

# Tupac, West Coast

ya know...  
with ma nigga VP  
get scratched nigga  
in the place to be

check it

comin straight from the town releasin so much pow  
up an down ur block my sound shakes the ground  
i got the people feel used to this album i made  
its 1997 trick i must get payed  
im takin no kind of shorts i want every last penny  
dont make me have to put a -----  
coz then i have to open ur pours so dont fuck with ma money i wont mess with urs  
i got the skills to pay the bills so i can live an chill in the hills, stack mills an run my --- gold wheels k

an say wsup to ma niggas thas still servin them rocks

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niggas best not try to come an girl... ul get molested  
test it if u want to ma nigga an ima treat ur ass as if u stole some of ma scrilla  
but now back to the spot to make the lower bottom -----  
i cant forget the 1500 clique he the capital of sinners they both makin a grip

-----  
u rich ass motherfuckers better donate me some food  
an eddy wsup to you too  
even though i took a loss young soul loves you  
but put me back on my feet when i said i was ready  
movin major bubonic in my pockets i kept fatty  
but who kicks the rymes an who stacks the cash  
we drop----

west side thats how we ride  
niggaz gota watch they backs coz its do or die  
coz if they tryna see me or ma partner VP  
we yellin get scratched ye thats right for the west coast west side thats how we ride  
niggaz gota watch they backs coz its do or die  
coz if they tryna see me or ma partner VP we yellin get scratched ye thats right

every since i was little, i had the gift to use the microphone  
now that im famous all these suckers wanna tag along  
like hoes tryna pull -----  
i peepin hella punks plottin  
stalkin a nigger just like an apple rottin man, now they rotten  
watchin ma house as if they workin for the feds  
they probly can tell u exactly when i go to bed  
i baught me some straps  
incase i got a cap some snaps in they back  
to make there spinal cords crack  
i acts like that just for the fact i think im at a point in my life where theres just no turning back  
so i wears a vest when its time to get some rest an hoe relive the stress =---- havin sex  
coz punks is tryin rob me plus me do like ---  
bruttaly mass murderd -----  
puttin bullet holes up in me with some fat 9s no time to die coz i can almost hear the flat lines  
i cant cry  
i see my niggaz sayin yo soul please dont go we bein a partner got a fofo but i dont know which wa  
without gettin burned -----

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ride or just die, fuck it thats the way i feel  
im startin a slow death, thats what im writin on my will  
my mom thinks im crazy, but she knows she aint raise no dummy  
i guess its like this, when i die take all my money  
ma automobiles plus my house upon the hill, and if you feel the same keep my 9mm near  
tell ma sisters i love em, ---- & jeanette  
my detroit sisters, you know i love they ass the best  
and if i die soon, i pray to god that ---  
((((((((((((SOMEONE PLEASE FINISH THIS))))))))))