

2 Pac

"Bonnie And Clyde"

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[girl]

Sheeit, ju motherfuckin right
I'm the bitch that's keepin it live and keepin it hot
when you punk ass niggaz don't
Nigga Westside, WHAT! Bring it on

[Tupac]

Look for me
Lost in the whirlwind, ninety-six, Bonnie and Clyde
Me and my girlfriend, do one-eighty-five when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin, born as a ghetto child
Raised in this whirlwind (c'mon)
Our childhood years recall the tears heart laced with
venom
Smokin sherm, drinkin malt liquor, father forgive her
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin, fell in love with the
struggle
Hands on the steering wheel, blush, while she bail out
bustin
Fuck em all, watch em fall screamin, automatic gunfire
exorcisin all demons
Mafias on the side, my congregation high, ready to die
We bail out to take the jail back, niggaz united
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked
Touch you in every secret place, I can hardly wait
to bust freely, got you red hot, you so happy to see me
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV
Nigga my girlfriend, baby forty-five but she still live
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

[girl]

What!! I'm bustin on you punk ass niggaz *automatic
gunfire*
Run nigga run! *gunfire* I'm on yo' ass nigga! *gunfire
continues*
Run nigga, duck and hide! Nigga I'm bustin all you
bitches!
Run nigga, yeah! Westside! Uh uh uh! Die nigga die!

[Tupac]

My girlfriend, blacker than the darkest night

When niggaz act bitch-made she got the heart to fight
Nigga my girlfriend, though we seperated at times
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine
Picked you up when you was nine, started out my life of
crime
wit you, bought you some shells when you turned
twenty-two
It's true, nothin comp

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