2Pac, Something Wicked

Something wicked this way come Something wicked this way come

More than an adversary I'm very quick I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift I'm equipped to kick Grab you coat and you hat, cause I'm prepared to clamp Scared the [???], and caught them mutha-fuckas damp Oh shit, 2pacalypse is back and strapped Attacking the pacs, I'm kicking the facts for stacks to rap And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks I'm getting taxed, my pacs is packed with angry blacks I'm ready to go I'm ripping the shows, hitting the dough Getting the hoes [???] Pumping the flow, gangster ho cause the nose knows Check the pose, froze, when you see me close Punks you gonna roast, host, in a cloud of smoke Broke, choked on a rope, and then smoked wrote, crimes that'll bring me bank notes nope, I ain't the type of fella that you use though Kkkkkicking the funky flava Pumping [???] producers Run for cover when you hear the bass drop One verse is all it takes Something wicked this way come

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