

# Spice 1, 380 On That Ass

(prodeje)

Go on, remember that shit you was kickin off  
Peace to my motherf\*\*kin nine

(spice-1)

Yeah I remember that old shit

(prodeje)

So are you gonna kick some of that shit on your new album or what?

(spice-1)

Yeah, I'm gonna kick some of that shit  
But ah, partner I don't even f\*\*k with the nine no more half

(prodeje)

Man don't you know the nina is the shit?

(spice-1)

Motherf\*\*ker, one e-c-i-p-s is like a murderer  
P-e-a-c-e to my motherf\*\*kin nine servin ya  
Cause I don't give a f\*\*k who you are  
Want an autograph bullet you can call me shootin star, nigga  
I'm makin the murda shit to kick you in your ass a bit  
380 puckin up on that ass come and test me bitch  
You don't know who the f\*\*k you're steppin to my nigga row  
I'll bust a cap and leave that ass dead by the do'  
My chrome is shining like new money and it's kinda funny  
I keep one bullet up in the chamber ( ? ? ? ? ) sunny  
Five and a piggy dumb, dumb bullets to his hollow tip  
Thinkin 187 proof nigga come take a sip  
I'm sick, as f\*\*k I'll do a drive-by in a black hearse  
And leave yo in the street for homicide I think 380 burst  
187 on an undercover p-i-g  
They better duck when they see the chrome 3-ad  
I'm thin as see I'm suicidal I don't give a f\*\*k  
So if my face wrinkle up everybody duck  
I rush a nigga bust a bigger hole in his ass  
Cause hollow tip will fight a booty hoe when I blast  
The bullet f\*\*ked ya when I bucked ya it was instant death  
187,000 g motherf\*\*ker rest  
The nigga tried to flip and unload the clip, I did the gangsta shit

(chorus: spice-1)

380 on that ass bitch  
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)  
Niggas look crazy  
B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)  
N-niggas look crazy

(spice-1)

Me hit the block with my 3-ad  
Them niggas ballin lookin kinda shady  
They owe me money and they better pay me  
My shit will f\*\*k up ya posse with the s-c-c  
380 talkin to me tellin me blow a nigga back  
So listen closely to the echo of the clap  
Hit the motherf\*\*kin blocks and my niggas  
My motherf\*\*kin niggas with they fingers on the triggers  
So now I gotta smob and p-p-p-pop, pop  
And buck with that 380 until a motherf\*\*ker drop  
It's in my car boy slammed it on a under-tip  
I used to kill a motherf\*\*ker for his blunted grip  
I let my cousin use the shit to jack the dana-danes  
A g-t-a with jackin nigga left the bloodstain

On the seat of the car he thought I was a star

Said I was a studio gangsta so I shot his jaw

(chorus: spice-1)

380 on that ass bitch

B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)

Niggas look crazy

B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)

N-niggas look crazy

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B-blast at 380 (everybody duck)

N-niggas look crazy

(prodeje)

So why you quit f\*\*kin with the nine?

(spice-1)

I got love for nina g but she won't fit in my motherf\*\*kin top

(havikk)

Don't you know that nigga prod and hav f\*\*k with the nine and the 380?

(havoc)

I blow a niggas ass to hell that's why I bust so deep

I pack a f\*\*kin 3-8-0 up in my motherf\*\*kin sleep

I'll split your skull and mail your brains to your mama fool

380 leavin motherf\*\*kers in a blood pool

So chase your skill better yet nigga run and hide

I do a nigga on the slide when I hoop ride

So nigga smilin eat the shells from the a-t-v

Or many yet build the caps down with the faculty

(havikk)

I'm ready to kill a nigga, quick I'm ready to kill a nigga

187 ways to heaven when I drill a nigga

Then kill a daisy motherf\*\*kers with the pistol grippin

They ass is trippin because the nina gave that ass a whippin

The back-street way yard six feet digger

Loced out with the nine makin that ass shiver

The murders watch quickly smoked up

Buck, buck, block, block, bang, boom, boom niggas over

(prodeje)

I'll grab your heart and squeeze the motherf\*\*ker till it bursts

And tie your corpse to the bumper of my homies hearse

I pack a nine but yo I'm down to pack a 3-8-0

And pump some motherf\*\*kin slugs up in yo' anus hole

So punk ? look up? cause the s-p-i-c-e is strapped

And leave your brains pole sating in your f\*\*kin lap

(havikk)

The cartel is for the killers the mobb piece rhymester giggy cap peelers

The giddily f\*\*kin faculty the prodeje the killers be the smokin nigga quicker

380's on that asshole nigga

(chorus: spice-1)

B-blast at 380

Niggas look crazy (everybody duck)

B-blast at 380

N-niggas look crazy (everybody duck)

B-blast at 380

N-niggas look crazy (everybody duck)

B-blast at 380  
N-niggas look crazy (everybody duck)