

Peace To My Nine

Spice 1

It's like root beer one of a kind
Spice 1 is up in the house with the niggata-niggata-nine
And the clip and the trigga
Muthafuckas try ta play me yet they callin' me they nigga
Should I get the A.K. and jump like Jack
Or should I just reanimate the mothafuckin' Fac
My name is Spice 1, but I be comin' like I'm 2
Or maybe 3 or 4 or just a muthafuckin' crew
Late night see a drive-by drop Impala
The niggas took cover and the bitches all holla
If you think it's sick then nigga just throw up
I'm quick ta bust a cap and leave your fuckin' dome toe up
Cause livin' up in the bay is lke a muthafuckin' zoo
Every nigga do whatever the fuck he gotta do
The mothafuckin' rhyme did the crime last century
Now it's on parole because my mouth's in penitentiary
But back to the ghetto you see just about it all
Rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall
The shit it never stop because the nigga killed a cop
And now the cops are killin' the niggas twenty four around clock
Around the block around the road in every ghetto
Muthafuckas want to drop me, so I'm livin' like the Devil
With the underground pound, murder facul-sound
So niggas that fuck around lay around
And before I end this rhyme
I'd like ta say peace to my mothafuckin' nine

The nine millimeter, the nine millimeter

Shootin' dice with some niggas that I didn't know
He pulled a nine when the double 4 hit the floe
I wonder why he'd want to play me like a punk bitch
I thought he knew I was the one to let the nine click
I played his ass like Jesse James and shot him in the throat
I picked his tongue up out my mail, now I'm outty ho
I'm stressin' it's a fucked up world "G"
I think about the shit that I used to see
Niggas runnin' 'round with the street sweepers
Muthafuckas layin' dead loose change, beepers
Bitches screamin' about the niggas gettin' fucked up
Fuck his bitch too, she was stuck up
187 muthafuckas that my showcase
I'll load the clip and kill a whole muthafuckin' race
I'm stressed out like a muthafucka
Bitch got me for a twenty, damn clucka
Yeah your right I'm livin' wrong "G"
And I never gave a fuck about a dope fiend family
I seen a dope fiend killed last week
Left a bloody base pipe in the street
They burnt the bitch up in the trunk over 80 dollars
Started drivin' around the hood and I can hear her hollar
Smoke comin' from the trunk bitch burnin' up
Cops turnin' down the streets they was turnin' up
I'm hearin' shots ring out 12 o'clock at night
A car full of dead niggas in the midnight
Because it gave the cops a reason just ta shoot 'em up
But now they tape the shit off, so yo suit 'em up

And before I end this rhyme
I'd like ta say peace to my muthafuckin' nine

The nine millimeter,
The nine millimeter

The police was comin' I had ta dump the body
But like I said on the city streets I'm John Gotti
When it comes to the gangsta rap shit
I do a drive-by murder your whole click
See I'm a rebel without a pulse
Cause in my neighborhood you learn not to walk
Without a nine in your draws
It's like American Express
Because a lot of crazy niggas want to spill your flesh
But some crazy jealous muthafuckas never sleep
I'm gettin' C.B. banner on the beep, beep, beep
Fill a, nigga to the rim like brim
Do a drive-by while I'm suckin' on a Endo stem
Mix Hennesey with Thunderbird, Gin and juice
I'm high as fuck, fuckin' around with 187 proof
Hard as a nickel but I'm quick as fuck to drop a dime
Because my boys got a nigga back prime time
Rata-tata-tat-tat
Any bitch want to squab it's like that
Cause I ain't goin' out like a fag
Got the nigga for a ounce and a Jag
Straight trip and pop the clip
Now I'm gettin' rich off his sip
Pick up my boys on the block and it's on
Slangin' dope by the drug-free zone
Straight gangsta mack
Keyes over keyes over g's I stack
So when you step, step with caution
Cause a nine to your throat 'll have ya caughin'
The S-P-I-see-E
In a rage with a gauge gettin' P-A-I-D
I ain't goin' out fuck Mickey D's
I'd rather pimp hoes and clock G's
Cause that's what a real nigga do to make a livin'
The talent of pimp was naturally given'
So before I end this rhyme
I'd like to say, Peace to my mothafuckin' Nine

Yeah

I want to say peace to my other muthafuckin' nine
Yeah Ant muthafuckin' ba-ba-booga-booga muthafuckin' Banks
I want to say what up to my nigga G muthafuckin' mzz-Nut, yeah
I want to say what up to that girl Shorty B in the muthafuckin' house
And my mutha fckin' D.J.
Xtra muthafuckin' Large go on with your big ass heh-heh
Yeah, my nigga M.C. muthafuckin' Ant
Kickin' the funky shit with Spice muthafuckin' 1
187 in the muthafuckin' house, Peace