

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
Mutha fuckas 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 mutha fuckin' Fac
My name is Spice 1, but I be comin' like I'm 2
Or maybe 3 or 4 or just a mutha fuckin' crew
Late night see a drive-by drop Impala
The niggaz 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 mutha fuckin' zoo
Every nigga do whatever the fuck he gotta do
The mutha fuckin' 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 24 around clock
Around the block around the road in every ghetto
Mutha fuckas wanna drop me, so I'm livin' like the Devil
With the underground pound, muder facul-sound
So niggas that fuck around lay around
And before I end this rhyme
I'd like ta say peace to my mutha fuckin' nine
The Nine Milimeter, The Nine Milimeter 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 wanna 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
Mutha fuckas layin' dead loose change, beepers
Bitches screamin' about the niggaz gettin' fucked up
Fuck his bitch too, she was stuck up
187 mutha fuckas that my showcase
I'll load the clip and kill a whole mutha fuckin' race
I'm stressed out like a mutha fucka
Bitch got me for a 20, 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 mutha fuckin' nine
 The Nine Milimeter, The Nine MilimeterThe 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 wanna spill your flesh
 But some crazy jealous mutha fuckas 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 henneseey 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 wanna 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-C-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 Mutha Fuckin' NineYeah
I wanna say peace to my other mutha fuckin' nine
Yeah Ant mutha fuckin' ba-ba-booga-booga mutha fuckin' Banks
I wanna say what up to my nigga G mutha fuckin' mzz-Nut, yeah
I wanna say what up to that girl Shorty B in the mutha fuckin' house
And my mutha fckin' D.J.
Xtra mutha fuckin' Large go on with your big ass heh-heh
Yeah, my nigga M.C. mutha fuckin' Ant
Kickin' the funky shit with Spice mutha fuckin' 1
187 in the mutha fuckin' house, Peace

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