

## Raw Fusion F/ 2Pac

### "The Fatha Figure"

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Hustlas, ballers, players  
Yeah, uh  
The father figure  
It don't stop, it don't stop  
Uh, it don't stop  
One love, one love

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]  
I was raised in the inner city by ballers with diamonds  
Climbin the Benzes, rollin Philles, we younger minors  
Me, I be the one that's only 12 years old  
Crankin off the hook from cousin, let me sport his gold  
And I was told to put it down, and keep it real  
Like 3X Krazy young player about the scrill  
In this California lifestyle that I live  
Them playas is havin money man in plushed out cribs  
Survivin in the city is a serious task  
Didn't know the (?) wanted, didn't have time to ask  
Cuz I'm Bout It Bout It like the TRU  
One love to real hustlers, straight dollars for two

[Hook:]  
Gangstas, ballers, and hustlers too  
Baby youngsters wanna be like you  
You're the father figure of today  
We need to find a better way

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]  
We at the afterparty chillin cuz we ain't no punks  
Some cats is in the back with macks and gold fronts  
With sacks they post up, you know we be watchin  
Thinkin they got it crankin, playa we got it poppin  
Now bitin over dirty work, that ain't cool  
With cats in drop 'Vettes in mobs and old schools  
We rob them old fools, won't you amount your scratch  
Respect them young G's, they the ones that's strapped,  
ya know

[Snoop Doggy Dogg]  
Dogg Pound, that's the sound, check around, we hold it  
down

It's the super duper, yes the Snoop-a  
Comin through, in all gray and blue  
Kickin the game to the playas from the bay  
All over the world and out the UK  
Everybody around they love Snoop D-O double to the G  
Cuz I'm what they love, you see  
I'll break em, shake em and I make em and I take em  
To the whale, leave em in a spell  
And I got a little story to tell  
For all my homies that's locked up in jail  
I kick it to ya give it to ya for real  
Cuz I know y'all dealin with the reals every day and  
To get killed ain't nothin to laugh about  
But some niggas goin out so sideways make me wanna  
get me a  
bulletproof  
Hoo ride and slide around town in  
But yet and still, if I get peeled  
My niggas gon ride forver and that's real  
Ain't no stoppin we ain't coppin no pleas  
We spit game for all the real G's  
Feel up the (?) they love to have it  
They love to take it to the dome, yeah it's on

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]

Meanwhile back in the lab  
Paper was gettin stacked, hatas was gettin mad  
Confidential information exchanged up on the regular  
One dead head, two steps a my competitor  
Catch em slippin cuz they just been bought  
Got directions to the house and the keys to the vault  
Well let me open up this bundle of money, each off a  
half  
Pullin capers with cousin Snoop, Kurrupt and young Daz  
In for the cash  
Man this gang is thick  
If one caught up in the track we can all get sick  
And have em shook  
The four O crook didn't leave a clue  
Snoop D-O double G tell em what you gon do

[Snoop Doggy Dogg] (Both)

I'll keep doin what I'm gon do  
With my (nigga J.T.) the Bigga Figga, that's my nigga  
Representin (Frisco, in case you didn't know)  
(We blow by like Jerry Rice  
Come back with styles that are oh so nice)  
Snoop D-O double to the G from the LBC  
You gots to have (cash) to make it these days  
You could make it at least a hundred different (ways)  
I go the man and I get a (8 track)

Make me a beat, (smoke me a sack)  
Roll up some fat ass uh uh uh  
Blaze with my homies and it's (on like that y'all)

[Hook] X 3

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