

Tupac, Ratha Be Ya Nigga

(feat. Richie Rich)

[Intro: Richie Rich, Tupac]

[RR]

Pac

[PAC]

Hey

[RR]

What's happenin

[PAC]

Not motherfuckin double R, Richie Rich

[RR]

What's happenin baby, you know how we do it

[PAC]

Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch

It's time for me to uhhh regulate

[RR]

Fo' sho', hey

[PAC]

Observe

[RR]

and you ain't goin back

[PAC]

Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though

[RR]

This is for the honeys, the super ?

[PAC]

I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga

You feel me?

[RR]

Well let em know

[Verse One: Tupac, Richie Rich]

You fuckin wit niggaz that's insecure, watered down, my shit is pure
Write down my number but don't call me til you sure
I ain't beggin just tryin to relocate between ya legs
Drippin wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex
When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now
you straight beggin to sex me got you undressin to test me and uhh..

Shut me down if ya want, and miss the chance to do it live
When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye
You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga
Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself
If you scared go to church, I know it hurts
To find out me and your man be sharin skirts

I hopin you don't take this the wrong way
But your body is bangin got me attracted in a strong way
After a long day of tryin to make my songs pay
Makin love all day against the wall in the hallway
Ya fantasies come alive, ya heart rate
shall increase when we meet up in this dark place
You might think you're happy with him
but that's a lie, so give this Thug a try
I'd rather be ya nigga

[Chorus: Tupac]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

Cause busters ain't lovin you right
[repeat 2X]

[Verse Two: Tupac, Richie Rich]

Look, now you was sprung from the introduction
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions
I see ya blushin like ya want somethin, come get a taste
of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touchin, erotic fuckin
My up and down with no interruptions
have no intentions of bustin until you learn ya lesson
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz
and plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

You can ride out the spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab
and I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand
that I's the nigga whose spoke coke can be the man
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind
And when I'm on the field keep him on the sidelines

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Tupac, Richie Rich]

Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got ya naked
Totally sweatin, let's see how hot I can make it
Tongue kissin til yo' head swang, I'm so into you
Witness a nigga make the bed bang
If it's all mine, then let me know, now scream my name out
Do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict
A boss playa, freaky motherfucker, can I dick

Uhh, it's on and poppin, now you seed what I was seein
Why yo' eyes rollin, Luke seen ya girl I ain't goin
nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there
While he's streded out and knock I stretch out the cock
Hold da boots, and let da nigga execute
And though you got it right, I'm goin home tonight

You say you don't need a man, but I don't care
You in the presence of a playa, I'd rather be ya nigga

[Chorus 2.25X]