

# Rip

## Spice 1

Yeah, whats up?

R-I-P, shout-out to my dead partners

My nigga went crazy he's trapped in a cell  
He chopped off his fingers and sent them back in the mail  
If life is a bitch, I'll pimp it just like a hoe  
I make all my money from slangin' ounces of coke  
I shot up a bitch 'cause she was fiend  
She's spreadin' information tryin' to run off with my ring  
I'm livin' in fear, motherfuckers want to jack when  
A 187 nigga's best friend is a Mack 10  
Niggas be rollin' up on me and loadin' the clip and say I'm slippin' '  
but I'm in a fucked up state of mind  
and I'm packin' a nine and I'm not trippin'  
Cause I'm strapped thinkin' about my nigga took out in the game  
are-I-P, plan B Jessie was his name  
So rest in peace, peace my nigga are-I-P

R-I-P, R-I-P, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
R-I-P, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
R-I-P, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall  
Yeah whats up Clean?  
I ain't forgot about you homie  
Johnny B whats up Clay?  
I ain't forgot about you either  
Hope y'all tear this thang knahI'msayin?  
Big Dave, Jr, Six-O-Mobb, yeah

When I was young I had the lust to pull the trigger  
So I know how it feels to shoot another nigga  
Take one of mine I'll take ten of yours  
You call up your posse I'll call up my boys  
The funk, it was jumpin', but why should it jump?  
Niggas with Uzi's and hella niggas with pumps  
Ready to spray do a nigga up proper  
Did my boy in good chopped him up with the chopper  
See some more from the north Johnny B from the crew  
seen a nigga get blasted his bloody foot in his shoe  
The bag the body the body the bag  
From forties to funerals from chronic to zag's  
I'm rollin up one for niggas that died  
I go out to forty and hit the strip in my ride  
And let down the top 'cause my top drop  
Handle my glock incase I gotta pop

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Yeah fool whatta you know about my partners Mark Crowser  
y'all know nothin' about Erick Ason  
y'all know nothin' about Big Round Sink knahI'msayin?  
O.G.'s they got much love, Marcus Raine

My nigga had bomb we called him Big Dave  
Six slugs in the chest put my boy in the grave  
I went to his house to get me a sack  
His brother stood on the porch and told me the facts

Strange how it happened he went out for a night  
Strange car drove up that's when the pistols went pop  
Should I pull on the trigger and we bell on these niggas?  
Should I roll up the Endo hit throw up drunk offa liquor?  
My memorials of my dead niggas on the wall  
And when I die I know I'm dyin with a bullet y'all  
But the nigga that take me out, he better have the clout  
Because my niggas gonna chop your bloody body route  
You know this nigga ain't afraid to die  
Just write my name on the wall  
Gangsta S-P-I-C-E? R-I-P, rest in peace nigga

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