

2Pac

"Ain't Hard To Find"

Visit "[Ain't Hard To Find](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tupac) That's right, that's right boy start that shit off

Verse One: 2Pac

I heard a rumour I died, murdered in cold blood
dramatized
Picutes of me in my final stage you know Mama cried
But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted
Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin
Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find
Why I spend most of my time on California crime
Watching for thievin I'm cautious it's like I'm barely
breathin
Puttin a bullet in mutherfuckers give me a reason
See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded
You tried to play me now homicide is my only payment
I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead
Why the fuck you cowards be runnin, too scared to
fight a G
For the life of me, I cannot see
How motherfuckers picture livin life after a night of
fuckin around with me
And if you don't like this rhyme
then bring your big bad ass to California, cause we
ain't hard to find

Chorus

Verse Two: C-Bo, B-Legit

I got my locs on hard hat goin to war
Breakin them off on sight, stoppin lives like red lights
Watch em pause as I pull my strap, out my drawers
And get to dumpin on they ass, like the last outlaws
Rich, Tupac and the Click, smokin blunts, loadin clips
With enough shit to raise your block in one dip
We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt
And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

I'm fully automatic full of static and shit
Movin Dodge van fifty rounds in the clip

I'm ridin shot gun with the tint in the back
I'm plan to have a motherfucker in mint in this rap
I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, bleed, whatever yo' kind
And if you need a motherfucker I ain't hard to find

Some may call me Bootsy, but I call it timin
That's while I keeps on grindin (that's right)
to the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a
bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a hoe, a hoe
get in my way, then that ass gots to go
Cause a nigga steady plottin
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin

Chorus

(Tupac) C-Bo and D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich
(E-40) Da Bay, beitch!

Verse Three: E-40, Richie Rich

Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal lipstick hairy can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is the proof without the drama
play
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for, if ya gonna
hesitate
Best shake and bake although mine was first to ask
niggaz
Motherfuckers didn't think I wasn't going do somethin,
ask niggaz
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him have at him

Check this out
I grew up with that nigga, threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin to ride, double-edgin for the other side
But now, my glock be so judgemental
Back seat of a rental keep my name out your dental
Nigga, if your gum bleedin, and you needin
mo' than twenty stiches, you behaved like dem bitches
Sideways to the race
Heavy in the game, check the resident it's all the same
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

(Tupac) Hell nah we ain't hard to find
(C-Bo) The whole clickilation fool

(E-40) Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch

(Tupac)

Why them niggaz actin like they can't find us
like like they can't see us and
like we don't be at the same spots they be at
It's the same congregation, Young Pac is back
Youknowwhatlmean?

(C-Bo) Nigga be lookin all the way when he see you and
shit

It's a celebration, Young Pac is back

(E-40) Motherfuckers better understand this shit

(Tupac)

Ay D-Shot nigga can we get paid man?

Can we just go there and sock this shit up?

Hey, we smokin, and we ain't hard to fine

Drinkin and shit, fuckin with some hurricane

(E-40) A motherfucker's gonna get his Marlboros
regardless playa

(Tupac) You suPPOSED to

Sideways to the next light

Visit [2Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.