

2 Pac "Fuck Dre"

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[Skit/Intro]

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Hey what's up man?

(Aspiring rapper)

Ay yo Dre, I got some heat for you man.

I want you to check out this tape dogg.

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

I wanna be put on Aftermath, how can I be down man?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well you know how we get down over here

(Aspiring rapper)

Nah man, how y'all get down?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well, you know, you gotta un-ass some of that shoot

(Aspiring rapper)

What?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well, if you wanna fuck with Aftermath

(Aspiring rapper)

Ay man what the fuck you doing? *belt*

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Yo Mel Man, go get me the K-Y dogg

(Aspiring rapper)

Yeah man, but, that's how all y'all get down over there man?

dropping pants

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Yeah man go get the extasy pills man,

this one gonna be a wild one tonight

I wanna take this niggaz manhood and his music

(Fake Dr. Dre & Aspiring rapper)

Ugh, yeah, Ugh, yeah, Mel Man this shit good,

ohh, oh, you gettin some or what?

[Verse 1 - 2 Pac]

I give a fuck about this nigga named Alize

Leave the bitch ass dead in the alleyway, forever today

I'm lettin him know, these Death Row niggaz ain't

gonna never play

Can you believe this nigga

screamin that he got that shit we call the chronic?

If he smoke the shit, he'll probably vomit

This bitch ain't never had bionic
Mother fucker who you taught to smoke in trees
Nigga bow down on your fuckin knees
In this life I lead
We kill for greed
Understand we ride for currency
I have to kill bitches like Eminem
Leave him dead just like the rest of them, still testin
them
At the Source Awards, his bodyguards wasn't protectin
him
Now you actin like and a nigga you and Snoop are tight
You wasn't there when he was fightin for his life
That shit ain't right
It was me, best believe
When I see your ass I'm takin flight
Now a nigga turned back to the old you
That bitch from the World Class Wreckin Cru
With your lipstick on and a dick in your ass (haha!)
Ha, Ha, yeah nigga you remember you (wooh!)

[Chorus - Twist] 2X

So what do you say to somebody you hate?
Leave your body full of holes, left in chalk and tape
Mother fuck Snoop and N.W.A.
Death Row could give a fuck about Dre

[Verse 2 - Swoop G]

If you bitch niggaz fuck with us
We got my niggaz in the cut
Ready to fuck you up
I got a pretty bad bitch that'll set you up
Take you to a penthouse and let you fuck
Then cut your nuts
Dr. Dre been soft from the very start
Like when Eazy fucked his ass, he ain't had no heart
He and Pac came out and he pulled apart
Had everybody knewin that your ass was marked
Fuck Nate Dogg, Eminem, and Snoop
And all them bitch motherfuckers that ride with you
I know they sided with you, they gonna hide with you
Yeah, nigga, motherfuckers gonna die with you
Be prepared to shoot
Let the guns bust nigga at Tha Realest and Swoop
Key to rockin Lil Style in tha Lexus Coupe
Everything you write, nigga, is bullet-proof
You know how Death Row do

[Chorus - Twist] 2X

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[Verse 3 - Lil C Style]

Y'all know you're just some mark ass
Hooked down, bitch ass niggaz who ain't gonna blast
When I see y'all niggaz aloud
Can't none of y'all niggaz move my ass
I'm Lil C Style in the Lexus Coupe
High off weed and lots of loot
Ain't no tellin what I'm gonna do
When I catch that scary ass nigga Snoop
Might blast you, harass your boo
Cause a nigga gettin way more cash than you
Throwin up 1-9 while I'm passin you
Got all these mother fuckers askin you
Why Swoop and Lil Style keep smashin you?
Got all these new niggaz dissin you
Cause you a bitch-ass, punk-ass
Scary ass nigga who ain't gonna blast
I just might roll up and puff your ass
Then smoke weed with your cousin Daz
Tell him my nigga just blast your ass
Young Swoop ain't gotta hit a nigga with no glass
Cause keenin' rock puttin niggaz on they ass
And Death Row niggaz will always mash
Clock the cash, glock the mask
And if you run up, I'll sock your ass

[Chorus - Twist] 2X

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[Verse 4 - Twist]

I'll always be Twist
Alivay my guess
At dispense
So blood I split
Like wrists and so slick
It's Twist, 2, GDS
Sick attributes
And attitudes like I have to shoot
With the heat that Slim Shady
Had him fuckin his kid's baby
And mouth full of M-80's
Bring him through the last circle
Leave his ass hurtin
And his cap lurkin
Man, I can work you

Stay away from the name rest, Eminem
Cause I'm aimin for the embelin
And I could give a fuck about Dre and Snoop
Only mad cause the game was rapin you
Doin 4 minus too much
Get your groove crushed
It's true lust
That could make a prostitute blush
Fuck what you heard like a dick in your ear
Nigga beggin to disappear move Swoop from the rear
I'm mack cappin that world class cat
Until you drop dead
And Dre stay gay cause 'Pac said
And this Twist from Chaps and The Last Circle
If you wanna know who said it motherfucker...

[Chorus - Twist] 2X

So what do you say to somebody you hate?
Leave your body full of holes, left in chalk and tape
Mother fuck Snoop and N.W.A.
Death Row could give a fuck about Dre

[2 Pac]

I'm poppin shit
Double R tops dropped
And the glocks cock
Bullet-Proof vests never get put to rest
Know what I mean?
For my nigga Makaveli we still ridin up in this
motherfucker
Death Row Westside nigga
Can you niggaz see me?
The Realest aka Tenkamenin and Vigilante
The world don't understand me
The re-birth of a pitiful-ass young motherfucker
Eat a dick all day
Eat a dick all day on westside

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