

## 2 Pac "Catching Feelins"

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Hahaha  
Oh yeah  
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down  
(never)  
Hahaha  
Yeah  
Huh  
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Ugh  
Yeah  
My home boys might squabble but we don't fall down  
(hey)  
(Westside, westside)  
Part two of the war  
Bring it, lets do it  
Huhuhuh

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Cross this nigga here  
Now Biggie tell me who do you fear?  
Ain't a living soul breathing shall pump no fear here  
My last four flashed then I mashed his ass  
Bastard  
Fuck with me bet I blast your ass  
So many follow but can't reach me  
Caught in a maze  
Catch em  
Mimicking my style trying to walk this way  
Impossible my posse dropping you  
We Death Row riders  
No need to beg motherfucker ain't no mercy inside us  
Feeling blessed  
The richer I get the more I stress  
Smoking lye watching time fly, waiting for death  
Dear God I been feeling like I'm close to Jesus  
Paranoid with my pistols close, smoking trees  
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me  
Watching niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed  
Me  
A mercenary for the streets  
Check my pedigree

Busting motherfuckers it's the thug in me  
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit  
Then get to squealing  
Bitch made catching feeling  
Hahaha

[Chorus X2]

Outlaw niggas are you ready to clown  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screaming bye bye bitches  
Untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
Catching Feelings

[Verse 2: Napoleon]

Yeah, Napoleon..  
Picture me sipping on 1-5-1  
Drunk then a motherfucker  
Dropping my gun  
Or as high as a kite hitting hoes for fun  
But that ain't me  
Dog my minds now clear  
And that ain't fair dog  
Your heart pump fear  
In the state I \*censored\*  
You better hide nigga \*censored\* is near  
And you know just as well I do  
You ain't no killer  
So kill that  
You wouldn't kill if you had to  
We might wobble but we don't fall down  
We take the gospel from Makaveli  
Pass it around  
Ahhhh, shit  
We gonna taste the power  
We started the thug trend  
The game is ours  
Now we coast together  
Put our thoughts together  
Won't question will we die together  
Cause the hour is soon to come  
Kadafi trained soldier  
I show you how to use your gun  
Bring it

[Chorus x2]

Outlaw niggas are you ready to clown  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down

Screaming bye bye bitches  
Untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
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[Verse 3]

We Yelling  
M - A - D - E  
N - I - Double G  
A  
Motherfuckers  
And we here to stay  
From curb surfing  
We working the industry  
You kidding me  
It's really nothing to me and my king  
You see  
We in the big things  
Eat a dick man  
If your hating  
We gone ride  
'Till the wheels fall off  
Pay attention  
Screaming  
Bye bye bitches  
Untouchable sound (ugh)  
Ride or die niggas  
And we hunting you down  
Representing all the real niggas stuck in the trap  
Banging out with the po po  
Trying to get to some mo'  
Street life  
Young strugglers  
Racing the clock  
Ain't no telling when it all can end  
Roll or rock  
That's the world  
With feelings  
This a mans world youngin'  
The bitches in business  
So learn a 'lil something  
Hey  
Stop running your mouth  
You're on the verge of squealing  
Bitch made catching feelings  
Nigga  
Ugh

[Chorus x2]

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My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screaming bye bye bitches  
Untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
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[Verse 4]

Everybody's a gangsta  
But don't put in work  
Instead of putting on the armor  
Niggas put on a skirt  
These drugs ain't helping  
It only making it worse  
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but herbs  
I can't trust the church or the mobs  
I can only trust God  
And to tell you the truth I gotta ride  
I only roll with the real  
Cause rolling with the fake got my loved ones killed

[Chorus x3]

Outlaw niggas are you ready to clown  
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down  
Screaming bye bye bitches  
Untouchable sound  
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town  
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