

# 2Pac, Guess Who's Back

Guess who's back?

[2Pac]

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got  
two minutes to bounce, and every second counts  
Better press, wreck on your tech, here we go, set pass the Moet  
My trickery's more slippery when wet  
Wicked as I flip, don't trip, get a grip  
It'll kick, if the bass line's thick, it's a hit  
Everybody's got a mic now, its like a hobby  
But more like a job, cause bootleggers tryin to rob me  
And little man wants to be a rap, star  
Make papes, hit skins, drive a fat car  
It ain't easy, sleazy even  
Deceivin those we, believe in  
No benefits, just tricks and chicks  
Knock a pig to pick, so here's a stick to lick  
I shoot a gift, til there ain't none left  
And if I find that the track sound def  
I catch wreck till I lose my breath  
That's how it goes in the land of broke  
I dispose of those, rock shows, and collect my dough  
Now I suppose I'm the bad guy, why?  
I say, &quot;Hi,&quot; and try to stay high  
Life's a mess don't stress, test.. of givin  
but be thankful that you're livin.. blessed  
Guess who's back, comin back with the track supplied  
by Special Ed and Ak, comin right and exact  
I'm fightin it back, now snap, where they at?  
When it's time to go to combat, guess who's back

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

&quot;Yes I'm back&quot; - [Special Ed]  
&quot;Tupac is&quot; .. back!!

[2Pac]

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got  
one minute to bounce, and every second counts  
I went from hustlin dicks, to makin hits, bustin flicks  
Now I'm sure to be rich for ninety-six  
I pull my 'capes on tapes, and make, papes  
Trace the bass, to the tape with the baddest bass to date  
I try to shake it but the pace is hard to break  
Good thoughts I wait, cause they hate my black take  
Yeah, it's on, and it's packed in the rap race  
But if ya got a black face, its a rat race  
I struggle to be rugged and raw, Dukes  
Tryin to survive in the trials and lawsuits  
Everybody wants to test me, WHY ME?  
No lie, nuckas cried when they try me  
Givin up the roughness, justice  
I'ma bust as I'm rippin up 'nuff hits  
And guess who's back? No longer trapped  
Cause I snapped on the ones that held me back, feel the contact  
Ride the track, get I grip as I flip  
Ghetto wickedness I kick, guess who's back?

[Chorus 1.5X]

&quot;Yes I'm back, cause I never did front&quot; - [cut 'n' scratched]