

Born II Die

Spice 1

Evil lurks in the mind of mad men
I have to call Spice 1 to put in work

Yeah straight motherfuckin East Bay killa in the house
Spice motherfuckin 1
{*blam*} That's how you do it!
You just mobb up on a nigga and shoot him in his MOTHERFUCKIN HEAD
And drag him out the car, and get your MOTHERFUCKIN mobb on
Yeah.. motherfuckin G shit jumpin off tonight
Motherfuckin fire, beotch!!

Kill em off like dis, biddy-bah-bah-bye-bye
S-P-I-C-E-1 dem say him Born II Die, BLAOW
Kill em off like dat, biddy-bah-bah-bah-bang
S-P-I-C-E-1 dem say him ?? ??

My gat scream fire
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar
I talk to my 380 like a bitch on the stroll
When niggas try to dick me I haul off and let her ho, KILL EM ALL!
I can't be fucked in this game, I'mma psychopath
My AK, told me to shove him up some niggas ass
I'm havin long conversations with Mr. Millimeter
He's one of my best friends, bitch-ass nigga eater
And Missus Mossberg, livin up in that back trunk
You know that old school bitch, she like to get in funk
It's splittin motherfuckers by the seams
My grandaddy Mr. AR-15
Said he was my only family
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me
My own Glock pistol-whipped me in my fuckin head
Cause he said, I wouldn't buy the infrared
Got in a fight at a club, my gat started walkin
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talkin
I woke up, and it was sick to see them guts
From my strap tell me Spice motherfucker, you're Born II Die

One to the chest and one to the dome
Well if them niggas catch you slippin then yo' ass is gone (Born II Die)
Aim yo best for the head so yo' brains get blown
Well if them niggas catch you slippin then yo' ass is gone

Kill em off like dis, biddy-bah-bah-bye-bye
S-P-I-C-E-1 dem say him Born II Die, BLAOW
Kill em off like dat, biddy-bah-bah-bah-bang
S-P-I-C-E-1 dem say him ?? ??

Legal Glockes and Barettas and the Uzi thangs
And if the shit jump off I'm killin everythang
Don't be actin like no bitch when the funk is on
Cause if them niggas catch you slippin then yo' ass is gone
One for the Glock, two for the clip
Bullets in yo' ass make you hop and skip
Niggas who ride, strap on the side
Open up your chest bout THIS fuckin wide
This ain't no TV, you don't wanna see me
I split your cranium so motherfuckin easy

Leavin you bloody dead and shot
My Glock goosed up your body like the motherfuckin dreadlock
So get yo' ass home 'fore you catch some slugs
Brain runnin down the drain like the L.A. floods
Don't be fuckin with the S-P-I
I'm tellin you motherfuckers I was Born II Die

One to the chest and one to the dome
Well if them niggas catch you slippin then yo' ass is gone (Born II Die)
Aim yo best for the head so yo' brains get blown
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One-eighty-seven Crew ass nigga from the Bay
AK spray, beat your dead body as it lay
On the concrete die in one beat of the heart
Seven day old ass body smell a little tart
Pull up to your bumper with a fully loaded magazine
Robbin your motherfuckin ass clean
Blow the heart out a motherfucker back
Nigga shit on hisself, when I pull out my strap
Got a chrome fo'-five, bout nine in the clip
In two ?? days, begin to mobb and dip
It's just another tale of some gangsta shit
Where niggas murder in the first from a verse that spit
Bitch-ass niggas, expire, retire
Stab him in the throat with the Dayton spoke wire
So don't get caught up in the mix
I, let you motherfuckers know quick, I'm Born II Die

One to the chest and one to the dome
Well if them niggas catch you slippin then yo' ass is gone (Born II Die)
Aim yo best for the head so yo' brains get blown
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Kill em off like dis, biddy-bah-bah-bye-bye
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Yeah nigga
Straight walkin up on a motherfucker
And takin his shit with a AK-47 nigga
Get yo' shit cause it's on
Tell you ho you gon' be back
Uhh, nigga gon' give up his shit
Or he gon' catch a motherfuckin slug
Yeah, you gon' catch a motherfuckin slug
Uhh.. Spice 1 in the motherfuckin house
Straight killin em all, BLAOW!

Hehehahahahahahahahah
Hahahahahahahahahahaha
Ahahahahahahahahaha!! Motherfuckers!!