

## 2Pac

### "T - Last Wordz"

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Ice cube's in the mutha-fuckin' house  
the nigga you love to hate  
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[ICE CUBE]

Yo, here comes the nigga with the ruff, terror  
the paranoid, gots to get the boy  
Get your steel cuz I feel like a headbanger  
Yah, I got a gang of shits, styles guns  
my uzzie wieghts a mutha-fuckin' ton  
bucking down one, bucking down two,  
bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you  
Pigs were blue, I where black, nothing but black  
Cause god damn its a brand new payback  
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga  
on tha trigga the zigga the zag the nickel the bag  
the nigga the sag the forty five mag. got you runnin'  
like a fag  
So, keep your mutha-fuckin' jokes  
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs  
No yokes but smokes  
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers  
get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for  
cars

Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house  
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[Ice T]

O to the mutha fuckin G I break crazy  
a lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me  
Stop me clock me cops wanna glock me

mutha fuck mutha fuck pigs can't stop me  
UHH, am I a G, I got proof  
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof  
with a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope Tupac string  
a nigga up  
[?Hit the mob dope?]  
So whats up Punk  
You want what I got step to me wrong fuck around and  
get shot  
Your moms crying fuck her bust her  
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her  
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit  
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat  
Ninety three suckas want me to go out  
Throw the hoe out, bitch mutha fucker I'm rich

Tupac's in the mutha fuckin' house  
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Got any last wordz

[Tupac]  
Now they're after me, why? cuz a niggas black  
Sit back  
Ain't afraid to pull a trigger back  
Let 'em come step to a real mutha-fucker  
[Boom, Boom] Mama ain't raised no suckers  
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass  
kicked  
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets?  
Mutha-fucker rednecks all the same  
Feel a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained  
That's why we burn shit and wreck  
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet  
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price  
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life  
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead  
Dred, jheri curl, process, or bald head  
Be prepared for the smoke to bust  
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up  
United we stand divided we fall  
They can shoot one nigga  
But they can't take us all  
Let's get along with the Mexicans  
And we can all have peace on the sets again  
Imagine that if it took place [ha ha ha]  
Keeping the smile off their white fakes  
I ain't racist but lets trade places

Trace the hate 'n face it  
One nigga teach two niggas  
three teach four niggas  
And them niggas teach more niggas  
And when we blast  
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard  
And them is my last wordz

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