

M.C. Breed, Gotta Get Mine

(feat. 2Pac)

[Chorus]

I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours
I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours
Get yours

[MC Breed]

Smooth as a wanna be, for quickly you a gonna be
(oh that's the way it is)
Fuck yeah and that's the way it's gonna be
Why, puffin on a dank and drinking mad brew
Taking names and after that I'm kickin ass too
Breed, kinda of tha (can I get a rhyme to go)
Hey yo 'Pac I'll set back and design it slow
They hate to see a young nigga, COME UP
Another punk, RUN UP and have to get his, GUN UP
Cause um I ain't takin no shorts
like a Newport, explortin the fully joint and
explodin on the whole court
And I don't wanna be, wanna be, nuttin like mike
cause even mike don't miss every itty bitty triffin
and when you in the spotlight, you get um jocked right
but your life's not tight
Buckin anybody forbid mine
When will they realize, I'm set out to get mine

[Chorus x6]

[2Pac]

I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind
Finger on the trigger, nigga, hand on my nine
Smokin blunts a skunk, makin hoes of punks
And only underground funk bumpin outta my trunk
Live my life as a hustler, high till I die
Meetin bitches, gettin riches, miss me when lie
Picture me living out my life as a busta
I'd rather pop out a shot out my glock, and blast motherfuckers
I live that thug life baby I'm hopeless
Chokin off indo tryin to keep my focus
Don't let that bullshit worry me
Fuck the fame, I'm true to the game 'til they bury me
God gave me game so I'm hustlin
Pour out some liqour for my niggaz 2Pac is still strugglin
My niggga Breed knew the time
Whether it's rhyme or crime, nigga, I gotta get mine

[Chorus x6]

[MC Breed]

Now let me rush in through your mind, I'm balla is what I keep gettin
Everytime I pick up the mic and start spittin
The sidewalks of New York will start bumpin
Jumpin around, with the motherfuckin pound
And I'm down to the fullest, and breakin niggaz ass off proper
Did you right, that's right, cause I got you in my pocket again
The new jacks, the new jacks
Used to be my niggaz when I ran way back when
I boasted, and roasted, and coasted to the clinical
cause I'll do it again like precision
Cut the two lines in the division
Plus, what I add loose as flutes
It's gamin fo' sale like prostitutes

I never had love for hoes, to put it blunt
They want me in the back, but bitch I'm in the front
Don't front, and really I don't need a reply
Pull yourself together as you pass me by
I'm on a whole nother level, them hoes is left
I told you befo', keep ya pussy to yourself
Goodbye, some many niggaz lied to have
Funny what a motherfucker do for math
I got rats caught up in my everyday actions
Point equal to your realest satisfaction
Buckin anybody that forbid mine
When will they realize, I'm set out to get mine

[Chorus x6]

Eternally thug nigga Hilfiger made by Tommy
so when I speak hope to reach my ? mommy
oh come to poppy
I love it when you sweat ? ? ? more peeps
until I come to wake no one can stop me
my bump and grind
coming through ya everytime
come get a blast of this thu passion
it'll blow your mind
hey throw up your ? ?
your shit around my back
it's a westside bang fucking hoes around the map
? get down with Tupac while I'm ? out ?
while they seduce my jimmy I'll
be screaming give me body
make then hoes scream my name out
give me my ? and don't cha ? ?
thug nigga ? ? ?
I'm at the freaking parade
I'm watching caramel bitches play
get with real niggaz bullshitting never get your pay
this is the dream of a black teen
? ? hoes cross-country like a greedy crack fiend
now come on