

2Pac, Open Fire

"Alright now, here we go"

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me? I smoke a blunt
and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero
I'm 165 and staying high til I die, my competition's zero
Cause I could give a fuck about you, better duck
Or I'll be forced to hit yo ass up I give a fuck
I'm sick inside my mind, why you sweatin me?
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me
Niggaz know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born
I don't want no shit but niggaz trip and yo it's on
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried
It's a man's world, niggaz get played, another stray
Hope I live to see another day, hey
I'm getting sweated by these undercovers, who can I trust?
Got my mama stressin thinkin it's a drug bust
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached
We living a Drug Life, Thug Life, each day could be my last
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask
That's the consequences when ya livin, fast
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggaz, I gotta come up
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?
I'm comin round the corner like I'm Magic
Doin ninety on the freeway, and hittin switches
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches
Don't turn around I ain't givin up, cause they don't worry me
Pussy ass bitches better bury me
Runnin outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha
I got away cause I'm clever
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin loogies
at the coppers that persue me, beotch!
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker
Open fire on you bustas

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[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state
I gotta pay my fuckin bills, so I'm transportin weight
Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin
Droppin keys like they stolen, hehe
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear
Enough dope to last a year
They got me running from the police, nowhere to go
With the lights out, rollin down a dirt road
But I ain't goin alive, I'd rather die than be a convict
I'd rather fire on my target

I hit the corner doing ninety, ahhhh shit!
Them bitches right behind me
They take a shot and hit my fuckin tires
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!

Hahahaha, Thug Life!