

## 2Pac

### "I'm Getting Money"

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Get Money Nigga  
Dedicate this one to all the Hustlas  
That get up every morning and put there work in

I see You Boy

I'm up before the sunrise, first to hit the block.  
Little bad mothafucka with a pocket full of rocks.  
And I'm totin' these thangs, get my skinny little ass  
kicked.  
And niggas laugh, til' tha first mothafucka got blasted.  
I put the nigga in his casket,  
Now they coverin' the bastard in plastic.  
I smoke blunts on a regular fuck when it counts.  
I'm tryin' to make a million dollars outta quarter ounce.  
And get ghost on the five-o, fuck them hos.  
Got a 45 screamin' of survival.  
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some yay-yo.  
Hollar "Five-O" when I say so.  
Don't want to go to the pen, I'm hittin' fences.  
Narcs on a nigga's back, missin' me by inches.  
And they say how do you survive weighin' 155  
In a city where the little niggas die?  
Tell Mama don't cry.  
Cuz even If they kill me  
They can never take the life of a real G  
I'm Getting Money

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'  
pour some liquor on the curb for my niggas that  
deserve it.  
But if I want to make a million, gotta stay dealin'.  
It's kinda boomin' i think today I'll make a killin'.  
Dressin' down like a dirty, but only on the block.  
It's a clever disguise to keep me runnin' from the cops.  
Ha, I'm gettin' high. I think I'll die if I don't get no ends.  
I'm in a bucket with 'em ridin' it like it's a Benz.  
I hate to stip let my music bump,  
Drinkin' liquor, and I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck.  
Rather die makin' money than live poor and legal  
As I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo.

A need money in a major way.  
Time to fuck my Girl, She's gotten' paid  
I live a thuglife and let the money come to me  
Cuz they can never take the game from a young G

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do.  
Now watch a young mothafucka pull a triggga to, RAISE  
UP!  
But don't let them see you cry, dry your eyes  
Young nigga time to do or die.  
I pack a pistol in my pocket,  
Ready on my block.  
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit.  
And now they see that mothafucka beat pain,  
At point blank range cause he slept on the game.  
Ain't a damned thing changed  
Shakin' the dice, now roll 'em,  
If you can't stand pain better hold 'em.  
Cause ain't no tellin' what you might roll.  
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold.  
Better live your life to the fullest,  
Be quick to kill a fool, got a pistol mothafucka better  
pull it.  
And even when they kill me,  
they can never take the life of a young G.

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