

## 2Pac "My Closest Road Dogs"

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Me and my closest Road Dawg nigga
(To my dog big Mussolini)
Big Syke
(Westside)
Thug Life baby
(Outlaw)
The return of the mashes
You know how we do it

Shit, half the times we ball cause trouble, my closest road dawg It was cool 'cause I love ya, fuck what they talkin' 'bout

Let me take you back in time, rewind to 89
Introduced me to this life of crime

But we was blind, little nappy head juveniles living wild No smiles on our faces, thirteen catching cases Indeed it was misery, driven by my own demons 'Cause they was killing me

How can I be sure, I'll be safe soon? Catching me dipping to the light, of the straight moon It's getting deeper now, let me get your mind right Fuck your enemies, nigga grip your nine tight, tonight's the night

Murder murder, Mister Lucifer
Pictures of the Devil, duck when he shoot at ya
It's all political, running from the future, escaping in the
fog
Life your life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road
dawg

Every ghetto got a cross road Waiting on the side with my road dawgs All alone in this scary place called home Take a second, take a minute, they all gone

Every ghetto got a stop sign

Can I trust in you my road dawg hold mine

Even when I'm going through hard times

I still got my closest road dawgs, looking out for all

mine

Bring artillery and roll with a nigga They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga

Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli Boy you'se a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me

Even if I died now

I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now? Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer, ain't tryin' to hear it

Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger

Prepare nigga be aware, 'cause we ain't scared M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggaz disappear Fill 'em up with pistol smoke Never forget to blow a hole in his head for leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road
dawg

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Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug
dealin'

See me in physical form, my niggaz swarm Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggaz 'til they purple

Simon says, take they heads homies
And send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies
Fishin' for fake niggaz, observe and shake niggaz
The only way to see six figures, is break niggaz

Me and Mussolini set to ride we high Big Bogart got the alibi if homicide ask us way Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe To live and die as a millionaire, on

Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dawg

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