

2Pac, Made Niggaz

(2Pac)

No man separate what we create
Unstoppable, untouchable, motherfuckin worldwide mob figures
Death Row at it's finest!
M.O.B., thug for motherfuckin life Motherfuckin made niggaz
We comin after these niggaz, worldwide
Feel me! Makaveli the Don

My life in exchange for yours, born hated as a thug
House full of babies cryin from a lack of gettin love
Ain't nobody tell me shit, 'til I got a sack of drugs
Had the block sewn up, cause I learned to pack a gun, do you feel me?
World do ya hear me? Catch a risin star
Fuck the love, niggaz fear me
Got these niggaz runnin all wild from my double-I
When we ride motherfuckers is sho' to die
Boom once I enter the room, in the air
all you hear is the whispers of doom, niggaz scared
They don't wanna see me head on..
Think of all the busters that I had to leave dead and gone
Call a gravedigga, fuckin with a made nigga, M.O.B.
Gunfire gettin sprayed quicker..
Fuck 'em all let em understand my plot to get richer
Much more than six figures, a motherfuckin made nigga

(Can you feel me?)

A motherfuckin made nigga..
I got a plot to get richer, take my picture
A made nigga

(Napolean)

Nigga I was raised on the streets, I had to hustle just to eat
My role model was killin niggaz so I know, I would never be weak
They got me sittin wonderin, where my life begins
These niggaz crossed my father den my father crossed them
Cause I roll with Immortal Thug niggaz
And my number one plan to kill a man to grab a needle and drug niggaz
Niggaz don't like us because they bitches straight love us
The President told us to leave, cause the government don't want us
It's Napolean, I get my pleasure out of sin
and seein blood spill ain't shit cause I seen it at the beginnin
A made nigga

(Fatal Hussein)

How many niggaz fall in ya vision?
Gunnin 'em down for every last minute that I spent in prison
We mash together, plus we get cash together
Blast whenever knowin it don't last forever
It's only one way out and one way in
Motherfuckers cross and get crossed out, never made men
We find excuses to loot, cock, and shoot
Blow the roof off them groups like (?)Rachmel Raouf(?)
I can't be touched cause of the weapons I clutch
And the niggaz that I'm under, is just too much
We made niggaz

(E.D.I.)

Picture the scenery cause for now you gon' have to imagine
Call me a prophet cause I predicted what's gon' happen
I began the paper, stackin at those
who be paper snatchin, will emerge like crack in the 80's
Baby, maybe, that's if I slip
But I became official since the start of this, Edi Amin
Born July, 7th a few shed eyes

Precious but others gave me they hate, to cherish
But still I made it, a made nigga made by the game
Made for war, my aim is simple and plain
Yeah whether it's 'caine, or these tracks made for your brain
You'll forever know my name, Edi Amin

(Kastro)

I ain't count the line, my strap, not head,
there will be none of that
The young hog, K-Dog playin Outlaw Immortal combat
With the criminal skill, they cannot beat me a nigga
Til he still and chill, recognize the real dea
I Feel - a nigga made when I was young and dumb
with a gun but it pays so I'm bustin for fun
And the outcome will be the same every time
We all gon' die, get yours cause I'ma get mine

(Khadafi)

Tha Outlawz, we be the Don Juan's of this rough shit
Rhymes baptize your mind while paralyze the public
With my mentality of war, dead bodies and silence give it to ya raw
Thug nigga to the core
The results of livin poor, got me thinkin on a made level
Shootin my gauge to get paid, a fuckin crazed devil
Mash shit from here to there day by day, year to year
Made niggaz on ya motherfuckin tear, I'm a made nigga

(2Pac)

Ha ha ha.. call me a Bad Boy killer murder motherfuckers daily
Know the feds trail me, so my alias Makaveli
Gettin lessons from niggaz in penitentiaries
Game, when applied help me survive several centuries
Lock me in a cage I'll display my rage
Surround the court buildin with the gauge and spray
They wonder if I'll go when I'm finally sentenced
On my knees to God, beggin for repentence
I'm convinced, that I'm a thug
They got me fiendin for my cash like a fiend when he dreams of drugs
Diss the (?) and I'll kidnap your daughter
Kill your wife and hit the funeral and tell you just who gave the order
Makaveli the Don, til I'm gone, I maintain
my army of lunatics that stay armed
Til the day I die, I'll be remembered as a paid nigga
Outlaw to the grave, a motherfuckin made nigga

(2Pac)

Can you feel me? Come closer, ha ha ha
Get into the mind of a made niggaz can't be touched
My adversaries, get fucked, feel me?
Multimillionaire dreams, all I want is the C.R.E.A.M.
I sell my shit to the fiends, all the bitches scream
Come and see, to see a made nigga
The Outlawz.. Makaveli The Don
Hussein Fatal, Edi Amin, Kastro, Napoleon, Khadafi..
Mussolini, M.O.B. I send this out to my niggaz on the streets
The motherfuckin made Niggaz
All my niggas on Death Row, Tha Dogg Pound
Tha Doggfather, and all his niggaz
You know what time it is, Daz Dillinger
Kurupt, Young Gotti..(Hahaha, Westside made niggaz BITCH!!)

(Cop speaks over Tupac's part above)

Uhh.. sarge.. uhh..
We've got uhh Tupac Shakur..
Uhh Fatal, Fatal Hussein..

Uhh Kastro, Khadafi
We got a bunch of niggaz here
They've got guns in their car, they've got weed, they've got money
They're with a lot of black women, what should we do sarge?
Uhh I repeat let 'em go
I repeat, let 'em go
They're made niggaz.. let 'em go
But-but sarge they've got guns, they've got weed
I said let 'em go
Alright, you guys can go, I'm sorry
I'm sorry about the-the mix up you guys can go