Strap On The Side

Spice 1

Rollin with my mothafuckin' strap on the side of me
Don't fuck with the East Bay G!

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Poke 'em down with the clip and the trigga
Screamin' like Eiht, yelling, "Come on Nigga!"
Nappy-head muthafuckas in a coupe de-ville
Lightin shit up like Fire Marshal Bill
You see, I hops on the flo like my nigga Domino
And get a big fat sack of yay
A key or a half the mothafuckin' bay
Pistol-whipped him with an A-K.
Peep this, loddi-doddi, I shot up his body
I left his ass bloody in the front of the party.
It's a yig-a-young nigga rollin up out the cut
Do a drive-by with the feds on my nutts.
Niggas be gettin' gatted when they step to this G
See I pull my mothafuckin' UZI!
And, spill his brain (spill his brain)
Spill his brain (spill his brain)
Spill his brain in his mothafuckin' lap.
I pulls a jack (pulls a jack) Pulls a jack (pulls a jack)
And shoot the heart out his mothafuckin' back!
I'm comin' with the 187, not with that ho shit
So niggas, pack up the bombs, so we can blow shit!

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Ver 2: comin' up in a mask like Tales of the Cryptic
UZ thang swallows that ass like Lypton Nigga!
And now, they're trying to wander and vigor
How the fuck Charles Manson try to step to a nigga?
Put a blast on their ass with the holes of the barrel
Bullets fly in a chest like a mothafuckin' farrow.
'cause we get like Steven King, bodies swing from my ceiling
Oak was in the chest when it's time for cap peelin.
9-4, hit the do with a fat gat
Comin' like this, break 'em down like that.
The nigga with the bags and the fat crack sack
Po-Poes on my back, blow their ass off the map!
With the 1-8-7, mad man killa
Spill a nigga guys for the fuck Cause, I'll be

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Ver 3: It goes one for the treble, you don't want to floss
Unless you want to flex with my bitch you little boss.
Ga-a-gat that ass with the double-deuce Darringer
From the bay area the pall bearer
6 niggas carry ya momma in hysteria
Welcome to your mothafuckin' coffin, they'll stare at ya!
Cause, you're a dead muthafucka black
And you never should have fucked with the 1-8-7 fat.
So nick-nack patty-wack, give a G a gat
And put some bullets in that ass crack!
Yeah, break 'em down with the Mack
And like John Madden 93, "BOOM! He's on his back!"
Spice 1 is a mothafuckin' troopa
So, say what's up to the East Bay Freddy Kruegar.
Blow the head off the mothafuckin' cow
When my gat goes off like an air 1000.
Take the hood off your hooptie when I bust a cap
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