

2pac "Untouchable"

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Motherfuckers kill me
Why y'all niggas don't wanna talk that shit
When we be in the physical form?
Why y'all niggas get all shy
When we right there next to you at the premiers and
shit?

Y'all niggas get a lot of heart when you get up in the
studio, huh?
Yeah there came a man motherfucker wanna talk shit
on the mic
Well, do this for me would ya?
Next time you get the notion to talk some shit about an
outlaw nigga
Or a nigga on the westside, the best side

Call me, call me nigga, reach out and touch a nigga
'Cause if you don't do that and I hear one of you niggas
Sayin' something on the record
Expect me nigga like you expect Jesus to come back
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'

From the pressure, yeah
You know how we do it, outlaw
Ride on these suckas

After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's
pain
Even though we broke for the moment, balling again
Time to make y'all my military be prepared for the
busters similar to
Bitches to scary get to near me we rush 'em

Visions of over packed prisons million's of niggas thug
living
Pressure's, three strikes I hope they don't test us
So pull the heat out, ammunition in crate's
Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

I'm sensing niggas is defenseless I'm hitting fence's
then getting ghost
Who can prevent me shooting senseless at these

niggas throats
Only wish to breed I explode into a million seeds
Y'all remember me legendary live eternally

Bury me in pieces 'cause they fear reincarnation
Niggas screaming peace 'cause they fear when my
squad face 'em
Take 'em to places, stake they face then erase 'em and
brake 'em
Murder motherfuckers at a rate and then quicken the
pace

Bitch made niggas and that bullshit you goin' through
Outlaw bustin' while we rushin', we untouchable
Fuck you niggas and that bullshit you going through
We outlaws rushing you busting you, we untouchable

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Aiyo we won't stop, I let them four four pop
Tanqueray and alize man niggaz get shot
I smokin' on some [Incomprehensible] baby, you know
it's so gravy
Calico's, AK's, niggas yellin' mayday

Payday, soon as the red dots connect
All that haze and that dro', that Cali sticky icky
Strictly 213, 818
323, 310 we outlaws baby

I'm surrounded by thugs, slugs with crystal's and
pistols, callin'
Copy murderers that be softer than tissues
Got my persona soulja dedicated to the fuckin' drama
My foes, retreat like crows when opposed by pros

Mashin' like piranhas or a pack of pits
Bodies get wasted, paper chasin' tryna stack a grip
Then my mob touched for lots of loot to clutch
Clinging for a life which ain't much and a lust for these
guns to bust

Ain't no trust
For these herbs tryna question
Keep my burner on the dresser
Wake up bustin' in the morning from the pressure

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I never had a chance to be a buster, I was raised hard
With the homies sheddin' tattoo tears out near the
graveyard
I rep my outlaws deeply
Done seen to many real playas fall, to let the industry
cheat me

Only behind the scenes do they see me as Tupac
The Don in this bitch with two glocks, I'm wrong
The homies still gon' roll and standin' with ya biggest G
You still gon' fold I can guarantee you a loss

The homie Pac told me, I can guarantee you a boss
And it was him for a brief minute
Far as my life since he disappeared I still ain't found
peace in it
But still strugglin' like Mumia Abu

It was 'bout to end truly, I knew, named my daughter
Asada
For that alone, make her more than a rider
Got every homie trigga finga under the set
Dope or guaranteed now my one-o-one'll connect

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