

## 2 Pac "Fight Music"

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(Makaveli Talkin)

You know what? When you said that last time

I was kind a trippin right, but now

your right, I am crazy

but you know what else? I dont give a fuck

(Verse 1 Makaveli)

Check it out

Is it, money or women to funny beginnings, tragic endings

I can make a million and STILL not get enough of spending

And since my life is based on sinnin, I'm hellbound

Rather be buried than be worried, livin held down

My game plan to be trained heavy, military

Mind of a Thug Lord, sittin in the cemetary

Cryin, I've been lost since my adolescence, callin to Jesus

Ballin as a youngster, wonderin if he sees us

Young black male, crack sales got me three strikes

Livin in jail, this is hell, enemies die

Wonder when we all pass is anybody listenin?

Got my, hands on my semi shotty, everybody's bitchin

Please God can you understand me, bless my family

Guide us all, before we fall into insanity

I make it a point, to make my peep bumpin warlike

Drop some shit, to make these stupid bitches jaws tight

(Chorus)

Go, niggas wanna get it on,lets fight!

i got some niggas in my click that make thay mother fucking jaws tight now

Go, niggas wanna get it on,les fight

i got some niggas in my click that make thay mother fucking jaws tight

(repeatX2)

(Makaveli Talkin)

You gotta snatch some collars, and let them mother fuckers know

You that ?, remember, out

(Verse 2 XZibit)

The love is lost,

The gloves is off so figure,

What side you tryna be on, the barrel or the trigger,

A gang of niggaz talking the talk,  
But ain't walking the straight line,  
They trying to hide behind the one time.  
Fuck being scared and constantly with security,  
I ain't afraid of whatever you faggots try to do to me,  
Shoot at me, try to corner me, orderlies try to get at  
me,  
Flip it like fake identities, sticking it to my enemies.  
And have you running for ur motherfucking lives,  
Till they put me in a courtroom fighting for mine,  
The only reason I got foes that used to be friends,  
When niggaz mumble under their breathe, I'm under  
thier skin.  
I pray for the strength to handle what my city bring,  
Better stand for something, or your bound to fall for  
anything,  
The pitfalls, the pot holes, I spit flows that generate  
straight crack sales, we got those,  
One hitter quitter split a nigga like a embryo,  
Bring it to your crib, to your kids, to your vidoe shoot.  
Give me the loot, my dudes all paid up,  
The half assed getting rat packed and sprayed up,  
You say "What?", speak up punk I can't hear you,  
Your transparent, rentals rap, I'm seeing clear through,  
Pray for my down fall, talk like hoes,  
Mister Rap Rap the Gauge and kick in the door,  
And motherfuckiers saying I can't rap no more,  
Like one monkey gonna stop the show.  
Lets go!

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