain
So society is a motherfucker ain't it?
Ay, whatta bout those niggas on your dick nigga?
Ice spit some shit about that shit nigga

Get off my dick nigga get your own motherfuckers
Steady mobbin' gaffle the motherfuckers 'cause my jobbing
Shootin' up motherfuckers was my hobby
Stop the tech-eleven on two-eleven I did a robbery
Shot the mothefucker is grenades that I'll be livin'
Lowin' the motherfuckers like a new pair of Levi's and
Used to think the cops were so motherfuckin' friendly
Till they tied my cousin to a chair and broke his chin ?g'
My homies motherfuckin' head like a melon
Slavery is ? of convicted felon
So dear mr. officer of the motherfuckin' law
Rodney kind don't need a trial what was seen was what was saw
You could take the niggas up out the motherfuckin' ghetto
But you can't take the ghetto up out the motherfuckin' niggas

Can't you hear the voice of the niggas comin' at cha?
Fuck you mr. president I think I want to gat ya
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers
Mo' mail than the rest of the piles

I can't get enough, good, good
Good shit motherfucker good shit
I think I'm a little jet drunk motherfuck
Ay, look here ay I'm off this liquor-ice rainall boy
You understand that don't ya
Huh, you feel it
Ay, ay look here nigga, ay
What I want you to do boy, drop that ill shit

I'll make this gat sing like motherfuckin' Mary J. Blige
And reminisce on havin' a nigga's last breath when he slowly die
Stang his ass in the chest with the hollow
Capped him in his thr-thr-throat so he can't swallow
Are-a-rat t-a-tat put a buck in why'all
The motherfuckin' six-foot chucky dog
Comin' to play with the trigger of the AK
Another real ass nigga from the east bay
?w-e-1-l-t-e-p-are-o-o-f?
For the niggas who kid yourself by losin' your fuckin' death
Bloaw! bloaw!
Cap, we do it just like that
Quick to put a motherfucker brains in his lap
Smokin' up a blunt as I reminisce
Of bloody body bags a motherfucker going nutty
Bloaw! bloaw!
Po' bust a knowledge route
Brown, notify his family, fuck it, send his fingers home
Cause the shit get major, put the Montgomery number upon his pager
Bitch don't fuck with me
I know a gang of niggas that will shoot it up with me
I need mo' mail than the rest of the pushers

It's the s-p-I-see-e with ya nigga e-40 (erick sermon)
Roll in to the curb and die
These motherfuckers don't understand this shit boy
This shit is so damn real man
Ay, nineteen ninety-tre-four-five
Ay, I got one of them

Mo' mail than the rest of the pushers
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