

2Pac "Dusted 'n' Disgusted"

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I'm really not all that sure
'Bout when things is finna mature
So let me find me a nigga with a grip
And hit his ass quick with one of them whores
(What's the definition of a lick?)
Taking a niggaz shit
(Hey, put that on sumthin')
I put that on the click, the click

Back to fuckin' work one of the homies jus' got dusted
Time to do some dirt, uh!, I never trusted
Them bustas shot him in the shirt, dead on arrival
Now the town is funky, it's called survival
What y'all wanna do? They got us scuffled
(Bullet high, get in your eye)
If this was a fifth well I be drunk
I'm heated, them niggaz cheated, played me false
We had a meetin', shit 'posed to been squashed

I know this one bitch that'll double dribble and set 'em
up y'all
She likes the monies in the middle, play tether ball
Thick ass bitch, high yellow city-slicker
Scarecrow crevice southern bitches, aka posies
pussyfictious

Nigga been holdin' guts, but shit on his self and a
funky bill
Pullin' out bills, frontin' on material shit
That's when I get to killin' shit
(Killin' shit)
And settin' I'm up and havin' I'm catchin' a couple of
slugs
Sl-uh sl-uh slugs, trynta fuck with savage thug

Pistol pop in they ass, see niggaz be gettin' this twisted
It's that bitch that killed ya
Took all your money peeled ya
Seven niggaz bust in the room with AK's
While a nigga be puttin' on his jimmy
All of a sudden they shoot up your Vuitton
Before you can hit the broccoli

See money-a-made that nigga, that nigga didn't make
that money
Left them niggaz jacked up, and the bitch she macked
him
He's a busta, punk ass nigga, y'all know the streets
That's why that nigga naked layin' dead in between
some bloody sheets
It's just a part of the game he didn't feel
Bitches will kill, fuck a nigga, out his last d-uh dollar bill
You don't know that hoe main that bitch can't be trusted
Dusted and di-motherfuckin'-sgusted

It's some cold hearted shit
(Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus' got
dusted)
Whacha'll wanna do, whacha'll wanna do
Cold hearted bitches
(Back to fuckin work, one of the homies jus' got
dusted)
Whacha'll wanna do, I never trusted them bustas

Some cold hearted shit
(Back to fuckin' work, one of the homies jus' got
dusted)
I never trusted them bustas
And it's them cold hearted niggas
(Back to fuckin' work, one of the homies jus' got
dusted)
Dusted 'n' disgusted

Let's let of some 203's on the other side of t-uh-town
Draw the attention on the other s-uh-side of town
(Other side of town)
And wait for the po-po shift to change, ghetto shootin'
range
Revenge on the r-uh-rebound, war games
Drougts, ouch, lost clientele but I will prevail
By sellin' the broccoli dank instead of the crack cocaine
Try not to steal narcotics
When these punk MC's and bitches be the reason why
The smoke be comin' up out the chow, with my nigga
Pac

Dear God, can you forgive me? My future's lookin' sick
I'm in my rag hittin' switches I'm suspicious of this bitch
I keep on, callin', but ain't nobody pickin' up
I think she's stallin', this evil bitch is tryin' to set me up
Came all alone if it's on then it's on
Bust my motherfuckin' chrome, on these jealous
niggaz dome

It's a war zone but I'm a man so with gun in hand
(War zone)
I'm on my way to see this hoe you know the fuckin' plan

Can't understand, but the things ain't the same
You could die over these bitches if you slippin' in the
game
Niggaz gang bang, but bitches gang bang too
Give up that good thang, and put that pistol to your
brain
If you was smart figure, don't have no love in your
heart nigga
Any complications pull the trigger, dusted and
disgusted
Bitches can't be trusted, you know the rules
They underhanded, she planned it, you fuckin' fool

These hoes out here tryin' to hold a nigga's heart
So a nigga get his motherfuckin'
Balls to the wall
Hey be proud of it when you turn these bitches upside
down
What's gonna happen
Uhh, three and a half dollars or probably fo' if a bitch
ridin'
Yeah main, them hoes talented
They be fuckin' with mo' MC's than jack the rapper
Aight fuck it, what you say Mall?
Ay, fuck them sheisty ass botches, nigga

The California lifestyle that I live
Where the bitches is crooked and niggaz jus' don't give
A flyin' fuck, so I stay stuck, smokin' on the tay-low
Bay area playa, tryin' ta have shit major
And a bitch won't save ya
So I ain't playin' captain save a hoe
I mob up in ya like a pro and then I'm gone
I'm like Sylvester Stallone, everyday is like a
Cliffhanger
Action packed, I let the mini-mac smack that ass

Them hoes jacked that ass
Nigga woulda got smokin' on that hash
Can't have my cash, better go and take your nigga
stash
'Cuz he's a busta, niggaz with clusters
Slippin' in shit, betta jack that nigga 'fore I jack his ass
bitch
Never was no love for the mark-ass, the lo pink
(The lo pink)
You love them Bootys bitches, can't let them pussy

bitches

Gank that ass, betta hide your cash and check or pass
Pump your brakes nigga, slow your roll don't go too
fast
'Cause bulletproof ain't doin' no good no mo' no mo' no
mo' no mo'
Now, niggaz comin' up dead with they brains blew out
on the fuckin' floor
Damn, hella force to the face Teflons to the vest now r-
uh-rest
Pull a plug on a flat line no p-uh-ulse, one nigga less
One nigga less, from coast to coast, to the East to the
West
Crushin' the flesh, dem bitches played a game of
death
Look over your shoulder watch your back don't even
trust it
I'm tryin' to told ya end up dusted

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