

2 Pac "Dusted And Disgusted"

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Verse One: E-40

I'm really not all that sure
bout when things is finna mature
So let me find me a nigga with a grip
and hit his ass quick with one of them whoops
(What's the definition of a lick?)
Taking a niggaz shit
(Hey put that on sumthin)
I put that on The Click, The Click
Back to fuckin work one of the homies jus got dusted
Time to do some dirt, uhh, I never trusted
them bustas shot him in the shirt, dead on arrival
Now the town is funky, it's called survival
What y'all wanna do? They got us scuffled
(bullet high, get in your eye) if this was a fifth well I be
drunk
I'm heated, them niggaz cheated, played me false
We had em eatin, shit 'posed to been squashed
I noticed one killa on the double dribble and set him up
y'all
She likes the Monie in the Middle, play tetherball
Thick ass bitch, high yellow city-slicker
Scarecrow creepin Southern bitches, aka Posie
Pussyfictious

Verse Two: Spice-1

Nigga been holdin guts, but shit on hisself and a funky
bill
Pullin out bills, frontin on material shit
that's when I get to killin shit (killin shit)
And settin 'im up and havin 'im catchin a couple of
slugs
Sl-uh sl-uh slugs, trynta fuck with savage thug
Pistol pop in they ass, see niggaz be gettin this twisted
It's that bitch that killed ya
Took all your money peeled ya
Seven niggaz bust in the room with AK's
while a nigga be puttin on his jimmy
All of a sudden they shoot up your Vuitton
before you can hit the broccoli

See money-a-made that nigga, that nigga didn't make
that money
Left them niggaz jacked up, and the bitch she macked
him
He's a busta, punk ass nigga, y'all know the streets
That's why that nigga naked layin dead in between
some bloody sheets
It's just a part of the game he didn't feel
Bitches will kill, fuck a nigga, out his last d-uh dollar bill
You don't know that hoe main that bitch can't be trusted
Dusted and di-motherfuckin-sgusted

Chorus: E-40

Some cold hearted shit
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted
Whacha'll wanna do, whacha'll wanna do
Cold hearted bitches
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted
Whacha'll wanna do, I never trusted them bustas
Some cold hearted shit
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted
I never trusted them bustas
And it's them cold hearted bitched
Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus got dusted
Dusted and disgusted

Verse Three: E-40, 2Pac

Let's let of some two or threes on the other side of t-uh-
town
Draw the attention on the other s-uh-side of town (other
side of town)
And wait for the po-po shift to change, ghetto shootin
range
Revenge on the r-uh-rebound, war games
Droughts, out, shhh lost clientele but I will prevail
by sellin the broccoli dank instead of the crack cocaine
try not to steal narcotics
When these punk MC's and bitches be the reason why
the smoke be comin up out the chow, with my nigga
Pac

Dear God, can you forgive me? My future's lookin sick
I'm in my rag hittin switches I'm suspicious of these
bitches
I keep on, callin, but ain't nobody pickin up
I think she's stallin, this evil bitch is tryin ta set me up
Came all alone if it's on then it's on
Where's my motherfuckin chrome, only jealous niggaz
roam

It's a war zone (war zone) but I'm a man so with gun in
hand
I'm on my way to see this hoe you know the fuckin plan
Can't understand, but the things ain't the same
You could die over these bitches if you slippin in the
game
Niggaz gang bang, but bitches gang bang too
Give up that good thang, and put that pistol to your
brain
If you was smart figure, don't have no love in your
heart nigga
Any complications pull the trigger, dusted and
disgusted
Bitches can't be trusted, you know the rules
They underhanded, she planned it, you fuckin fool

(These hoes out here tryin to hold a nigga's heart
So a nigga get his money fucked with
Almost in-laws)
Hey be proud of it when you turn these bitches upside
down
What's gonna happen
(Uhh, three and a half dollars or probably fo' if
a bitch ridin)
(Yeah main, them hoes talented
They be fuckin with mo' MC's at Jack the Rapper)
(Aight fuck it, what you say Mall?
Ay, fuck them sheisty ass bootches, nigga)

Verse Four: Mac Mall, Spice-1, E-40

The California lifestyle that I live
Where the bitches is crooked and niggaz jus don't give
A flyin fuck, so I stay stuck, smokin on the tay-low
Bay Area playa, tryin ta have shit major
And a bitch won't save ya
so I ain't playin Captain Save a Hoe
I mob up in ya like a pro and then I'm gone
I'm like Sylvester Stallone, everyday is like a
Cliffhanger
Action packed, I let the mini-mac smack that ass

Them hoes jacked that ass
Nigga woulda got smokin on that hash
Can't have my cash, better go and take your nigga
stash
Cuz he's a busta, niggaz with clusters
Slippin in shit, betta jack that nigga 'fore I jack his ass
bitch
Never was no love for the mark-ass, the lo pink (the lo
pink)

You love them Bootsy bitches, can't let them pussy
bitches

gank that ass, betta hide your cash and check her fast
Pump your brakes nigga, slow your roll don't go too
fast

Cause bulletproof ain't doin no good no mo' no mo' no
mo' no mo'

now, niggaz comin up dead with they brains blew out
on the fuckin floor

damn, hollow points to flesh tears through the teflon
vest

Now r-uh-rest

Pull a plug on a flatline over those, one nigga less

One nigga less, from coast to coast, to the East to the
West

Crushin the flesh, dem bitches played a game of death
Look over your shoulder watch your back don't even
trust it

I'm tryin to told ya end up dusted

Chorus

Some cold hearted shit

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