

## 2Pac "I'm Gettin Money"

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Get money, nigga, yeah, aw yeah  
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers  
That get up every motherfuckin' mornin'  
An' put they work in, I see you, I see you, boy

I'm up before sunrise, first to hit the block  
Lil' bad motherfucker with a pocket full of rocks  
Learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny lil' ass  
kicked  
Niggaz laughed 'til the first motherfucker got blasted

I put the nigga in his casket  
An' now they coverin' the bastard in plastic  
I smoke blunts on the regular, fuck when it counts  
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce

Gettin' ghost on the five O, fuck them hoes  
Got a 45 screamin' out survival  
Hey nigga, can I lay low? Cook some yayo  
An' holla five O when I say so

Don't wanna go to the pen, I'm hittin' fences  
NARC's on a nigga back, missin' me by inches  
An' they say, ?How do you survive weighin' 155  
In the city where the little niggaz die??  
Tell Mama don't cry 'cause even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a real G

I'm gettin money  
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Still on parole an' I'm the first nigga servin'  
Pour some liquor on the curb for my homies that  
deserve  
If I wanna make a million, gotta stay dealin'  
Kinda boomin' 'round the way, think today I make a  
killin'

Dressin' down like I'm dirty but only on the block  
Just a clever disguise to keep me runnin' from the cops

Gettin' high, I think I'll die if I don't get no ends  
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz

I hit the strip, I let my music buck  
Drinkin' liquor an' I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck  
Rather die makin' money, than live poor an' legal  
As I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo

I need money in a major way  
Time to fuck my girl, she gettin' paid today  
I live 'Thug Life' an' let the money come to me  
'Cause they can never take the game from a young G

I'm gettin money  
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Damned if I don't an' damned if a nigga do  
Now watch a young motherfucker pull the trigger too  
Raise up an' don't let them see ya cry  
Dry your eyes, young nigga, time to do or die

I pack a pistol in my pocket, ready on my glock  
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit  
I done seen a motherfucker peep pain  
At point blank range 'cause he slept on the game

Ain't a damn thing changed, they shakin' the dice  
Now roll 'em if you can't stand pain, better hold 'em  
'Cause ain't no tellin' what ya might roll  
You might fold, catch AIDS from a slight cold

You better live ya life to the fullest  
Be quick to kill a bull  
Got a pistol, motherfucker, better pull it  
An' even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a young G

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