

# Tupac, Pac's Life Remix

Uh oh, Uh oh, Oh!, Oh!, Oh!  
They ain't ready for this  
LT Hutton  
T.I  
Ashanti  
It's that new 'Pac y'all

(Chorus: Ashanti)

Pac's life  
(Everybody need's to chill)  
Everybody talking 'bout Pac's life  
(It's Tupac the king)  
What do you know about Pac's life  
(What do you know? What do you know?)  
(Only real niggas stay on top)  
Everybody talking 'bout Pac's life  
(Outlawz)

(Verse One: Tupac)

Started with five shots, niggas plotting to kill him  
Never figured that, that same nigga sell five million  
Hit the charts like a mad man nothing but hits  
Court cases got a nigga facing multiple digits  
Dodging cop cars look how we come so far  
Picture a high school drop out  
Rolling a double R  
House full of happiness, weed and drank  
Way out  
So when trouble tried to find me can't  
Never visioned living longer than my twenty first  
Thought I'd locked down, cracked out or in the dirt  
And though it hurts to see the change  
It comes with the fame  
Watch them gossip in this silly game  
To all the motherfucker's speaking down on me this is the night  
Why's everybody caught up In Pac's life?  
To all y'all niggas  
Conversating on my life  
Mind your motherfucking business

(Chorus)

(Verse Two: T.I)

I remember that  
Ay  
What's happening Pac  
Yeah I know we never to meet  
But we know all the same people so we got to speak  
You taught me first, fake nigga can't stop a G  
And all the shit you went through  
Meant a lot to me  
But when they locked you up for for nothing it was shame to see  
You we know the crack came and did the same thing to me  
I get along with real niggas it's the lane to be  
Talking loud out of pocket tryna bang with me  
And so I pull it out my pocket let it rain you see  
Now they all in the court room blaming me  
See we ain't live the same life but represent the same struggle  
Power to the real niggas death to the sucker's  
Money over bitches, get to know 'em for you love 'em  
Death before dishonour never talk to undercover's

Live by the same rules so I minus the tattoo's  
With the same sort of dude with he same short fuse

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Tupac)

I want money in large amounts  
My garage full of cars that bounce  
Moving my tapes in major weight cause every dollar counts  
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks  
They running off at the mouth till I fill it up with my pump  
They jump my automatic keep 'em weary  
While you fronting like you Billy Bad Ass  
Nigga you scary  
I been knowing you for years  
We was high school peers  
In Junior High  
I was itching' to kill  
And you was, 'Ready To Die'  
While you bullshitting niggas was dying and catching cases  
Busting my automatics at motherfucker's in foreign places  
Leaving no trace, they see my face and then they buried  
Bitches die in a hurry  
Still I ride, I'm never worried  
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride and I'ma ride  
Pick my enemies out the crowd  
And motherfucker's die  
It's not the way I wanna live  
My nigga it's how it is  
Only real niggas stay on top

(Chorus)

Why are all you niggas all up in my shit?  
Tell them motherfucker's  
Outlawz  
Fuck all y'all