

2Pac

"Fucking With The Wrong Nigga"

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Ha ha, niggas
Fucking with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction, be specific, still elusive
But exclusives what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted
Niggas can't get with Mr.Wicked

Picture me flipping
My adversaries getting the dick swiftly
Niggas is swinging wild but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch with your whole click
And still get treated shitty

Business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up
I'm tired, just a ghetto star
A drop-top double R is what I'm riding

Nigga if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring your artillery
When you come for me 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cuz Syke was
busting

Plus Bo had 'em ducking
Screaming get they cash
So, so now I got the law on me
My phones tapped, so I had to
Send word through my little homies

Tell them niggas just be here
When they pull the trigger, shit
This is what you get
For fucking with the wrong nigga

This is what you get when your
Fucking with the wrong nigga
Ha ha, yeah nigga, peep

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray
And thank the Lord for giving me another fruitful day

I wanna be a peaceful man
But still when niggas come for me
All I can see is getting 'em killed

For real, it's how I feel
Perfect my thoughts flowing on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel, they caps peel
We still cool but you played yourself
Give 'em the mack and make 'em spray yourself

Hey, falling legends, clutching chrome 3-5-7
Putting two bullets to they dome
Wanted to die in heaven
While calling shots nobody real as clear it's me

Ain't trying to help the feds
Get a case for conspiracy
Murder my foes, get disposed of
We all homies till the death

So my true niggas show me love
God forgive me for my lifestyle
A negative figure
But why they fucking with the wrong nigga?
You know, it's like
Why you fucking with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematic skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise but they tried me
I guess they all had to die 'cause we tried peace
I die on these streets, blast till they recognize, still do
or die

All my niggas getting high watching time fly
Best strategize on a way to profit
Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it
Then keep it popping a lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch and now this new shit gon' fade 'em
all

My niggas ball, made a call for some backup
The little homies and my dogs in a black truck
Buck, buck was the sound, as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby bring the black hearse

Shoulda never fucked around buster
How you figure making moves on the wrong nigga?
This what it sounds like, bing, bing, bing
When you fucking with the wrong nigga
Niggas getting hit when they fucking with the wrong

nigga
Fucking with the wrong nigga

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