

## 2 Pac "Live Freestyle 95"

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[Kane] Where's 2Pac and Biggie Smalls??

\*crowd goes nuts\*

[Scoob] Yeah, ahhhhhhhhhhhh-ight? (Yeah!)

[Scoob] Keep it goin!

[Kane] Mister Cee..

Yo Scoob, you set it off and let's get down for the crown

[Scoob] Let the place.. rock.. that ill shit

[Big] One two.. one two.. one two..

[Scoob] Brooklyn.. JFK, all my niggaz, Richie, Matt

Ready to get wreck, ahhhhhhhh-iight? UHHH!

AWWWWWWWWWWW SHIT!

[Kane] Go Scoob!

[Scoob]

Check it, check it, check it, check it

This here for the motherfuckin record

Here we here we here we go, here we here we go

Can I can I can I kick a motherfuckin flow

chitty chitty bang bang, I chitty bang bang

Motherfuckin niggaz can't hang

Well oh no, look at the cloud, it's gonna rain

But I don't give a fuck I'm lettin niggaz know they can't hang

Don't give me no lip, don't give me no backtalk, yeah  
break North

Don't make me get my gun and blow YOUR  
MOTHERFUCKIN HEAD OFF

Once again, niggaz know my style, GOD DAMMIT  
unless it's on the cut so give me the mic and watch me  
slam it

Hard like Shaquille, OH you better KNEEL

When you see me comin, BIG SCOOB GOT EM RUNNIN

Sex when I flex I catch wreck on the world tour

with dough in my pockets big like the biscuits, in CB4

Set up a contest, I'm comin, I'm takin the dough

They wouldn't pick you even if you had a afro

So dont try me, you better walk by me

I'll do you like the first part in Menace II Society

Like Cypress Hill, yo, I'm INSANE

I'll shoot a hole in your toe

I'll make you jump like the House of Pain

Bang biggy bang biggy bang bang  
Niggaz can't hang, niggaz can't hang  
Bang biggy bang biggy bang bang, motherfuckin  
niggaz can't hang..

[Kane] Biggie Smalls, why don't you come do it?

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
One two, one two, gonna do it like this  
WHERE BROOKLYN AT, WHERE BROOKLYN AT  
WHERE BROOKLYN AT, WHERE BROOKLYN AT  
We gonna do it like this  
Anytime you're ready, check it

I got seven Mack 11's, about eight 38's  
Nine 9's, ten mack tens, the shits never ends  
You can't touch my riches  
Even if you had MC Hammer and them 357 bitches  
Biggie Smalls; the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht  
The two weed spots, the two hot glocks  
That's how I got the weed spot  
I shot dread in the head, took the bread and the lamb  
spread  
Little Gotti got the shotty to your body  
So don't resist, or you might miss Christmas  
I tote guns, I make number runs  
I give mc's the runs drippin  
when I throw my clip in the AK, I slay from far away  
Everybody hit the D-E-C-K  
My slow flow's remarkable, peace to Matteo  
Now we smoke weed like Tony Montana sniffed the  
Ilello  
That's crazy blunts, mad L's  
My voice excels from the avenue to jail cells  
Oh my God, I'm droppin shit like a pigeon  
I hope you're listenin, smackin babies at they  
christening

[Tupac] Motherfuckin Biggie Smalls!  
[Kane] What you gonna do with it Tupac?

[Tupac]  
Yeah where the motherfuckin thugs at?  
Throw your motherfuckin middle finger  
We gonna do this shit like this  
I thank the Lord for my many blessings, never stressin  
Keep a vest for protection, from the barrel of a Smith &  
Wesson  
And all my niggaz in the pen, here we go again  
Ain't nuttin separatin us from a mack-10  
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, told ya

A straight soldier, buckin at the bustaz  
No matter how you try, niggaz never die  
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply  
You see me strikin down the block, hittin corners  
Mobbin like a motherfucker, livin like I - wanna  
And ain't no stoppin at the red lights, I'm sideways  
Thug Life motherfucker crime, pays!  
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me nigga  
Zig zaggin through the freeway, race me nigga  
In a high speed chase with the law  
The realest motherfucker that you ever saw

[Kane] Yeah! Come in now man  
Now I wanna see what my man Shyheim gonna do with  
it

[Shyheim]  
Yo, this goes out to everybody from Staten Island  
{\*ah Mister Cee, and you don't stop\*}  
Yo, times is gettin hard, word is bond, I swear to God  
I even got caught tryin to steal from the junkyard  
A born terror, a rebel without a pause  
I never had a good Christmas, so who is Santa Claus?  
I walk the streets at night with my head down  
In this lil town you see clowns that wanna be down  
So they get a glock and lick shots to get props  
And when shit rocks all you can hear when the shells  
drop  
An old man got shot in the parkin lot  
In front of my buildin I hang with his grandchildren  
And for the nigga that pulled the trigga then tried to  
slide  
and hide, but he got knocked by the homicide  
And this happens everyday around my way  
So I pray that I can live another day

[Kane] This how we gonna do it, hold up Cee, aiyyo,  
let's try this

[Shy] Staten Island in the motherfuckin house  
Whassup Wu-Tang Clan in here or what?

[Kane]  
Hold up Cee..

Now what's the bullshit niggaz been saying  
Dont try to act like Martin now with that "I was just  
playin!"  
No need to grieve now on, now that the beef is on  
Uhh!! Oh yeah motherfucker, your teeth is gone  
Just cause you rap don't meant that you're catchin  
wreck with me

Step to this I'll give your mic a vasectomy  
I only know one nigga that can come next to me  
No, that's a tattle, cause I can't count my own shadow  
A battle, I gots to have it, 'lest you're gonna rob me  
like they did, Whittaker when he fought Chavez  
Cause when it comes to goin against Kane rappin  
That's like a pimp trying to pull a nun, ain't nuttin  
happenin  
Non resistable, non compatible  
I'm not saying I'm the best, I'm just saying I'm fuckin  
incredible  
And let's just get one more thing understood  
If I fart on a record, trust me nigga, that shit gon'  
sound good

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