

## 2 Minutos

### "5 Deadly Venomz"

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(Yeah hehehahaha, we goin platinum nigga!  
Plaaahatinum.)

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker  
We got my nigga Treach from Naughty by Nature in  
this motherfucker  
My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[Verse One: Tupac]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it  
Talkin quick and then I vic just tryin to keep from gettin  
blasted  
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards  
Boo-yaa! Turned a snitch into a casket  
Now they after me, prowling for a niggaz bucks  
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts  
Buck buck, big up and livin reckless  
Niggaz with a death wish step in with a Tec and I'll wet  
this  
Yeah this shit is hyper  
Two to one I'm writing representing and I'm striking like  
a viper  
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine  
Ring the alarm, and strong arm must run  
Some niggaz need to feel me with a passion  
I'm old fashioned, run up on me nigga and get blasted  
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin em up with  
That old deadly shit. Aiiyyo Treach where you at?  
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Verse Two: Treach]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn  
To the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk  
blunts  
Stunk like funk cunt  
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route  
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin mother out

And that's the street scarred style  
I shout I'm-de-MC-wit-de-nasty-mouf, and kick the bitch  
out  
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah  
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin pounds more  
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin shit  
Pickin pockets with a razor stoppin Russian rockets  
Not shoplift, I'm liftin shop  
Once you sound hot, cause if you ain't a perfect ten  
My sign is stop!  
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin styles in em  
Like women I did em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Verse Three: Live Squad]

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad  
To put it on, can't none come tougher see  
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!  
Breakin em down, I make em see their doom  
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job  
to  
Rob and steal and runnin from the coppers  
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller  
Started from a punk now to be a high roller  
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster  
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster  
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets  
popped  
A lot of fuckin bodies will drop  
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter  
I make you scatter, leavin trails of brains and bladders  
Blowin em out the frame with no shame  
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight  
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's  
Something I don't wanna do, somethin that I never did  
I try to get him, I think I hit em, I lit him  
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do.  
Knowhat!msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect.  
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Verse Four: Live Squad]

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip  
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow  
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody  
Niggaz can't touch me when I wreckin G you better flee  
Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag  
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag  
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up

Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up  
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound  
We're taking over eight niggaz back to the stomping  
grounds  
Line em up single file, dome runnin in em  
A nigga hit em with the venom, the fourth deadly  
venom

(Nigga, yaknowhat! 'msayin? Fuck that!  
I told you, we takin over, yo 'Pac.)

[Verse Five: 2Pac]

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest  
Strugglin and strive, keep a nine in my waistline  
Take mine, you better bury me, G  
Punk ass niggaz don't even worry me, see  
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block  
Fuck the cops cause my gauge gets me... PAID  
As I sit and reminisce about the old days  
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey  
I say niggaz need to get they mind right  
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight  
Now it's on everyday could be my last day  
That's why I blast on they ass as I past let the glass  
spray  
First you had a mouth full of fronts  
Now you're mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin  
blunts  
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here.  
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Verse Six: Apache]

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the  
maniac  
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs  
Let me tell how you rough I get  
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the  
same shit  
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'ma snake  
nigga  
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin trigger  
I'm a section to clinch your porch is like a pinch  
Test a rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch  
Fuckin up pooh-butts, cut em like cold cuts  
Choke em with my boot lace, then leave em hangin like  
old nuts  
Clip up and move out, time to get em

That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in  
denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin?  
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-  
three  
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit.  
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit.  
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Follow us, come along.  
Yaknowhatl'msayin?  
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)

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