Rip

Spice 1

Yeah, whats up? R-I-P, shout-out to my dead partners $% \left({{\mathbb{R}}^{-1}} \right)$

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

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 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

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 R-I-P, rest in peace to dead niggas on the wall