

Tupac, Jealous Got Me Strapped

Tupac:

Spice heres go them niggas yo
hit that shit, hit that shit.

We all niggaz going down where the fuck ya all going down.

Spice 1:

Damn aint this a bitch ya all got me fucked up
on this ol' playa haten ass shit.

Know what I'm sayin'?

Understand me?

When I was broke you all niggaz didn't give a fuck
if I was pissin' on myself, or shittin' off tha Bay Bridge, nigga.

Now you in my mutha fuckin' mix talkin' that ol' crazy shit,
that's alright cuz I'm gonna bust a cap in that ass.

Me and Pac goin' let you know about
that ol' playa haten ass shit though.

Ya see these jealous mutha fuckaz

That be playin me G

Like a sucka ass nigga see

That ain't feeling me

It ain't easy

To kill a G

A mutha fuckin' playa

From tha F - A - to tha C

Back stabbers in tha mutha fuckin' place

Smilin' in my face

I got my hand on my gun

Cuz they got me on tha run

Spice mutha fucin' One

I'm for leavin' bodies numb

I'm a G mutha fucker

Can't you see

I'm a G

Rollin' deep

With my phat fo-fo uzi

I comes with a big phat gat

And hollow point clip

And quick

To be a soldier

By my shit

So nigga

Don't try no mo' shit

No ho shit

Cuz when I was broke

Nigga didn't give a fuck

About my stasis

Now that I'm at this

I'm loxed out

And livin' lavish

So fuck tha gun control

aBout ta bust a cap nigga

Cuz tha jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

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Tupac:

Now niggaz know that tha jealous got me strapped

Stepping close to the edge
I got tha cops and tha feds on my back
And there's no way that I'm giving up
I rather bury you bitches
Cuz ain't no to marks gonna worry my riches
If I catch yo ass in traffic (humm)
You betta pull for ya pistol an open fire
Or get blasted (Booo Yahh!!)
I'll be damned if I drop
It don't stop
I'm boxin' mutha fuckaz with my glock
A skinny ass neva had a penny ass nigga
I figure my Mashfurd pump will show them punks who's bigger (Blah)
And even if I did fall -- I'll still ball
I'm bustin' mutha fuckers with my back against the wall
Till these jealous ass bitches kill me
I'll be thugin' like a mutha fucker
Nigga feel me
And ain't no time for mistakes
So homies watch ya back
Cuz these jealous ass tricks got me strapped

Jealous got me strapped...

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Spice 1:
Homie ya know if I don't be runnin' with my strap
Then I might get blasted
Get blasted or blast
That's how I'm livin'
So I blast and blast the bastard
I can't be worried about no jail time
Cuz niggaz they tryin' ta take my head
I can't have shit if a nigga dead
So I bust back
And break the bitch niggaz off propa
with a four-four take nine a chopper
And try and decapatate a niggaz arms from with his shoulders
These jealous niggaz don't know they fuckin' around with a soldier
I don't be slippin'
So nigga don't wait for me ta fall
And if I got enough
A hallow tip will smoke 'em all, y'all
Envious niggaz prepare to fly off ya feet
Cuz I'm commin' with some mutha fuckin' heat
Playa, so keep ya aim straight
And hit a nigga on tha first shot
Cuz I'm a be tryin' ta make your mutha fuckin' heart stop
And don't be screamin' out for your family bitch
Cuz it was your choice
That we jump into this gangsta shit

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