

2 Pac "Late Nite"

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Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy
Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album
And I ain't heard nuttin' you could kick back
And smoke a beadie to you know?

Yeah like that some of that mellow shit
Some of that shit that make bitches drink make niggaz
think
And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahahah
So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you
know how
Hahahah, feel me?

I'm barely standin', and plus my second hand say it's
midnight
Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right
Like misdemeanors is a small thang
With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang
Runnin' through the street lights, 'cause we like
Yo nigga get your mobb on show em what a G like
Around the corner it's like Vegas or better yet like Reno
Niggaz poppin', welcome to our casino 'cause you and
me know

Hundred percent like a c-note
Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and filipino
And when I meet her I'm a offer her some indo
Tounge-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo
Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga
Touch me here, I'll get bigger
While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver

I'm game type love fuckin' bitches in the same night
My words are aphrodisiacs if you say em right
The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger
Look through the paper it's another black crack murder
The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die
You can fuck on the first night, or try in the late night

Last night, last night changed it all in the late night
Last night, I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be, in the
late night

Last night, last night changed it all, in the late night
Last night, I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be, I do it
myself

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped
I clock rocks in the rain till my socks is damp
Ain't nuttin' like bein' a thug when I can just
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm
blessed
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality overdosin' on crime
Three steps from reality get up to get down
Represent your town, last night was poppin' like
Like cocked glocks with hollow-tip rounds

From booty calls to bail sheets, it ain't no tellin'
If I wake up in the county in my jail sheets
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another
day
Might be me who bites the bullet in these streets where
a man journey
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin my shells in a gauge

Deadly as aids, niggaz gettin' crossed like a maze
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles
When we collide, I'm a ride on that hide like cattle
Cowards best to skedaddle in the late night

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Last night, I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be
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Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps
are blown
Niggaz in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home
The life of a California star, and when you see me in
the drop-top Jag' How many niggaz wanna be me game
is automatic
Mandatory I sell to Live or Die, I survive, but with a story
to tell
'Cause when you gettin some riches, watch for dumb
bitches
They have you labelled a rapist before you get to
tongue-kissin'
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, or be a
throwaway

Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?

Nobody knows me I'm a shadow my army fatigues
made for battle Pockets full of ammo 'cause when I'm
out in the streets
I'm on point, where the static too many done died from
semis
So now we automatic I dissappear whenever heated
Ride whenever needed for my niggaz up in Clentin'
gettin' weeded
Continue to roll until I'm old ride until I die
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy my homies
rolled by in a bucket
But they ain't short and duckin' slappin' niggaz known
For tellin' bitches fuck it in the late night

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