Tupac, Outlaw

(feat. Dramacydal)

[Tupac]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker I ain't mad at va at all (damn)

Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?

[RahRah] Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin Outlaw [Tupac] That's right nigga, hahaha.. housin these hoes, you feel me? [RahRah] Aight, knowhatI'msayin? [Tupac] You got to do that shit, keepin it real nigga or what? [RahRah] Keepin it real! [Tupac] How old are you nigga?

[RahRah] I'm eleven

[Tupac]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state preoccupied with homicide, tryin to survive through this crime rate Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards Gunfire now they require may be closed casket Who can you blame? It's insane what we dare do Witness an evil that these men do, bitches in, too In fact they be the reasons niggaz get to bleedin Pull the fuckin fire when I leave em, you should a seen em Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of and snitches get dealt with, with no love Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry But never worry, they'll remember me through history Causin motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

[Chorus]

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin) Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Tupac]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin well when I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin pictures of these bastards Excersisin, visualizin, everyone inside a casket Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggaz in masks Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail? Shit's hard, who can you tell? Aand if we fail? High speeds, and that weed on the freeway When will they learn to take it easy? Uh Drivebys and niggaz die, murder without a motive by making motherfuckers fry Got me runnin from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops Helicopters tryin to hover over niggaz til we drop Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a lie Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch " Motherfuckers is crooked, " is what I scream, and hit the fence I comense to get wicked, spittin rounds as the plot thickens Never missin an early grave is my only mission If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

[Chorus]

[Dramacydal] Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be My mob'll be doin robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's I witnessed niggaz lose they chest For ordinary reasons niggaz bodies put to rest So I just.. swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck em!" And if I'm next.. just let a nigga step with somethin I ain't fearin nuttin

Young and thuggin, prepared for bustin if that's my destiny Ready for whatever, see you niggaz can't get the best of me (hold me down) Definitely no need for askin (now he mad) Top speed (smokin weed) blasted (biotch!)

Cause when I bust em they gonna shiver, the killers cry Soldiers got bodies floatin in the river, what is they sayin? Talkin bout prayin -- they need to stop, that ain't gon' help These niggaz sprayin up my block, tryin to take my wealth

[Chorus 2X]

[Tupac] Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge Punk police, niggaz run the streets Hahah, it ain't nuttin but muuuuzik Shit's changed 1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange The rules is all rearranged You got babies lyin dead in the streets These punk police is crooked as me but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's Stop bein a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel Cause you know these streets is real deal Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket Jealous, motherfuckin bastards I never die, thug niggaz multiply Cause after me is Thug Life baby Then the young thugs Then the youngest thug of all my nigga RahRah