

Tupac, Something Wicked

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More than an adversary I'm very quick
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift
I'm equipped to kick
Grab you coat and you hat, cause I'm prepared to clamp
Scared the [???], and caught them mutha-fuckas damp
Oh shit, 2pacalypse is back and strapped
Attacking the pacs, I'm kicking the facts for stacks to rap
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks
I'm getting taxed, my pacs is packed with angry blacks
I'm ready to go
I'm ripping the shows, hitting the dough
Getting the hoes [???]
Pumping the flow, gangster ho
cause the nose knows
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close
Punks you gonna roast, host, in a cloud of smoke
Broke, choked on a rope, and then smoked
wrote, crimes that'll bring me bank notes
nope, I ain't the type of fella that you use though
Kkkkkkicking the funky flava
Pumping [???] producers
Run for cover when you hear the bass drop
One verse is all it takes
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