

2Pac

"Beware"

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[Hook] (a sample)

He'll lead you on, with his words
He'll rob you of your world
and he'll sweep you off your feet
He'll give you character like an actor in a play
And you'll never see him, huh
when he makes his getaway so beware

[Verse 1]

Take precaution for protection
when steppin' through the night
your midsection'll get stiff like erections
and in peace you'll be restin'
Don't waste my time on no foes
Sportin' fat clothes is the code
Waitin' on this new low the scheme unfolds
Cream, breakin' open the seams of my Jabot jeans
Dreams of my team, blowin' up the uptown scene
My dome piece is intact got my mind on one issue
To make dough and foes gettin' wet up like a tissue
Is y'all wid us?, then let us, sit back and meditate
and think of new plans to stand and watch our dough
elevate
We tote heat like guerillas for fellas that's jealous
No need to worry for the stash pot it's in the cellar
Wid the right production brain start to function I feel
percussion
Memory banks overload which leads to combustion
My cavalry watches me constantly
Therefore I have to spit shit that's more catchin' than
an allergy
Follow me, I bleed to get my point across
I need Gs to succeed sellin' weed
and bring forth a little seed envy me
Ain't no need but if you have to
I'll put a slug in that ass and leave ya stiff like a statue
S-A, N-T-O, D-O-M-I, N-G-O and puerto blacka on the red
eye

Hook

[Verse 2]

I'm sick and tired of not being that number one nigga
in this
Fightin' full scale wars to the finish
But I believe in God backwards, to the dog catchers
I roll playin' leap frogs and snatch ya
There ain't no place for me here so I gotta split
This is the last learnt lesson that I gotta get
You can hate me now, yeh
But ya better off dressin' in drag to take me out
Go to the mil man march as Klansmen and make it out
Disguised as Bushes at the White House stakin' out
I laugh at those foes that claim that they can't get
disposed of
like torn clothes, believe it son, yeh
I got jackets that got hatchet compartments
Back watched automatic for dramatic departments
I'm a Prodigy who don't need Havoc to rock it
My Mobb's Deep quick to plead insanity on it
A pack of wild Dominicans who give they life to get the
point across
A bullet proof for when enterin' oblivions
S-A, N-T-O, D-O-M-I, N-G-O and puerto blacka on the red
eye

Hook

[Talking]

You know how that go, say no more...
You know, this is that Washington Heights theme song
man
This is that New York theme song
Say no more....I mean you know how that go
as far as growin' up in the streets
Everybody done been there and back
When it comes to New York knawhat I mean?
Soldiers dyin'...

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