

Tupac, This Life I Lead

This Motherfucking life I lead
shit
A hell of motherfucking road blocks
And crooked cops
We still ride though
What side?
Westside

(Verse 1: Tupac)

I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Movin' my tapes in major ways
Cause every dollar counts
Bustas is jealous
And half these nigas is punks
They runnin' off at the mouth
'Till I fill up with my pump
They jump
My automatic keep 'em weary
While you fronting like you Billy bad ass
Nigga you scary
I been knowing you for years
We was high school peers
In Junior High
I was itchin' to kill
And you was ready to die
While you bullshitting
Niggas was dying and catching cases
Busting my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places
Leaving no trace
They see my face and then they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry
Still I ride
I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli
Tell me to ride and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd
And muthafuckas die
It's not the way I wanna live
My nigga
It's how it is
Homie got into a fight
Last night they killed his kids

(Chorus x2)

In this life I lead
Fiend for currency
Get high off weed
Collect g's
Make my enemies bleed
When you see me nigga
Holla my set
And watch them ride
Outlaw mother fuckers
'Till we die
In this life I lead

(Verse 2: Young Noble)

I ain't a killer but don't push me dog
For that family I'll send that ass straight to God (what you doing nigga?)
And in this life I lead

I've seen the most
Of my 23 years
My vision is blurry
The money is clear
Some of my peers
Eternally will sleep in a coffin (yeah nigga)
And noble on the road
I'm extremely cautious (westside nigga you know how we do it)
It happened that fast
Split second your gone
At the top of my tombstone
Put noble is raw
Outlaw
'Till I'm under the floor
For Kadafi the prince
I stack dough like a clock on the bricks
With a watch on my wrist dog
I know the time these days
We outlaws
We gonna die this way (nigga)
We already in the history books
Pac made sure of that
Whateva you took
We taking it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlaws
We still building the thug nation
Holla at your homie

(Chorus 2x)

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(Verse 3: Napoleon)

It ain't but nothing air between us
Oxygen is gettin hot
Got a problem
Mo' fag ass nigga kick rocks
Now *censored* on the phone
And the nigga talking crazy
I don't know who to blame
Him or *censored* for killing babies
I'm a New Jers' Devil
The street created rebel
Only got one shot to produce
On every level
This is Maximus
Go to the max I must
Nigga I came from not much
So money I clutch
Uhuh
Napolean the strength of strong arm
With a dick they whistle and ride
I put a move up on

I'm a
Hardcore
Product of the ghetto
Been blessed fo' sho
To eat from out the ghetto
I maneuver in the right lane
Quick to push back lanes
Switch it to the left lane
I play with my hands
And I'm plotting on the fortune
It's gettin hot and scorching
I'm thinking like a scorpion
That torturing an enemy

(Chorus 2x)

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In this life I lead

(Verse 4)

Now with this outlaw lifestyle
That I've been introduced to
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer (what's up Kurupt)
Steady seducing us
And I'm all for it
It's the life for me
And the law cant spoil it
So you can call it what the fuck you want (right)
But I'm a baller alcoholic with a sawn-off pump (nigga)
My mamma ain't raise no punk
And even dead Pac
So when I jump off
I breathe for Yak
Been puttin in work
So I walk with a bop
And it safe at home
So I sleep with a glock (no mistakes)
Thug living
Ugh
What the fuck would be better
I do my dirt with the family
So we dying together

(Verse 5: Edi)

We on a mission for mo'
Gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fucking with you lawyers
Crossing niggas up out there dough
Trying to live godzilla
Edi went from a bad boy
To a anybody killer
Look out
Wanted man
Guns in hand

Stand firm
Nuts are my pride
Now lets burn
Bound and profound
Going down swinging
Holding my ground
We the last ones breathing
No stopping till we eating
Deep in the trenches
So many killings
It's senseless
So in this life I lead
I stay protected
My god my squad
And this thing in my palm
Now all my hustling motherfuckers
Get your money
Sing along

(Chorus x2)

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In this life I lead

This motherfucking life I lead nigga
You know what time it is
Westside
Deathrow
Dogg pound
Everybody killer
Bad boy killer
?? killer
Anybody killer
Fuck all y'all niggas
If it ain't westside nigga it ain't Pac
That's on my momma