

Face Of A Desperate Man

Spice 1

Smellin' stale fresh out the county jail
Coppers gave me hell in a cell
But now its Mo' Murder to make mail
They thought my heart was playin' life at a different pitch
But I stick to the scrip
Dump a snitch in a ditch
Its 94 I came to be fuckin' around
Paranoia of a jack so I'm quick to draw down
The only way I gets my mail is to be off in your ass
With a AK or a Uzi screamin'
Give me your cash nigga
So back to fuck on up
Cause can't nobody stop this nigga to sellin' a D that's raw and uncut
Fuckin' over fiends
Laughin in their faces sellin' "soap" to niggas can die anyday
Niggas come showed off in them jacks G
Another homie eyes wide open dead in my backseat
We never thought that they would get him
My nigga was like a soldier we'd never knew that the bullet hit him
Thought to myself was cocaine with my homie's life
He picked the crime Do or Die now he pays the price
To look in struggle on his face with his Gat in his hand
My nigga died
With the face of a desperate man

So we can tear this face
We can tear this face
The face of a desperate man, Gyeah-man
Butabyebye butabyebyebang butabyebyebangbo
So we can tear his face when him smokin the endo
Butabyebye

Check motherfuckin' 1 check 1-2
I gotta gets my mail that's what I gotta do
And don't nobody run up on me
Cause Franklin and Grant is my only motherfuckin' homie
I made a deal with the devil and sold my soul
Through about O.E. and fourteen-years old
Young hog ass nigga never ever saw of
Got me a strap and learned not to shoot my brolls of
And all the youngsters sneakin pass the bottle
Because the G's, pimps and hustlers was the motherfuckin' role model
And every time we had a house party
Was just the chance for a nigga to see another nigga's dead body
And nobody stayed around for sequels
Cause the nigga that was bustin' was spreadin' bullets around equal
Now they mobbin'
I'm seein' sparks hearin' shots
Pistol's popped
Another motherfucker flopped
On the ass first up by the 44
Flatline ambulance put him in the door
Loud screams from his homies yellin' Imma smoke 'em
Feelin bad 'cause his partners on blood joke 'em
A touchin scene niggas screamin' in the rain
Looked in his homeboy's face
His homie said his name

Now he'd be lookin' for that nigga with the Gat and
Ready for that Redrum
With the face of a desperate man

94 is gettin' hot style nigga
I gotta watch my shit mug on my face nigga ?? dog mean bitch
I'm muggin' every nigga that be walkin by
Is it true can his hand be quicker than my eye
I'm wonderin if I gotta pull out my steel
Cause motherfuckers they can feel me they will look at me real
So, flow to the motherfuckin' 4
If I have to let 'em know not to play me like a hoe
Cause I sticks to the G code
I unloads the clizip and ease on down the road
1 and 1 Spice only
I do my dirt about my motherfuckin' lonely (by myself nigga)

Ninety four
Spiggedy 1 with up on that ass
Yeah
Mean muggin' every nigga that ride by
Face of a desperate man nigga
I gots to gets mine
So if you try to take my shit
Quick to bust a cap in that ass
Ninety four
Blow
Formally like that