

2Pac "Outlaw"

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That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this
motherfucker
I ain't mad at ya at all
Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up
RahRah?
Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' outlaw

That's right nigga, hahaha housin' these hoes, you feel
me?
Aight, know what I'm sayin'
You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?
Keepin' it real
How old are you nigga?
I'm eleven

'Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through
this crime rate
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards
Gunfire now they require may be closed casket

Who can you blame? It's insane what we dare do
Witness an evil that these men do, bitches in, too
In fact they be the reasons niggaz get to bleedin'
Pull the fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen
'em

Hostile hoes catch elbows Negroes disposed of
And snitches get dealt with, with no love
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry

But never worry
They'll remember me through history
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed
They'll label me a

Outlaw, outlaw, outlaw
They came in to sin
Outlaw, outlaw, outlaw
Dear God, I wonder could you save me?

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell
Just as well, 'cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of
these bastards
Excersisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket

Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggaz in masks
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?

High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway
When will they learn to take it easy?
Drivebys and niggaz die, murder without a motive
By making motherfuckers fry

Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass
cops
Helicopters tryin' to hover over niggaz 'til we drop
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, 'cause
she's a lie

Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch
Motherfuckers is crooked, is what I scream, and hit the
fence
I comense to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot
thickens
Never missin' an early grave is my only mission

If I die, never worry
Bury me beside my four-five
May God forgive me
I was high, label me a

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They came in to sin
Outlaw, outlaw, outlaw
Dear God, I wonder could you save me?

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these
wannabe's
I witnessed niggaz lose they chest
For ordinary reasons niggaz bodies put to rest

So I just
Swallow my Beck's and holla, fuck 'em
And if I'm next
Just let a nigga step with somethin' I ain't fearin' nuttin'

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my
destiny
Ready for whatever, see you niggaz can't get the best
of me
Hold me down, definitely no need for askin'
Now he mad, top speed, smokin' weed, blasted

'Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers
cry
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they
sayin'
Talkin' 'bout prayin' they need to stop, that ain't gon'
help
These niggaz sprayin' up my block, tryin' to take my
wealth

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Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge
Punk police, niggaz run the streets
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but muzik
Shit's changed

1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin'
real strange
The rules is all rearranged
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets
These punk police is crooked as me

But all I see is motherfuckers actin' less than G's
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel

'Cause you know these streets is real deal
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards
I never die, thug niggaz multiply

'Cause after me is thug life baby
Then the young thugs
Then the youngest thug of all
My nigga RahRah

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