

2pac "Fuck Em All"

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You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
Hahaha yeah nigga, fuck em' all
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
Fuck all you muthafuckers
Ay Yo Biggie Put your hands up

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Now I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to muthafuckers
When they scrappin'
Blast and watch em' back up
Notorious biggie killer
Affiliation with death row
Niggaz get their caps peeled back
Fool this the west coast
Fuck a misdemeanor I'm raisin hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks
That thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my
dick
Go to a club in a pack
I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggaz to trip
Cause bitch I love to scrap
Now mama raised me as a thug nigga
With love niggaz
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines
Writing raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks now they all want to
sue me
So Fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(Young Noble) Come put your hands up in the air, it's a

middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)

[Verse 2: Kadafi]

Now could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin'
peak
Even the baddest be gettin murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets
like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison
wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell
a possibility of livin' well
But if they killin' me
I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosing to sell
I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figga addicted to these fucking streets

[Verse 3: Edi]

Now put your muthafucking hands up
If you'se a rider (ride)
Niggaz ain't killers
So they hidin'
Why?
Fuck em' all, touch em' all
That's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out watch that bitch nigga lose it
Man I'm as strong as this game
Ya'll be knowing my name (Edi)
A young high strung thug nigga
Created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane
Gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash and my next piece of ass
So fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(young noble) Come put your hands up in the air, It's a
middle finger
affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(young noble) I do my girl all by my lonely, don't need
no phony homey to
call me
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(young noble) Back off I hit at everyone of you homies,

so don't get
comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(young noble) Nigga, we Outlaw ridah'z don't give a
fuck if ya love us we
thuggin'

[Verse 4: Tupac]

I got glad bags with enemies
Cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessey
So they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar
I'll dick em' and holla
Ridin' these hoochies
Like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For the profit pick my glock up
I'm bustin' in self defense ya see
Poppin' nobody got em'
Holla Outlaw riders
Mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene
Count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers
The swat team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy
Why? Cause they'll never stop us
I watch Arnold Swarchzenegger
bust some body in the movie
Now I want to do it too
Ohh, ohh niggaz is too through
True to the game
I claim Outlaw riders
We give a fuck what they try
I'm...

[Verse 5: Young Noble]

Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggaz for they watch and
chain
Kick back lil nigga
And watch the game
Get your mobb rocked and what-not
We keep it poppin' like a drug spot
The streets know what's hot
Trust me

[Verse 6: Napoleon]

Even my hood call me baby Malcolm X with the tek's
Shower some slugs on em'
I've got a brother don't rest
And he keep some drugs on him
Always in grind mood
Hustle to find food
Ever seen faces of death
That's what my nine do

[Verse 7: Kastro]

I keep my mind on my money
And my money on my mind
With my back against the wall
Like I'm runnin' outta time
Even rap with a gat
I must be goin' out my mind
Like I'm up against the world
This guerilla team of mine
Screamin'

Thug Life Bitch, Fuck em' all
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)

And die for em'
Even if them the last nigga left I'ma ride for em'
Feel me?
Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
Fuck em' all
Let them die
That's my slogan
Fuck em' all

[Chorus]

(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)
(Young Noble) Come put your hands up in the air, It's a
middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)
(Young Noble) I do my girl up by my lonely, don't need
no phony homey to call me
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)
(Young Noble) Back off I hit at everyone of you homies
so don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all)
(Young Noble) Nigga, we Outlaw ridah'z don't give a
fuck if ya love us we thuggin'
(That's right bitch, Fuck em all) *[repeat 2 times to fade]*

