

## 2 Pac

# "Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

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Niggaz.. fuckin wit the wrong nigga..

[2Pac]

My seductive introduction be specific, still elusive  
But exclusive's what I give you when I kick it, and I'm  
still lifted  
Niggaz can't get with Mr. Wicked  
Picture me flippin my adversaries, gettin the dick  
swiftly  
Niggaz are swingin wild, but they styles miss me  
You can bring that bitch but ya whole click'll still get  
treated shitty  
Business never personal I'm up before the sun come up  
on thai  
Just a ghetto star, a dropped up double-R is what I'm  
ridin  
Nigga, if you was half the man yo' bitch was, bring you  
artillery  
When you come for me, cause we sick thugs  
No hesitation when I pull and blast, cause Syke was  
bustin  
Plus, Bow had 'em duckin, screamin, "Get they cash!"  
So now I got the law on me, my phone's tapped  
So I had to send word through my lil' homies  
Tell them niggaz this the year when they pull the  
trigger  
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin, wit the wrong  
nigga..  
This is what you get, when you fuckin wit the wrong  
nigga..  
Hehehehe, yeah nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep I, pray and thank the  
Lord  
For givin me another fruitful, dayyy  
I wanna be a peaceful man but still when niggaz come  
for me  
All I can see is gettin 'em, killed  
For real it's how I feel, reflect my thoughts, flowin on  
these reels  
Make my enemies deal with my steel, they caps peeled  
We still cool but you played yourself

Give him the mac and make him spray hisself, heyyy  
Fallin legends clutchin chrome three-five-seven  
Puttin two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in  
heaven  
Why call in shots nobody really as clear as me  
Ain't tryin to help the feds get a case for conspiracy  
Murder my foes get disposed of  
We all homies to the death, so my true niggaz show me  
love  
God forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure  
But why they fuckin wit the wrong nigga, y'know?  
It's like..  
Why you fuckin wit the wrong nigga..

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers  
Learned my mathematic skills from real drug dealers  
Tried to rise but they tried me  
I guess they all had to die cause we tried peace  
I die in these streets, blast 'til they recognize  
Still do or die, all my niggaz gettin high watchin time fly  
Best strategize on the way to profit  
Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it  
Then keep it poppin lot of busters wanna see me fall  
I fucked yo' bitch and now this new shit gon' fade 'em  
all  
My niggaz ball made a call for some backup  
For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck  
Buck buck was the sound as they gats burst  
No need for ambulance, baby bring the black hearse  
Shoulda never fucked around busta, how you figure?  
Makin moves on the wrong nigga, is what it sounds like  
Ding ding ding.. when you fuck wit the wrong nigga..  
Niggaz gettin hit, when they fuck, wit the wrong nigga..  
Fuckin wit the wrong nigga..

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