

2Pac

"Drunk Freestyle"

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It's 'Pac, Makaveli
I'm in the studio drunker than a motherfuckah
Ready to freestyle this shit, and do it wild
Live
fo all my dogs

fo all my dogs out there raisin hell
just to see a young nigga raise tha mail
Stepped out on tha streetz fresh from jail
All tha police wanna rag and tell
Not knowin' that I stacks my mail, uh
All these niggaz wanna see me fail, uh
That's just tha intro
As I sit back and rock this instrumental, uh

After tha fire comes tha rain
After pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke fo tha moment
be Ballin' again
Time to make your, my military be prepared fo tha
bustas
similar to bitches too scary to hear me rushin'
Visions of over packed prisons
millions of niggaz thug livin'
Precious, Big Straps, hope they don't tell us
They pull a heatah
Ammunition in grace
Shh, move without a sound
As we slide down
Pistols in place
They got me finnin' fo currency
the money be callin' me
It's like I'm dreamin'
Singin' seizing me ballin'
sophisticated, and this fuckin' misbehavior
Got tha cocked 4-5 snatchin' niggaz pagers
Label tha marks
Soon as we start
It was hard to quit
Started out drinkin' forties moved to harder shit
Goddamn, now I'ma grown man

I follow no man
Nigga got my own plan
In my hand got tha 45
I kick it live to survive
Make these niggaz die
While gettin' high
Though we cry when these thugz bug
Niggaz'll leave in their caskets
That'z what ya get fo being playahatin' bastards
Me and my clique so legit
We keep a 50 on us niggaz know
You can't touch us
When they get to come against us
These niggaz'll be defenseless
It's senseless
Knockin' niggaz back on tha fences
My whole clique be sick
And though we rip whole crews
Niggaz knew
We came through
Drinkin' 22's of brew
And though we drink Hennesseys
We provide our enemies with mo' shit
Tha art of war so legit
I read, my name out, Makaveli
With tha Thug Life tattered on tha bottom of my belly
Can these niggaz understand this
My whole family is sick is so scandalous
Let me introduce my clique
Castro, when he blasts y'all
Niggaz run and hide
Napoleon will provide
Tha game
Let me explain
Why E.D.I.
Provide shit, fo tha needy
And take from tha greedy
Kadafi, is not sloppy
And not a copy
he's tha only one
Bring tha gun
If ya want it Young Noble
Bring ya soul
to tha true, let em know we come through
In a bucket or BMW
We trouble you
The W for Westside
Niggaz die
When they try to infiltrate my crew
We never hide, we ride
And die, together

And when you see my clique we always ride for ever
Me, my whole clique is sick
We smoke sinsemill
Can you convince the G
That they can't come against me
You can see me on TV
Or live
Niggaz die when they try to come against me
Never hide
In my own zone, in my own dome
In my mind I'ma don
Nigga knew it once I came oveh
Splash tha niggaz
Will I dash your niggaz
Once I mash these figguz
I'll be badder nigga
It's me, makaveli
A.K.A Tha Don of this whole clique
niggaz you so sick
That's my freestyle drunken flow
Just so you bitch ass niggaz in tha back row know
Whether it's New York or Texas
Ride through in a Lexus
Or BMW
I trouble you
Throwin' up fo ever this big ol' W
Huhhuhhuhuhu
My double R proves I'ma big rap star
Rockin' tha room
Niggaz where ya at
Where ya are is tha back
In tha front, when ya bump this shit
I keep a gat inside my trunk legit
Always, though I'm on probation
I still rock tha nation
Out on bail, though last year I was in jail
Raise hell, until I get my mail
Will I fail, hell nah niggaz bite my nails
I keep a manicured
Though you panic you're
Still gonna die
When Pac get high
Smokin' Endo
I roll my window down
A smooth criminal
And though I pack this pound
3-5-7 or 4-5
Will I hide, will I die
Will I ride, niggaz never know why
My whole crew, a family clique
Are we sick

Are we live
Though we struggle to survive
In this motherfuckin' '95
Turnin' '96
'96 turnin' '97
I keep a 3-5-7
Mack 11
Back home I got a M-R
What did I say, a mini 14
Haha, my double R
Ride with my clue, ride with my crew
You don't have a clue, nigga when we're comin' fo you
We hit tha house of blues, actin' like fools
My nigga Fatal
Put a gun inside his club I keep this fucker prenatal
Had to bang inside his chest, no no
Bang inside his belly, nah nah nah
it was Makaveli, that told him to bring the gat outside
his belly
I say yo Fatal what are you crazy
Them dudes pissin' outside tha front
Niggaz say Goddamn
Niggaz is funny as hell
What you want
You want tha funk
Hell no, niggaz don't want no beef
That's why we left that motherfucker in a Rolls
A Limo I mean
With bitches inside to meet
I was chillin' in tha back
puttin' on some hits, look I just did a dope ass show
Them niggaz'll always remember me
Came from Italy
Bellissimo, was tha call
Yeah nigga I got Versace
Armani
All them niggaz wanna fuck with me
Y'all know
I always represent my people to tha fullest
Yeah, I'm that same motherfucker took 5 bullets
Count em, came out
Rappin' and stealin' and makin' 5
Motherfucka records got sold millions millions
Haha, platinum, I make 5 platinum shits, know what I'm
sayin'
Niggaz can't fuck with me
2pacalypse, not known fo playin, huh
I took shots
And gave shots
Fuck tha cops
Will I stop

Until my shit, reach tha top, hm
Niggaz out there wanna do me
But it'z mob deep
Bad Boy and Fugees, hahahahaha
Y'all niggaz'll never stop me, never drop me
Never make me fall
Me, 2pacalypse all I know how to do iz ball ball ball!!!
My crew
Survive reincarnation after I'm dead
They rock n roll
and Bring tha funk to tha whole nation
And you know
each one of These niggaz have a gun with my name on
it
You know
I spit tha game so clear is plain on it
You know, huh
When I'm dead
My niggaz'll ride for me
kill everybody
they each got a city to pick to make it our part

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