

# 2Pac, Late Night

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik]

Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy  
Hey man so far I've been listenin to your album  
and I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beadie to  
You know?

Yeah like that

Some of that mellow shit  
Some of that shit that make bitches drink  
Make niggaz think  
And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahahah  
So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how  
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac]

I'm barely standin, and plus my secondhand say it's midnight  
Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right  
Like misdemeanors is a small thang  
With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang  
Runnin through the street lights, cause we like, yo nigga  
get your mobb on show em what a G like  
Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno  
Niggaz poppin, welcome to our casino, cause you and me know  
hundred percent like a c-note  
Lookin for a bitch that's half-black and filipino  
And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo  
Tounge-kissin on the window of a pearl white limo  
Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga  
Touch me here, I'll get bigger  
While I'm diggin I'll get deep into your liver  
I'm game type  
Love fuckin bitches in the same night  
My words are aphrodisiacs if you say em right  
The club be poppin so I'm stoppin at the Fat Burger  
Look through the paper it's another black crack murder  
The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die  
You can fuck on the first night, or try, in the late night

[DJ Quik cuts and scratches this sequence 2X]

&quot;Last night.. last night changed it all&quot;

['Pac] In the late night!

&quot;Last night..&quot;

&quot;I don't give a fuck, where you gon'.. be&quot;

['Pac] In the late night!

[Hussein Fatal]

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped  
I clock rocks in the rain til my socks is damp  
Ain't NUTTIN like bein a thug when I can just  
sit on the Row of Death straight knowin that I'm blessed  
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality  
Overdosin on crime, three steps from reality  
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night  
was poppin like like cocked glocks with hollow-tip rounds

[Kastro]

From bootycalls to bail sheets, it ain't no tellin  
if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets  
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night  
probably involves me comin up with just to see another day  
Might be me who bites the bullet  
In these streets where a man journey

With crooked cops and a society who tryin to burn me  
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin my shells in a gauge  
Deadly as AIDS, niggaz gettin crossed like a maze  
Now picture me livin my life like a king, maybe one day  
Until then I'm livin Monday through Sunday  
Bringin the gunplay for all these beefs and battles  
When we collide, I'm a ride on that hide like cattle  
Cowards best to skedaddle in the late night

[DJ Quik cuts and scratches this sequence 2X]  
&quot;Last night.. last night changed it all&quot;  
&quot;Last night..&quot;  
&quot;I don't give a fuck, where you gon'.. be&quot;

[2Pac]  
Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown  
Niggaz in low-lows, pursuin mo' hoes, then go home  
The life of a California star, and when you see me  
in the drop-top Jag', how many niggaz wanna be me?  
Game is automatic, manditory I sell  
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell  
Cause when you gettin some riches, watch for dumb bitches  
They have you labelled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin  
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, or be a throwaway  
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?  
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow  
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo  
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?  
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic  
I dissapear whenever heated, ride whenever needed  
for my niggaz up in Clentin gettin weeded  
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die  
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy  
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin  
Slappin niggaz known for tellin bitches FUCK-IT in the late night

[DJ Quik cuts and scratches this sequence]  
&quot;Last night.. last night changed it all&quot;  
[Pac] It's in the late night!  
&quot;Last night..&quot;  
&quot;I don't give a fuck, where you gon'.. be&quot;  
[Pac] In the late night!

[DJ Quik cuts and scratches this sequence]  
&quot;Last night.. last night changed it all&quot;  
[Pac] Holla at me in the late night!  
&quot;Last night..&quot;  
&quot;I don't give a fuck, where you gon'.. be&quot;