

2Pac, Street Fame

Turn it up in my head phones
(Coming to a ghetto near you, street fame)

More

Haha, coming to a ghetto near you,

[Verse One]

I wasn't mad until these tricks me<
It's time to sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced
Since surveillance silently
Momma chill
Thug livin pay the bills
And die violently
Closed caskets
Expose bastards I leave em bloody
Deloris Tucker don't let your kids hear a nigga speak on gettin money
Ain't nothin funny
cream