

2 Pac "Toss It Up"

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[Tupac]

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin
war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called
Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin through right now, Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

(Toss it up!)

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but
call
Time for action, conversatin, we relaxin, kickin back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue kissin, hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean no disrespectin when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin busy in the parking lot
And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin back-breakin when we're
tossin it up

[K-Ci, JoJo]

In this baby, I like the way it's goin down
When all that is around, slip slide ride
Givin me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up
Baby let's, get it on!
I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting

So baby come on home with me, I like the way you give it to me!

[Chorus: K-Ci, JoJo]

I like the way you give it to me -- let me see you toss it up

[repeat 4X w/ variations]

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play onnnn!

[repeat 4X w/ variations]

[K-Ci, JoJo]

Ohhh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady

Ohhh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy

The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang

Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

Now the man, I'm here again

Don't worry to ever end

It's feeling too good

Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah

Big booty to the lung delight-ah

Bag it up yo, let me in there

Toss it up for me!!

[Chorus 1/2]

[Tupac]

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around

Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now

Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin for paydays

No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin Child's Play

Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize

Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move

Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin for suckers cause you similar

Pretendin to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature

Screamin Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard

Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs

Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable

Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed

Who can you trust, only time reveals -- toss it up!

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Tupac]

Play on playa, play on

How can some non-players do a song about Compton

And then wanna do a player song?

How can non-players do it? (We not little kids, we not playin)

Tellin lies, who?

Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon

You still ain't touchin us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy

It's on

Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat

You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat

Cause you wasn't rockin it right

Tired of suckers rockin it, toss it up, is how we did it

Yeah, toss it up now!

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