

2Pac "Deadly Venomz"

Visit "[Deadly Venomz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We goin' platinum nigga, platinum
Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We got my nigga Treach from Naughty by Nature in
this motherfucker
My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin' quick and then I vic just tryin' to keep from
gettin' blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-yaa, turned a snitch into a casket

Now they after me, prowling for a niggaz bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless
Niggaz with a death wish step in with a Tec and I'll wet
this

Yeah, this shit is hyper
Two to one I'm writing representing and I'm striking like
a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm and strong arm must run

Some niggaz need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned
Run up on me nigga and get blasted
With 5 deadly venomz

Yeah, 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with
That old deadly shit, aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn to the
Onyx of
Your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts, stunk like
funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out

And that's the street scarred style
I shout I'm-de-MC-wit'-de-nasty-mouf and kick the bitch

out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more

I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin'
shit
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten my
sign is stop

It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Maj
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom

Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job
to
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller

Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets
popped
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop

It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make you scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight

Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, somethin' that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him
He's out, a poison, a deadly venom

Yeah Maj, fuck that, you know how we do
Knowhat!msayin'? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggaz can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee

'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag

So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah, one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up

No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking over eight niggaz back to the stomping
grounds
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly
venom

Nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin'? Fuck that
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggaz don't even worry me, see

I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me, paid
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey

I say niggaz need to get they mind right
Until they do, I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I past let the glass
spray

First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now you're mouth's full of chunks
Pac's out puffin' blunts
Deadly venomz

Yeah, pass that shit over here
Apache bout to clean shit up

Throw up your middle finger, start the track for the
maniac
Only thing I'm givin' out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the
same shit

You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'ma snake
nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger
I'm a section to clinch your porch is like a pinch
Test a rhyme, I'll knock your hairline back an inch

Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut em like cold cuts
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin'
like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em
That's the results of fuckin' with the fifth venom in
denim

Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin'?
Five motherfuckin' deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-
three
Ninety-four, ninety-five all that other shit
We takin' this motherfucker over this larger hit
Yaknowhatl'msayin'? Follow us, come along,
yaknowhatl'msayin'?
We takin' this motherfucker over, trust, we out

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.