

Tupac

Russ

Pac

Come with me
All these rappers sounding straight pussy
What do we have here now
Do you wanna' ride or die
La-dadada-da-da-da

Let me let Pac tell y'all something

And if you wonder why I'm mad, check the record
What's a nigga' gotta do to get respected

Now if you with me then you with me, no flip flopping
Driving on this rode to the dreams, no pit stopping
No criss-crossing, this ain't no Kid and Play
I ain't crazy, but I'm 'bout, a fifth away
Poor me up
Sounding big on 2Pac shit, like Notorious
Golden state of mind, this ain't no crime, we just Warriors
And ever since I recognized what I was doing here
I've been letting loose like fuck your rules, I got my crew in here
Even though it's dwindle
Me and Bugus, keep a closed circle
Pouring up that Tanqueray, with freaks
After we blow purple
It's no hurdles
Just opticals of illusion
Loose in the booth
I forgot to put my screws in
Chopped, not slopped, up top, like Houston
DJ Rucker got a mutha' fukka' out here woosin'

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Yeah

I don't know what else I gotta' do, so
I've given y'all ten albums, of original beats and shit
Since I was seventeen, so
Now Imma' come and show y'all How to Rob

Shoutout to 2Pac

Imma' spazz on mutha' fu...
Gettin' that ass on mutha' fu...

Y'all know what it is