

2Pac

"Runnin on e feat outlawz"

Visit "[Runnin on e feat outlawz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[2Pac]

If you a bad boy

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

If you a bad boy then you die

Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high

They fucked up when the rob me

Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal]

I focus my locus thought on my enemies

Sip off the Hennessey it's necessary to finish me

I'm in this social immortal when it comes to the phone
book

Jersey them niggas down, they wanna broke 'em before
it's time to smoke 'em Hussain's a terrorist, nigga they
think I'm crazy and creepy

And as we speak they tryin to find me a therapist

Rapid fire I clap and hire till you die a liar

Strap in back to the corners droppin on to spin the tires

My man define ya 357 anaconda

This enough to bring your mama then turn around and
hear the drama

military comradery outlaw till they body me

Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin at Prodigy

Mobb 6 feet deep you try to bust me till death

And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on
fresh

You know the verdict, who what when why he died
murdered

Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[Tupac]

Ever since mama got fucked and papa ducked out
Look at us murderous thugs showin less love in the
drug house

Similar to savage it's a wonder we manage

Bring chaos causin damage on our quest for cabbage

They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it

Most wanted by the population murdered you for it

Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without

release

Criminal orders across the waters bringin the war to the streets

Why fear me, fear the shit I speak

Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin street

like the sound of police who run the street really

And every hood let you grow

from the hustlaz up at Harlem to the shot callers in O'

And though, Congress, don't want us to progress we stress

My homie buried at an early age hustled to death

His last breath, a lesson I posses like jewels

Stay thugged out keep it movin'

[Yaki Khadafi]

We halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets

Sort of like thugs and narcotics when they walk the beat

You speak of beef pussy throw down and drop it

Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket

Getting mine with nine coked extorting

Block shots with 22's with my socks with the butt hangin out the chalk

You never seen time I travel across the dream crime

My rolls like a million dollar bills folded in green slime

With my foes erased drink my henney straight no chasin

Catch my body like haitian 5 minutes from the station

[Young Noble]

Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence

No fingerprints that means there ain't no evidence, so I proved that I weren't present At the scene of the crime

around 10 niggas bleed

After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed

The money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it

Bust a cap and freak with, bow down on your knees shit

The glock to your head nigga, don't let inside action

Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, shot fucken backwards

Little homies puttin work for stripes

But is it worth your life in g-rides runnin red lights

I wish somebody would have told me then

Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in

Caucassian crazy like Arabians

Hold this spot like some niggas fade me in having the scene chase me

When they want the product nigga I got the smoke
Got the weed and the coke what you need what you
want
What you working with I'm on some old some immortal
shit
Outlawz we straight hurtin shit use artillery to murder
with
Put then on the box gangsta party like Pac
Lifes hard from the ox me and my niggas on top

[2Pac: repeat 5X]

I know the law hate me dearly, comin for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin on E

[Nuttso]

With the leaded Pac, fuck the law
Carry steel cause I live in the nigga side of the law
Ridin' foes cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin
Quick to blow and dispose if you plot on hittin
Ridin high, blazing, kryptonite got a nigga dazing
Burpin and smurkin got on his knees before I grave em
Ride em, look behind him, I see him, he slipping
At a stop light in a growin night, this motherfuckers
trippin
Slide over so I can dip and put it in him
Damn, I bet this motherfuckers loading the semi
Hit the pedal now we high speeding
With my metal trying to make these motherfuckers die
speeding
Up the way I seen him slow down
Shit!! I think I'm gonna bust these hoes down
Caught them runnin on e it kind of funny to me
They know they was fuckin with me but they dumb to
see

[2Pac]

Open up fire watchin me spy when my shells split em
Plus all them trick-niggaz bitching can go to hell with
em
Fuck em they phony claimin they homies but they foes
Speakin on thug niggas daily while we nailing they
hoes
Explode boldly at my stage shows in formation
Words known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation
Crooked thoughts cops get bought no longer caught
Out on bail raising hell nigga fuck what you thought
Did you cry when my girl died?
Put out the hit politic niggas worldwide grabbin my dick
I'll never learn take away the pain with sherm
Throwin gas on my enemies watchin them burn
Kamikaze, I'm shootin up the casket take the body

Whip the corpse like a pinata and party
His last breath a straight lesson I posses like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin

Chorus till fade

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

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