

# Tupac, Lie To Kick It

(feat. Richie Rich)

(If she didn't wanna fuck then she never would've called you) [Repeated]  
Yeah I dedicate this to my nigga Mike Tyson.  
It's all good.

[Chorus]  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
[Repeat]

[Verse 1: Richie Rich]

Jack of all trades ballin' like Jordan you punk  
fake inside the paint in fact I know you can't  
do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county  
Suckas on yo jock you claim you run the block  
Polyurethane busta cracked in half  
you claim you folding bank but I know yo bank stank  
I lived around the corner I seen you fully smoked  
Must I say some more you weighed a buck 04  
you sold ya TV for a buck cause it was way too late  
Now they sent you upstate and you done gained some weight  
You's a baller lying to them youngstas quick  
got them thinking you sick and representing yo click  
But you's an old basehead kickin' too much hype  
yo bicentennial pipe it got rally stripes  
And if they knew yo identity  
you'd probably be the victim of a sticking (ugh ugh)  
You ain't got to lie to kick it.

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 2: Tupac]

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
y'all don't hear me  
I got these niggas yackin' in my face  
about some shit that never took place  
And what you see is what you get  
that's what he told me  
I peeped it in his pose  
exposed the fucking phony  
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie  
with them bitches they be freaky  
they don't know me  
Hey it's gettin drastic  
Gunnin niggas down cause they plastic  
Sleep on a G and get that ass kicked  
and stuffed in a casket  
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafucking last hit  
Hey they wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice  
and everytime I bust a nut I fuck for Tyson  
Cause I know the real on the bitch  
she got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches (fuck that bitch)  
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick  
and got a nigga screamin' Fuck That Bitch!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Pac & Rich]

Well if a bitch'll be a bitch

Then a trick'll be a trick  
I've got my nigga Richie Rich and we be all up in the mix  
this is Thug Life baby rollin' hoes like Vogues  
Stay the fuck up out of mine  
and I'll stay out of yours  
It's a Oakland thang and bitch you wouldn't understand  
This Tanqueray got me screamin' Fuck yo' man.  
But now you beefing on the strength  
that you was thinkin' I was jocking  
Hey bitch I got no time for hoes I'm steady clockin'  
and if it ain't about a buck I gives a fuck  
it's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck  
so what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me  
Bitch you better see Trojan about yo' baby (Ha ha)  
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'  
Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slipping

[Chorus 'til end]