

2Pac, Holla At Me

(Niggas out there jelous cuz we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate
but they can't fade us tho'
We be mobbin' through tha neighborhood
Yeah
with that funky sound *so funky*
we be throwin' down)

This goes out to you playa
you know...you know who you are

[Chorus: repeat 3X]

Gotta be carefull, can't let tha evil of tha money trap me
So when ya see me nigga
Ya better Holla at me

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Are you confused ?
You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside tha shoes
of a nigga who don't have a thing to loose
When me and you was homies
no one informed me it was all a scheme
You infiltrated my team and sold a niggas dreams
how could you do me like that ?
I took ya family in
I put some cash in ya pocket
made you a man again
and now you let tha fear put your ass in a place
complicated to escape
It's a fools fate
without your word
your a shell of a man
I lost respect for you nigga
we can never be friends
I know i'm runnin' through your head now
what could you do ?
If it was up to you
i'd be dead now
I let tha world know nigga you a coward
You could never be live
until you die
see tha mothafucken bitch in your eye
Type of Nigga, that let tha evil of tha money trap me
when ya see me nigga
ya better holla at me (holla at me)
can't let tha evil of tha money trap me
So when ya see me nigga
Ya better Holla at me

[Chorus: 2Pac]

(You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay)

So I gotta be carefull, can't let tha evil of tha money trap me
so when ya see me nigga
ya better holla at me

(You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay)

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

courious
spittin' lyrics
on tha verge of furious
i'm addicted to currency
nigga that's why we're doin this
I got shot up, I surprised tha niggas tha way I got up
and then
I hit the studio
It's time to blow tha block up
No hesitation
this information got you contemplatin'
heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation
break him
and let him see tha face of a mental patient
it's a celebration
of my criminal elevation
with the participation
I want members across tha fifty states
to keep tha nation anticipatin' until we break
will I be great, is it my fate ?
to live tha life of luxury
some niggas bought my tapes
so much jealousy it scares me
so be prepared
cause only tha strong survive
life isn't fair (fair)
probably never knew tha way it feels to die
so you figure fuck with me
I give that ass a try
Nigga, Holla at me

[Chorus]

(You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay)

(Ohhhhhh....)

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

I shoulda saw tha signs
I was blinded
criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time
so many brothas framed in this dirty game
it's a shame
so much pressure on my brain
while she blame me
Secrets in tha dark
only her and I know
now i'm sitten' in tha state pen
doin time for slow
guess she made a bad decision
that got me livin'
just like an animal
i'm caged up in state prison
my niggas dissin'
cause
hell have no fury like a woman scorn
A cemetary full of mothafuckers got not knowin'
picture my prophecy
tha cops are attacking me, on top of me
i'm runnin' from tha coppers
but never let'em stop me
cause i'm a soulja

hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies
of one day getting older
Niggas is paranoid
trust
a no no
love is a mystery
Fuck tha po po,
Holla at me.....
So when you see me nigga
you better holla at me....

[Chorus]

(You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay)

(Niggas out there jelous cuz we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate
but they can't fade us tho'
We be mobbin' through tha neighborhood
Yeah
with that funky sound (so funky)
we be throwin' down)

[Chorus]

(You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay)

(Ohhhhhhhh, heeeeyyy, ohhhhh nooo noooo noooooo)