

# 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-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