

# 2Pac, All Out

(feat. Outlawz)

[helicopter propeller turning]

[Kastro & Napoleon]

We goin all out (aiiite)

We goin all out (aiiite)

We goin all out, watch ya motherfuckin mouth niggaz

(That's right, fuck these fag niggaz)

Do it, do it, do it

[2Pac]

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers

Just another lost soul, stuck, callin Jehovah

Outlaw 'til it's over, brand as my strap

Back like a cobra, I stay drunk, cause I'm a mad man

Whenever sober, on a one man mission

My ambition to hold up the rap game

While I pluck holes in niggaz like donuts

And still down to die for all my souljas

Like hillbillies, they don't fear me

So refuse bringin war to the city

With each breath, death before dishonor

Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor

A general in war, I'm the first to bomb

With a squad of trusted killers, quick to move shit heavily armed

I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question Hussein

Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game

I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me

I take the figure of dirty niggaz, who all got me

While bitches wonderin who shot me

No love, keep a grudge, shootin slugs like Muammar Quadaffi

Murder my friends, build a new posse

We takin shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga like Rocky

You got a lot of nerve to play me

Another gay rapper, bustin caps to Jay-Z

(buck buck buck buck buck)

And still avoid capture, while y'all caught up in the rapture

Still after me, I'm in Jamacia sippin daquiris, no doubt

We used to havin nothin, then grabbin somethin and bustin

Wanted to be the thug-nigga, that my old man wasn't

I came to a field, catchin cases, litigation

Niggaz playa-hatin, got me crooked in all 50 states

I'm screamin DEATH ROW, throw my WESTSIDE, ain't no thang

We was raised off drive-by's, brought up to bang

We claim mob, M.O.B. if you be specific

We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific

And get this, I'm hard to kill, when I peel with this live spot

Father, how the hell did I survive, these five shots?

Live it up, or give it up, and my demons

Late night, hear them screamin; we goin all out!

[Chorus: EDI]

We goin all out, bomb first till they fall out

Take them the war route, without a doubt

Ball, which means we all ride if it's on

Each nigga handle ya own, bring it on strong

If you got bills to pay, nigga go all out

Bustas playin with ya peeps, betta go all out

Try'na see the next day, nigga go all out

Obstacles in ya way, you better go all out

[Napoleon]

I'm on my land sled, walkin through the belly of the beats

Feelin like I'm all out, drunk as can be  
It's plain to see, that we mobb niggaz hidin' in bushes  
Claimin that they ride rough, but they soft as they cushion  
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin in blood  
Outlawz my blood brothers, I'd die for these thuggs  
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggaz on the west coast  
was ridin with Pac, but when he died, they went pop  
I'm on the Jers to the fullest, like some west coast love  
But after Pac stopped rappin, it ain't no west coast thug  
Just westcoast what? To my real niggaz stuck in the street game  
Cause rappers like Jay-Z be pumpin Kool-Aid through they veins  
Is it true what I'm sayin? Slap your soft ass to the floor  
And watch my fo-fo put peek holes through your door  
I ride or die, but these other fag niggaz be bitin this  
It's all from my heart when I was writin this  
All out

[chorus]

[Kastro]

Now, we all ride, and down to die who wit us  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin to kill us  
Ain't nothin but squealers, in this rap game, swearin they rough  
Tattooed up, and now them niggaz swearin they Pac  
Stop that, and watch ya back, we ain't forgot bout cha  
These glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out cha  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee  
Walkin' like a OG, cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me  
I pray to the thug lord, like that motherfuckers holy  
Frontline soulja, till the heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' bout, cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'till they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggaz, they can't deal wit'  
Holla back, right back, and watch ya mouth  
Or get blood in it, WHAT, we goin' all out  
Nigga

[chorus - 2X]

fool, you better go all out  
keep goin' all out  
all my niggaz goin' all out  
without a muthafuckin' doubt

[EDI talking]

Ey, you niggaz just gon think that you gon be uhh  
talkin and slippin on all of these motherfuckin records  
and we ain't gon say shit, now it's 1999  
It's a different grind, don't disrespect the Don  
It's still war motherfuckers  
So let's see you act like you know