

Tupac, Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga

Niggaz.. fuckin wit the wrong nigga..

[Tupac]

My seductive introduction be specific, still elusive
but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it, and I'm still lifted
Niggaz can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flippin my adversaries, gettin the dick swiftly
Niggaz are swingin wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch but ya whole click'll still get treated shitty
Business never personal I'm up before the sun come up on thai
Just a ghetto star, a dropped up double-R is what I'm ridin
Nigga, if you was half the man yo' bitch was, bring you artillery
when you come for me, cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, cause Syke was bustin
plus, Bow had 'em duckin, screamin, "Get they cash!"
So now I got the law on me, my phone's tapped
So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggaz this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin, wit the wrong nigga..
This is what you get, when you fuckin wit the wrong nigga..
Hehehehe, yeah nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep I, pray and thank the Lord
for givin me another fruitful, dayyy
I wanna be a peaceful man but still when niggaz come for me
all I can see is gettin 'em, killed
For real it's how I feel, reflect my thoughts, flowin on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel, they caps peeled
We still cool but you played yourself
Give him the mac and make him spray hisself, heyyy
Fallin legends clutchin chrome three-five-seven
Puttin two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in heaven
Why call in shots nobody really as clear as me
Ain't tryin to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggaz show me love
God forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fuckin wit the wrong nigga, y'know?
It's like..
Why you fuckin wit the wrong nigga..

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematic skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise but they tried me
I guess they all had to die cause we tried peace
I die in these streets, blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggaz gettin high watchin time fly
Best strategize on the way to profit
Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked yo' bitch and now this new shit gon' fade 'em all
My niggaz ball made a call for some backup
for lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck
Buck buck was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby bring the black hearse
Shoulda never fucked around busta, how you figure?
Makin moves on the wrong nigga, is what it sounds like
Ding ding ding.. when you fuck wit the wrong nigga..
Niggaz gettin hit, when they fuck, wit the wrong nigga..
Fuckin wit the wrong nigga..