

2Pac

"Real Bad Boyz (westside)"

Visit "[Real Bad Boyz \(westside\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dee tha Mad Bitch]

What goes on in the mind of a bad boy? Nothin' but
payback
Who's next, the clip, callin' murder could nothin' the
contract
Better watch your back
Since he's makin' that comeback
The 1-87 will stop 'em
The hollow point, will drop ya
Go on, here's a scene for your soul
So take heed when you meet face-to-face, here comes
the grim reaper
You better ????? from the depths of hell
He's a real McCoy
But ain't no stoppin' this girl is bad boy
He ain't no joke
Muthafucka grab your throat
Before you find yourself cut with a blade
As your bloody body lays on top of cement
In front of your president
It was a murder for hire
Hit an innocent child in the crossfire
Now he's confined to a jail
Got shot six times, in his spine
But his mind is still down at the grind
He's willin' to destroy
That's what he lives for, to be a bad boy

Chorus:

Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we commin' at you.
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do, we're comin' after you
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we comin' at you
Bad Boy, Bad Boy, watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do, watch out, we comin' at you

[2PAC]

I got these bustas on my block and they after me
Runnin' 'round tellin' these niggas, how they gonna
capture me
It's gettin' crazy, it's hard to make my mind up
Now should I, buck 'em down, or put my nine up?
You see, I ain't a bad boy, just a boy who had it bad
I graduated from 22's to 3-57 mags
Runnin' on these marks 'fore they stashin'

I ain't askin', give it up, or get to blastin'
The penintnetiary don't scare me
A straight thug nigga, the whole set'll take care of me
And tell me, who the fuck you gonna find
Rough enough to tear these bitch-niggas, this is mine
Now busta, meet my nine, 24 on the grind
I'm sick about mine, and uh, ain't nothin' wrong with
gettin' high
A hustlin'-ass nigga from the projects, I'm makin' loot
And screamin' Thug Life, nigga, when they shoot
They made me a.....

[Chorus]

[Dee tha Mad Bitch]

Now how many bad boys in the house
So hurry boys got the biggest nuts
What the fuck, I gave 'em the blunts
Havin' a grudge against the whole fuckin' world
A 16 shot-block-glock, that'll stop 'em
They're sure to hit the ground
Nothin', bustin' a cap on no more every round
A bad boy is the big, shot on the block
He got knots, bigger rocks for the cops
Before he gets props
So you petty boys, you can't fuck with em'
You can eat the biggies' good friend
Or become a victim of a dead man
It's sad to see, when you end up six-feet deep
So rest in peace, muthafucka, join the pow
he got nothin but the realest style
Flavors when on the mic
and packin' the meal like life
Savers, sweep up on you at night
His grip on tight, and make you take a bite
That's all she wrote, barrel went down your throat
Killin' off these niggas for fun
Murder one, and throw away your gun
He's livin' his life like a soldier
That's what he lives for, to be a Bad Boy

[Chorus]

Visit [2Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.