

# The Realist Killaz

2pac

Yo Redd Spyder (ooh-wee) is that 50 Cent/Pac joint ready?  
Let me know, holla

There's gon' be some stuff you gon' see  
That's gon' make it hard to smile in the future

Yeah nigga! Ha ha  
Let's go nigga, this is what it is  
Tupac cut his head bald  
Then you wanna cut yo' head bald (you PUSSY nigga!)  
Tupac wear a bandana  
You wan' wear a bandana  
Tupac put a cross on his back  
You wanna put crosses on yo' back  
Nigga you ain't Tupac - THIS Tupac!

Is it, money or women to funny beginnings, tragic endings  
I can make a million and STILL not get enough of spending  
And since my life is based on sinnin, I'm hellbound  
Rather be buried than be worried, livin held down  
My game plan to be trained and, military  
Mind of a Thug Lord, sittin in the cemetary  
Caught, I've been lost since my adolescence, callin to Jesus  
Ballin as a youngster, wonderin if he sees us  
Young black male, crack sales got me three strikes  
Livin in jail, this is hell, enemies die  
Wonder when we all pass is anybody listenin?  
Got my, hands on my semi shotty, everybody's bitchin  
Please God can you understand me, bless my family  
Guide us all, before we fall into insanity  
I make it a point, to make my peep bumpin warlike  
Drop some shit, to have these stupid bitches jaws tight.

'Til Makaveli returns, it's +All Eyez On Me+  
(What do we have here NOWWW?)  
And you can hate it or love it, but that's what it's gon' be  
{ooooooooooooohhhh}  
You shoulda listened, I told you not to fuck with me  
(What do we have here NOWWW?)  
Now can you take the pressure, that's what we gon' see  
[click clack, GUNSHOT]

Now since you're cryin for mercy I promise  
My success'll be the death of you  
Lo and behold you sold your soul  
Nigga there's nuttin left of you  
Look in the mirror, ask yourself who are you?  
If you don't know who you are, how could your dreams come true?  
Motherfucker, I sat back and watched  
You pretended to be 'Pac, you pretended to be hot  
But you're not (NOWWW) - I see it so clear  
You can't take the pressure, you pussy  
I warned you not to push me  
You see me and chills run up your spine  
Hardly even in the same war, but your heart ain't like mine  
Press, they look at me like I'm a menace  
I was playin with guns

while your momma had your punk ass playin tennis  
I'm a nightmare, you see me when you dream  
Wake up, turn on your TV and see my ass again  
You cowardly hearted, you couldn't make it on your own  
Fuck THE SOURCE, I'm on cover of Rolling Stone  
(YOU PUSSY!)

G-G-G-G-Unit!