

# 2Pac, Fuck Em All

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
Hahaha yeah nigga, fuck em' all  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
Fuck all you muthafuckers  
Ay Yo Biggie Put your hands up

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Now I can make it happen  
My rappin' is similar to muthafuckers  
When they scrappin'  
Blast and watch em' back up  
Notorious biggie killer  
Affiliation with death row  
Niggaz get their caps pealed back  
Fool this the west coast  
Fuck a misdemeanor I'm raisin hell like felonies  
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these  
Intoxicated we duplicated but never faded  
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'  
Got a Mercedes for these tricks  
That thought I quit  
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick  
Go to a club in a pack  
I'm smokin' bud in the back  
I wait for niggaz to trip  
Cause bitch I love to scrap  
Now mama raised me as a thug nigga  
With love niggaz  
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer  
I went from rocks to zines  
Writing raps and movies  
I went from trustin' these tricks now they all want to sue me  
So Fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
(Young Noble) Come put your hands up in the air, it's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)

[Verse 2: Kadafi]

Now could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak  
Even the baddest be gettin murdered in they seats  
I'm addicted to these streets  
like crack is to these creeps  
Seein' visions of a prison  
wake up screamin' in my sleep  
Is there a heaven in this hell  
a possibility of livin' well  
But if they killin' me  
I get my stripes and whose to tell  
Choosing to sell  
I'd rather die and be deceased  
World mob figga addicted to these fucking streets

[Verse 3: Edi]

Now put your muthafucking hands up  
If you'se a rider (ride)  
Niggaz ain't killers  
So they hidin'

Why?

Fuck em' all, touch em' all  
That's the way that we do it  
Ride up, hop the fuck out watch that bitch nigga lose it  
Man I'm as strong as this game  
Ya'll be knowing my name (Edi)  
A young high strung thug nigga  
Created by pain  
Livin' my life in the fast lane  
Gettin' fucked by the past  
Got my mind on my cash and my next piece of ass  
So fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
(young noble) Come put your hands up in the air, It's a middle finger  
affair, yeah  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
(young noble) I do my girl all by my lonely, don't need no phony homey to  
call me  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
(young noble) Back off I hit at everyone of you homies, so don't get  
comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)  
(young noble) Nigga, we Outlaw ridah'z don't give a fuck if ya love us we  
thuggin'

[Verse 4: Tupac]

I got glad bags with enemies  
Cut up so they remember me  
Soaked up in Hennessey  
So they relatives know it's me  
You can bet your last dollar  
I'll dick em' and holla  
Ridin' these hoochies  
Like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas  
Jump up and get your ass shot up  
For the profit pick my glock up  
I'm bustin' in self defense ya see  
Poppin' nobody got em'  
Holla Outlaw riders  
Mash up on the gas pedal  
Vacate the scene  
Count the cash and stash the precious metal  
Here come the coppers  
The swat team and the helicopters  
Them crackers is crazy  
Why? Cause they'll never stop us  
I watch Arnold Swarchzenegger  
bust some body in the movie  
Now I want to do it too  
Ohh, ohh niggaz is too through  
True to the game  
I claim Outlaw riders  
We give a fuck what they try  
I'm...

[Verse 5: Young Noble]

Cause Young Noble behind it  
Can you picture me stickin' niggaz for they watch and chain  
Kick back lil nigga  
And watch the game

Get your mobb rocked and what-not  
We keep it poppin' like a drug spot  
The streets know what's hot  
Trust me

[Verse 6: Napoleon]

Even my hood call me baby Malcolm X with the tek's  
Shower some slugs on em'  
I've got a brother don't rest  
And he keep some drugs on him  
Always in grind mood  
Hustle to find food  
Ever seen faces of death  
That's what my nine do

[Verse 7: Kastro]

I keep my mind on my money  
And my money on my mind  
With my back against the wall  
Like I'm runnin' outta time  
Even rap with a gat  
I must be goin' out my mind  
Like I'm up against the world  
This guerilla team of mine  
Screamin'

Thug Life Bitch, Fuck em' all  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)

And die for em'  
Even if them the last nigga left I'ma ride for em'  
Feel me?  
Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'  
Fuck em' all  
Let them die  
That's my slogan  
Fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)  
(Young Noble) Come put your hands up in the air, It's a middle finger affair, yeah  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)  
(Young Noble) I do my girl up by my lonely, don't need no phony homey to call me  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)  
(Young Noble) Back off I hit at everyone of you homies so don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)  
(Young Noble) Nigga, we Outlaw ridah'z don't give a fuck if ya love us we thuggin'  
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all) [repeat 2 times to fade]