

# Tupac, Made Niggaz

(2Pac)

No man separate what we create  
Unstoppable, untouchable, motherfuckin worldwide mob figures  
Death Row at it's finest!  
M.O.B., thug for motherfuckin life Motherfuckin made niggaz  
We comin after these niggaz, worldwide  
Feel me! Makaveli the Don

My life in exchange for yours, born hated as a thug  
House full of babies cryin from a lack of gettin love  
Ain't nobody tell me shit, 'til I got a sack of drugs  
Had the block sewn up, cause I learned to pack a gun, do you feel me?  
World do ya hear me? Catch a risin star  
Fuck the love, niggaz fear me  
Got these niggaz runnin all wild from my double-I  
When we ride motherfuckers is sho' to die  
Boom once I enter the room, in the air  
all you hear is the whispers of doom, niggaz scared  
They don't wanna see me head on..  
Think of all the busters that I had to leave dead and gone  
Call a gravedigga, fuckin with a made nigga, M.O.B.  
Gunfire gettin sprayed quicker..  
Fuck 'em all let em understand my plot to get richer  
Much more than six figures, a motherfuckin made nigga

(Can you feel me?)

A motherfuckin made nigga..  
I got a plot to get richer, take my picture  
A made nigga

(Napolean)

Nigga I was raised on the streets, I had to hustle just to eat  
My role model was killin niggaz so I know, I would never be weak  
They got me sittin wonderin, where my life begins  
These niggaz crossed my father den my father crossed them  
Cause I roll with Immortal Thug niggaz  
And my number one plan to kill a man to grab a needle and drug niggaz  
Niggaz don't like us because they bitches straight love us  
The President told us to leave, cause the government don't want us  
It's Napolean, I get my pleasure out of sin  
and seein blood spill ain't shit cause I seen it at the beginnin  
A made nigga

(Fatal Hussein)

How many niggaz fall in ya vision?  
Gunnin 'em down for every last minute that I spent in prison  
We mash together, plus we get cash together  
Blast whenever knowin it don't last forever  
It's only one way out and one way in  
Motherfuckers cross and get crossed out, never made men  
We find excuses to loot, cock, and shoot  
Blow the roof off them groups like (?)Rachmel Raouf(?)  
I can't be touched cause of the weapons I clutch  
And the niggaz that I'm under, is just too much  
We made niggaz

(E.D.I.)

Picture the scenery cause for now you gon' have to imagine  
Call me a prophet cause I predicted what's gon' happen  
I began the paper, stackin at those  
who be paper snatchin, will emerge like crack in the 80's  
Baby, maybe, that's if I slip  
But I became official since the start of this, Edi Amin  
Born July, 7th a few shed eyes

Precious but others gave me they hate, to cherish  
But still I made it, a made nigga made by the game  
Made for war, my aim is simple and plain  
Yeah whether it's 'caine, or these tracks made for your brain  
You'll forever know my name, Edi Amin

(Kastro)

I ain't count the line, my strap, not head,  
there will be none of that  
The young hog, K-Dog playin Outlaw Immortal combat  
With the criminal skill, they cannot beat me a nigga  
Til he still and chill, recognize the real dea  
I Feel - a nigga made when I was young and dumb  
with a gun but it pays so I'm bustin for fun  
And the outcome will be the same every time  
We all gon' die, get yours cause I'ma get mine

(Khadafi)

Tha Outlawz, we be the Don Juan's of this rough shit  
Rhymes baptize your mind while paralyze the public  
With my mentality of war, dead bodies and silence give it to ya raw  
Thug nigga to the core  
The results of livin poor, got me thinkin on a made level  
Shootin my gauge to get paid, a fuckin crazed devil  
Mash shit from here to there day by day, year to year  
Made niggaz on ya motherfuckin tear, I'm a made nigga

(2Pac)

Ha ha ha.. call me a Bad Boy killer murder motherfuckers daily  
Know the feds trail me, so my alias Makaveli  
Gettin lessons from niggaz in penitentiaries  
Game, when applied help me survive several centuries  
Lock me in a cage I'll display my rage  
Surround the court buildin with the gauge and spray  
They wonder if I'll go when I'm finally sentenced  
On my knees to God, beggin for repentence  
I'm convinced, that I'm a thug  
They got me fiendin for my cash like a fiend when he dreams of drugs  
Diss the (?) and I'll kidnap your daughter  
Kill your wife and hit the funeral and tell you just who gave the order  
Makaveli the Don, til I'm gone, I maintain  
my army of lunatics that stay armed  
Til the day I die, I'll be remembered as a paid nigga  
Outlaw to the grave, a motherfuckin made nigga

(2Pac)

Can you feel me? Come closer, ha ha ha  
Get into the mind of a made niggaz can't be touched  
My adversaries, get fucked, feel me?  
Multimillionaire dreams, all I want is the C.R.E.A.M.  
I sell my shit to the fiends, all the bitches scream  
Come and see, to see a made nigga  
The Outlawz.. Makaveli The Don  
Hussein Fatal, Edi Amin, Kastro, Napoleon, Khadafi..  
Mussolini, M.O.B. I send this out to my niggaz on the streets  
The motherfuckin made Niggaz  
All my niggas on Death Row, Tha Dogg Pound  
Tha Doggfather, and all his niggaz  
You know what time it is, Daz Dillinger  
Kurupt, Young Gotti..(Hahaha, Westside made niggaz BITCH!!)

(Cop speaks over Tupac's part above)

Uhh.. sarge.. uhh..  
We've got uhh Tupac Shakur..  
Uhh Fatal, Fatal Hussein..

Uhh Kastro, Khadafi  
We got a bunch of niggaz here  
They've got guns in their car, they've got weed, they've got money  
They're with a lot of black women, what should we do sarge?  
Uhh I repeat let 'em go  
I repeat, let 'em go  
They're made niggaz.. let 'em go  
But-but sarge they've got guns, they've got weed  
I said let 'em go  
Alright, you guys can go, I'm sorry  
I'm sorry about the-the mix up you guys can go