

2 Pac "Pac's Life"

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[LT Hutton talking]

Uh oh, Uh oh, Oh!, Oh!, Oh!

They ain't ready for this

LT Hutton

T.I.

Ashanti

It's that new 'Pac y'all

[Chorus: Ashanti]

Pac's life

(Everybody need's to chill)

Everybody talking 'bout Pac's life

(It's Tupac the king)

What do you know about Pac's life

(What do you know? What do you know?)

(Only real niggas stay on top)

Everybody talking 'bout Pac's life

(Outlawz)

[Verse One: Tupac]

Started with five shots, niggas plotting to kill him

Never figured that, that same nigga sell five million

Hit the charts like a mad man nothing but hits

Court cases got a nigga facing multiple digits

Dodging cop cars look how we come so far

Picture a high school drop out

Rolling a double R

House full of happiness, weed and drank

Way out

So when trouble tried to find me can't

Never visioned living longer than my twenty first

Thought I'd locked down, cracked out or in the dirt

And though it hurts to see the change

It comes with the fame

Watch them gossip in this silly game

To all the motherfucker's speaking down on me this is
the night

Why's everybody caught up In Pac's life?

To all y'all niggas

Conversating on my life
Mind your motherfucking business

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: T.I.]

I remember that
Ay
What's happening Pac
Yeah I know we never to meet
But we know all the same people so we got to speak
You taught me first, fake nigga can't stop a G
And all the shit you went through
Meant a lot to me
But when they locked you up for for nothing it was
shame to see
You we know the crack came and did the same thing to
me
I get along with real niggas it's the lane to be
Talking loud out of pocket tryna bang with me
And so I pull it out my pocket let it rain you see
Now they all in the court room blaming me
See we ain't live the same life but represent the same
struggle
Power to the real niggas death to the sucker's
Money over bitches, get to know 'em for you love 'em
Death before dishonour never talk to undercover's
Live by the same rules so I minus the tattoo's
With the same sort of dude with he same short fuse

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Tupac]

I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Moving my tapes in major weight cause every dollar
counts
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks
They running off at the mouth till I fill it up with my
pump
They jump my automatic keep 'em weary
While you fronting like you Billy Bad Ass
Nigga you scary
I been knowing you for years
We was high school peers
In Junior High
I was itching' to kill
And you was, 'Ready To Die'
While you bullshitting niggas was dying and catching

cases
Busting my automatics at motherfucker's in foreign
places
Leaving no trace, they see my face and then they
buried
Bitches die in a hurry
Still I ride, I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd
And motherfucker's die
It's not the way I wanna live
My nigga it's how it is
Only real niggas stay on top

[Chorus]

Why are all you niggas all up in my shit?
Tell them motherfucker's
Outlawz
Fuck all y'all

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