Tupac, When We Ride

(feat. Outlawz)

[Outlaw Immortalz]
Bow down to somethin greater than yourself trick
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swolls
They know
You watchin but you ain't seein what lies before you, beatch
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings
blessed with the gift of speech, the power to reach
each nigga on every street
May the Heavenly Father look down and be proud
of what transpired since the day the seed was planted
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit
Just me and my dogs livin like hogs
Outlaw Immortalz
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue
What lies between is the fiction
Don't fuck around and make it true

[Tupac]
Hahahahahaha
My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe
I pull revenge on bitch niggaz that blasted me
Plus my alias is Makaveli
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly
Bust him to see if he bleed, he shoulda never fucked around
with a sick-ass nigga like me
They call my name out and niggaz run, best be prepared
for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal]
They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table
I'm robbin ya niggaz cradle wit a knife in your navel
Rap-related criminally activated and evil
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin Desert Eagle
Till the end, I'm tellin all friends and enemies
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast
Young Gunz fire and niggaz bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro]
I be shinin like white diamonds and crystal, glistenin holdin pistols
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro
Blast and I'ma last yo past all these Glass Joes
and assholes who claim, like they be runnin thangs
I be gunnin those same niggaz runnin late, to their fate

[Napoleon]
My alias is motherfuckin Na-poleon, and I'd rather be
robbin again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin
But the shit ain't nothin, and I got no time for no bluffin
befo' a nigga finish with puttin in work I betta end up with somethin
I think these niggaz got the game fucked up
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin cases, fuck probation
is what I'm screamin when these money hungry cops be chasin

[Chorus: Tupac]

Thug nigga till we die, no mercy

on these playa hatin bitches, ask me why - when we ride!
Thug nigga till we die, no mercy
on these playa hatin bitches, ask me why - when we ride!

[Mussolini]
It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me
Drug warlord, riding Concorde jets
Rag Vette's, shakin bitches and snitches and trippin on sets
Ingle-Watts banger, keepin one in the chamber
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin no end to revenge
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[Idi Amin]
They call me Idi, from the side of seedy
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin up on these niggaz easy
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin somethin, so I'ma commence
to dumpin stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin, Thuggin
to my fuckin last nut, with Lo-Pole and Kastro
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though
Outlaw Immortalz doin this dit-nirt on the sli-zow
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Khadafi]
My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she drop me
Severely addicted to livin like a fuckin felon
while beefin with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin
Since a short I been livin life defiant, nickel plated chrome
Got this baby Capone lookin like a giant, and I ain't lyin
It's like it's me against myself with all these
backstabbin snakes grabbin at my fuckin wealth

[Mo Khomeini]
Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks
that increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes
Reach hoes, make em feel a nigga when I'm mashin
Now I'm surpassin any assassin

[Chorus 2X]

[Tupac]
Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby
Y'all niggaz can't fade this ol crazy shit
Makaveli, Hussein, Kastro, Khadafi, Mussolini
Amin, Naploleon, Khomani
What y'all really wanna do?
Haha like them niggaz said
"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"
Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga
Flashin on niggaz
Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life
But we Outlaw Immortalz
We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga
Like I'll make you famous motherfucker
I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit
My niggas make the papers baby
My niggas make the front page
Multiple gunshots [fades]