

2Pac

"U Don't Have To Worry"

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Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride
with me nigga
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin car man
Yo why you trippin man? Get in the fuckin car man
Get in the fuckin car.. get in the car
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car
cause you, you think niggaz gon' be blastin at it
It ain't even that deep baby)

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggaz are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, we Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown
My unknown tendencies to mash my car
Getting wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and
dump
Why niggaz run I'm the last one standin the rest die
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit
Niggaz die by my orders when I wrote this shit
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters
Niggaz tried to kill me, and I fed they wife and they
daughters
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin past
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life
Retaliation proves niggaz never caught me right
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck quick
Bullshit nigga cause I'm still fuckin yo' bitch
Niggaz got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

Don't remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it
once.. more
Yo' niggaz know, you ain't fucking with them Out..lawz
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin

Don't nobody give a fuck cause you done crossed the
game
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it
Scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the
do'
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin the flo'
We dirty as the motherfuckin streetz of Jerz
We sweep niggaz with the words though the heat's
preferred
Holla

You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggaz are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks
know

'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin car wit'cha
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God
nigga
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone
Heavy in the game and we coming for they fuckin
throne
The love is gone well it is what it is
And plottin on us, they best be prayin for they kids,
mayne
You don't have to worry cause I ride for ya
Like K said over loyal even tell bout a lie for ya
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya
And when it get to poppin I'ma fuckin ball for ya
And everything I do gon' have your names on it
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest
You studio niggaz still remind your vest
Why the fuck you ain't done yet swallow yo' teeth
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat
If your life in another nigga hand, you deaded
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't
sweat it
Another fake nigga usin my strengths to get credit
I mean (?) face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty
But now I'm a rider, connivin gutsy

And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?
And I think I'm goin crazy cause my hair is gettin thinner
I've been drinkin on the daily, I can hardly remember
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me
I sleep light, I wake peekin out my window
With guns under my mattress and guns under the
pillow
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me
But don't twist it cause none of y'all niggaz worry me

What the fuck you didn't know?
Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow
You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no
dizoubt
Y'all niggaz can't fade me with the clippers
We put it down, look around, 'til we find you we hound
Penitentiary bound, to remind you

Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click
Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin through your chimney like
Kris Kringle
On some shit, get me free to let my ice click
Ka-pling, ka-plow, I been a thug shootin slugs since a
child

Let the punks know

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