

2Pac, Tha' Lunatic

(Tupac)

Ohh shit! Jumped on my man's dick
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie?
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me
Oooh-wee! This is the life
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit
Hip hip, hooray for the AK
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day
Make pay, next is the wet sex
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin motherfuckers' necks
Revenge so sweet when it comes from
niggaz get done with the drum, watch my foes run
Nigga keeps comin when they can't slip
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

(Stretch)

Yeah, fuck that God! Word up
Blowin niggaz out the motherfuckin frame yaknahmsayin?
Constantly.. fuck that trick, we ain't havin it

(Tupac)

Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las
Cause I'm nothin nice and, I'm icin like Tyson
I'm grippin the mic and, my DJ is slicin
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin to me with the SAME OLD
Tryin to do me like Nintendo
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?
By bootin motherfuckers like a shootin star
Cause I'm out to show, that I'm a dope MC
Think crack had you fiendin, wait'll they get a load of me
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin condom
Niggaz wanna flip, let em step, and I'll bomb 'em
See somethin you want, why don't you come and get it
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government
Then I leave you sittin there, wonder where your money went
While your bitch is callin me, tellin me to come again
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out
Lookin like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin posse, broke out
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga
Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this
Feel the wrath.. and revenge of Tha' Lunatic

(Stretch)

Yeah Tu', tell them motherfuckers, word up
We ain't havin it, NONE of that shit!!
Bitch ass niggaz, niggaz can't fuck with us Tu', word up
Ninety-one, we takin this WHOLE motherfucker over
Niggaz got PROBLEMS in ninety-one
Ninety-two, and ninety-three
and all that other shit, word up!

(Tupac)

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip
Puttin this on the map with this mackin shit
Time will tell if it's made well

Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther
I'm funky, that's word to the father
Act like you know 'fore I thump, the bolo
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin for my solo
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin that he's ruthless
Ducked, and now he's fucked and left toothless
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared
You're scared and you're bound to go
It's somethin, I guess I let the beat keep bumpin
Stop trippin off these niggaz cause they ain't about nuttin
Or should I say NAYthin
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in
I'm sick of the bullshit
Come equipped and get ready to rip
or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

(Stretch)
Ahhhh yeah! FUCK THAT! (the motherfuckin lunatic)
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Yes Tu!
Tell them niggaz what time it is knahmsayin?
(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)
Niggaz can't fuck with us, word up
Bitch ass niggaz, FUCK EM!

(Tupac)
Fuck all them niggaz
I'm tellin these niggaz that they ain't got..
NAYthin on a nigga like me
We squashin these punk motherfuckers in ninety-one
ninety-two ninety-three.. and SO on
So let the beat FLOAT on
While I spray these PUNK BITCHES
with these dope ass lyrics
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin the DANK
Now it's money in the BANK
And all y'all niggaz shit STANK
compared to this shit..

Fuck y'all punk bitches!
Tha' Lunatic
echoes to fade