

2Pac "Bomb First"

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In today's music news, the ever controversial Tupac Shakur has just released another album under the alias Makaveli. Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artist street dates, in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album, resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader of it, is furious at Tupac. Excuse me Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Deep, Notorious P.I.G. and several other New York rappers. Jay-Z, from 'Hawaiian Sophie' fame, Big Little whatever

And several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release. The question everybody wants to know is why'd they get this nigga started? Tupac, rather Makaveli, was not available for comment but released this statement:

It's not about East or West
It's about niggaz and bitches, power and money
Riders and punks, which side are you on?

These niggaz is still fucking talking?
You niggaz still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight
Aight, it's the Raid for your cockroaches
(All day, everyday)

It's the raid for you punk motherfuckers
(The pump in yo' ass)
This is it nigga, Killuminati style
(Outlaw lifestyle)

Makaveli the Don, solo shit, bring it

Allow me to introduce first, Makaveli the Don
Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like the Holy Qu'ran
Niggaz get shook like 5-0
My forty-five gun's next to me when we ride, for
survival

Money making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen
pockets
Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it
Expose snakes 'cause they breath freely, see me ride?
Located world wide like the art of Graffiti

I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty
Born on a dopefiend's titty, huh, in every city you'll find
me
Look for trouble right behind me
My Outlaw niggaz down to die for me, knahmean?

I hit the scene niggaz ducking from my guillotine stare
I'm right there, my every word, a fucking nightmare
Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall
This for my dogs down to die for yours

Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em
Cut 'em down to Hell is where we send 'em
My whole team, trained to explode ride or die
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gon' cry

Me, a born leader never leave the block without my
heater
Two big pits, I call them my bitch nigga eaters
And not a whimper 'til I'm gone
Thug Life running through my veins so I'm strong

Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride
Oh, how do we do these niggaz but I'm not gon' cry
I'm a Bad Boy killa, Jay-Z die too
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga when I find you

Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe
How many niggaz down to die for me? Yeah yeah
West coast ridah, coming right behind ya
Should've never fucked wit me
I want money hoes sex and weed
I won't rest till my road dawgs free, bomb first

We, bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider 'fo you die
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight

But it's my life or yo' life and I'ma bomb first

We, bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider 'fo you die
We ain't even come to fight tonight
But it's my life or yo' life and I'ma bomb first

For so many days and some many ways we've been
ducking strays
They delivers but we still some Bad Boy killers
Got nothing to lose, I gots no where to go
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row

With Outlawz, it's Makaveli, be the general
And I be a soldier on a mission
Sent to do, what you'll never do and that's ride for the
'cause
Yes, I'll die for the cause

Ya, best believe if I'ma leave this bitch, yo, I'm dying
with yours
Kamikaze, sicker than a muh'fucking Nazi
Got a little question for that nigga that made Papparazzi
If you ain't in this rap game, for the motherfucking
cash mayne

Then what is your motherfucking purpose?
None can serve us
E.D.I. Amin born worthless
That's until the day, I decided to bomb first, bitch

Come on, bring it, we'll stick with it
Come on, bring it

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent
leather
Causing massive terror, y'all niggaz lack, you ain't
thorough
Half rapper half drug kingpin, yer telling fairy tales
dunn
'King of New York', like you the motherfucking one?

But I'm from Jerz and we don't play that shit
From the Claire down to North Bricks, all my niggaz
flipping chips
Getting rich, even though it's hard
Trying to creep through these halls and brawls

Without scarred by a revolv' with no warning signs
'Cause yo my man took five
Now, I'm the young one with the nine

Ready to put in my time
Shoot first, look at they head burst bleeding
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me

We, bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider 'fo you die
G's, and thug niggaz on the rise
Plan-plot-strategize and bomb first

We, bomb first when we ride
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