

2 Pac "Let's Get It On"

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[Heavy D]

Yea this is uh Super funk you know what I'm sayin
This is for all the players and playetts wherever you at
you dig

I'm talkin about from this side to that side

East side, West side, your side, my side

It's all about being funky man

Aiyyo give me that microphone

It's Heavy D the baritone and I'm home alone dig it

and I'm always staying freshly dipped on 1-2-5th

where the dogs bark and the dreadlock be sparkin
spliff

Okay okay okay okay it's Heavy D again

Hallelujah I'm on your T.V. screen again

You see me on your MTV and on your BET

and on your local focal point video show

Nigga this how it flow so fly like an eagle

No sequels no weed but I get love from all the thugs
cause they still my people

I'm dynamic punks panic when they see me

They get all shook up when my mic's hooked up

Let's get it on!

[chorus]x2

Untouchables at your door

(Let's get it on)

All you wack rappers hit the floor

[2pac]

How should I plead forever thuggin on a quest to get
G's

Runnin from enemies ever since the days of a seed

I'm under pressure the stress will have me drinkin

thinkin niggaz after me much too paranoid to blink

Wonder why the police don't wanna see me stackin G's

They after a playa but I won't let em capture me

I gotta thank the lord for the weed and a nigga team

I can't sleep close my eyes I see wicked deams

(deamons)

I keep my pistol by my bedside one in the chamber

Preoccupied with homicide my life's in danger

Rollin down a ?? beware of stangers

Hand on my 4-5 that's what the fame does
I'm probably wrong but I'll never know it till I'm gone
From out the ghetto where the jealous motherfuckers
roam
Pass the weed let that Hennessey get to me
before the penitentiary
Let's get it on!!

[chorus]x2
Untouchables at your door
(Let's get it on)
All you wack rappers hit the floor

[Grand Puba]
I thought you knew I stay true to this rhyme thing I do
I have all the honeys saying, "Go Pu'!"
I flip a style from the projects building 70 apartment 6C
I turn food stamps to green stamps rough power amps
and sold weed under corner lamps but now I'm just
microphone talkin
So when you see my ass have my cash or just keep
walking
Niggaz got more game than Genesis
Seen a movie in L.A. now everybody wanna C
but them youth don't trouble we
because they fall victim to what they see hey!
I keeps it +Reel to Reel+ like my last album title song
but I understand it takes a year for niggaz to catch on
(hit em in the head dog) So let's get it on! yea

[Notorious B.I.G.]
Split the dutches fill it with the skunk we about to
get wicked in the joint uh Notorious is glorious
cough, cough)
Niggaz now who's the mind blower, the weed grower
Have you seeing doubles like Noah, the rhyme flower
B.I.G. top notch with the glock check your pockets
and your sock it's just the way my pops taught me
When you throw the drop check em thoroughly
The bastard might spin around and try to bury me
And dead niggaz don't make no moves
When I'm slingin in the hood I don't fake no moves
aight
Reminisce on my swingin days
when I drove a Caddy and my bitch sported finger
waves
Yea she had the Gucci roots I had Sarducci suits
Oshkosh-begosh Coca-Cola lookin real cute
Junior M.A.F.I.A. representin Bucktown
Mac-11 cocked back niggaz better duck down
Face down you know the routine the cream

Earrings you know the drama Biggie bring
Let's get it on

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