# Tupac, Tha' Lunatic

## (Tupac)

Ohh shit! Jumped on my man's dick Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie? Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me Oooh-wee! This is the life New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit Hip hip, hooray for the AK Spray when I lay competition, what a great day Make pay, next is the wet sex Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex I'm set, wonder what I tote, check Bloody as a Kotex, snappin motherfuckers' necks Revenge so sweet when it comes from niggaz get done with the drum, watch my foes run Nigga keeps comin when they can't slip Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

#### (Stretch)

Yeah, fúck that God! Word up Blowin niggaz out the motherfuckin frame yaknahmsayin? Constantly.. fuck that trick, we ain't havin it

### (Tupac)

Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las Cause I'm nothin nice and, I'm icin like Tyson I'm grippin the mic and, my DJ is slicin I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin to me with the SAME OLD Tryin to do me like Nintendo How the fuck you think I ever got this far? By bootin motherfuckers like a shootin star Cause I'm out to show, that I'm a dope MC Think crack had you fiendin, wait'll they get a load of me Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin condom Niggaz wanna flip, let em step, and I'll bomb 'em See somethin you want, why don't you come and get it And then get waxed and taxed, like the government Then I leave you sittin there, wonder where your money went While your bitch is callin me, tellin me to come again Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out Lookin like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin posse, broke out Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this Feel the wrath.. and revenge of Tha' Lunatic

### (Stretch)

Yeah Tu', tell them motherfuckers, word up We ain't havin it, NONE of that shit!! Bitch ass niggaz, niggaz can't fuck with us Tu', word up Ninety-one, we takin this WHOLE motherfucker over Niggaz got PROBLEMS in ninety-one Ninety-two, and ninety-three and all that other shit, word up!

### (Tupac)

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip Puttin this on the map with this mackin shit Time will tell if it's made well Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther I'm funky, that's word to the father Act like you know 'fore I thump, the bolo Thought you was a pimp, now you're simplin for my solo Oh no, not another new jack, swearin that he's ruthless Ducked, and now he's fucked and left toothless I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared You're scared and you're bound to go It's somethin, I guess I let the beat keep bumpin Stop trippin off these niggaz cause they ain't about nuttin Or should I say NAYthin Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in I'm sick of the bullshit Come equipped and get ready to rip or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

#### (Stretch)

Àhhhh yeah! FUCK THAT! (the motherfuckin lunatic) Youknowhatl'msayin? Yes Tu'! Tell them niggaz what time it is knahmsayin? (punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic) Niggaz can't fuck with us, word up Bitch ass niggaz, FUCK EM!

(Tupac) Fuck all them niggaz

I'm tellin these niggaz that they ain't got.. NAYthin on a nigga like me We squashin these punk motherfuckers in ninety-one ninety-two ninety-three.. and SO on So let the beat FLOAT on While I spray these PUNK BITCHES with these dope ass lyrics Thanks to Poppa for supplyin the DANK Now it's money in the BANK And all y'all niggaz shit STANK compared to this shit..

Fuck y'all punk bitches! Tha' Lunatic \*echoes to fade\*