

2 Pac "I'm Getting Money"

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Get money nigga
Dedicate this one to all the hustlas
That get up every morning and put there work in

I see you boy

Im up before the sunrise, first to hit the block.
Little bad mothafucka with a pocket full of rocks.
And Im totin these thangs, get my skinny little ass
kicked.
And niggas laugh, til tha first mothafucka got blasted.
I put the nigga in his casket,
Now they coverin the bastard in plastic.
I smoke blunts on a regular fuck when it counts.
Im tryin to make a million dollars outta quarter ounce.
And get ghost on the five-o, fuck them hos.
Got a 45 screamin of survival.
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some yay-yo.
Hollar five-o when I say so.
Don't want to go to the pen, Im hittin fences.
Narcs on a niggas back, missin me by inches.
And they say how do you survive weighin 155
In a city where the little niggas die?
Tell mama don't cry.
Cuz even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a real g
Im getting money

Still on parole and Im the first nigga servin
Pour some liquor on the curb for my niggas that
deserve it.
But if I want to make a million, gotta stay dealin.
Its kinda boomin I think today I'll make a killin.
Dressin down like a dirty, but only on the block.
Its a clever disguise to keep me runnin from the cops.
Ha, Im gettin high. I think I'll die if I don't get no ends.
Im in a bucket with em ridin it like it's a benz.
I hate to stip let my music bump,
Drinkin liquor, and Im lookin for a bitch to fuck.
Rather die makin money than live poor and legal
As I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo.
A need money in a major way.

Time to fuck my girl, she's gotten paid
I live a thuglife and let the money come to me
Cuz they can never take the game from a young g

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do.
Now watch a young mothafucka pull a trigga just to
raise up!
But don't let them see you cry, dry your eyes
Young nigga time to do or die.
I pack a pistol in my pocket,
Ready on my block.
Aint no time for a nigga to even cock shit.
And now they see that mothafucka beat pain,
At point blank range cause he slept on the game.
Aint a damned thing changed
Shakin the dice, now roll em,
If you can't stand pain better hold em.
Cause aint no tellin what you might roll.
You might fold catch aids from a slight cold.
Better live your life to the fullest,
Be quick to kill a fool, got a pistol mothafucka better
pull it.
And even when they kill me,
They can never take the life of a young g.

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