

SPICE

Tobe Nwigwe

Woo
Uh!
Ah! Tobe! What's this?
Oh-ho-ho-ho! Yeah!
Now this is funky right here!
Wh-what? Wh-wh-what'd you say now Chuck?
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Aye, you know that's right!
Ha-ha-ha-ha
And that's a fasho, right on!
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

Look, look, look, look
I am not an icon, I'm a hyphen between Jah and the ghetto
Alchemist, no Paulo Coelho, touch Fat, my hammer pow-pow and the halo
Will be added on to the top of your dome, sorry
But I got love for F.a.t like the O.G. from Marcy got for B
I gots to to be the best thing to pop out the S.W.A.T. or possibly
The next King with the thoughts of Socrates
Complete with Pac and Pun in a large degree of
Well-to-do spitters, careful they hail who glitters, ooh
But soon as veils wither, trust me, they'll nail you with us, ooh
Yeah, but don't grow weary in well-doin'
I hop on tracks solely so my impact derails coonin'
In failed unions and males who inhale 'cause they sell ruin
To frail humans trailed by the smell loomin'
Of death, decay, and all that's still bloomin'
From poor decisions, the morgue exhibits
Those no more with the livin', I pray for those who abhor the rhythm of
The righteous, I'm a titan with the Midas touch straight from Zion, whole fl
ow is blindin'
When I'm in alignment, I'm M Bison, fist when he flyin', electrifyin', ooh!
Ha-ha-ha, yuh, y'all should be more grateful
Got it out the mud, no label, but I'm still snappin' like I'm Fabo
Ooh, yuh, might just lean with' it, rock with' it
Tell a fake rapper clock tickin', if I ain't got the key then I'm lock picki
n'
Ooh, yuh, but only at the door that's meant for me
A symphony should play when I enter the imagery of those in the industry
Who say they spit bars, they deserve a thick jar of
Shut that your dirty mouth, come my friend, please get out
Whet in do you talk about when you talk about what you talk about, ooh
See the boy go in and out, of the pigeon, just so they can
Listen just a little different when I'm spittin' what I'm spittin'
OK that's enough, I'm finished
Ooh

Ya know man, I-I'm just tryna stay on my P's and toes and never get caught d
iggin' up my nose
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
No one knows where the nose goes when the doors close
Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha
Stay woke
Ah-ha-ha