

2Pac, My Closest Roaddogz

Me and my closest road dogz
To my dog named Musolini, Big Syke, Thug Life baby
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it
Hahaha!

[2Pac]

Shit half the times we flaunt cause trouble
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you
Fuck what they talkin bout
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin wild
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin cases
Indeed, it was misery
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin me
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon
It's gettin deeper now, let me get yo' mind right
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political
Runnin from the future, escapin in the fog
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

[Chorus: sung]

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin out for all mine

[2Pac]

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli
Boy youse a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me
Even if I died now
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer, ain't tryin to hear it
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggaz disappear
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke
Never forget to blow a hole in his head
for leakin information to the feds
The burnin bed was the tellin sign
Two hired guns bustin everyone, yellin everybody die
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog
bleedin like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin
See me in physical form, my niggaz swarm
Take the figure of a circle beatin jealous niggaz 'til they purple
Simon Says take they heads homies
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies
Fishin for fake niggaz, observe and shake niggaz
The only way to see six figures, is break niggaz

Me and Musolini set to ride we high
Big Bogart got the alibi if homicide ask us way
Labelled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

[Chorus - 2X]