

2Pac "Uppercut"

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I wanted to bring back that reality, but nobody
Can ever be confused and think I'm fuckin Mike Tyson
And I'm a heavyweight champion, I'm a little nigga
That's why its so raw to just watch me just battle lions
'Cause I'm a little skinny nigga battlin' niggas three
times my size
Watch this uppercut, here it come, watch the jab nigga
Here it come, look out, watch my arms

Lets see so many motherfuckers wanna take a piece
Comin' equipped with some shit niggas just can't
believe
I pull a trick from my sleeve now kamikazee
I'm all over that nigga, come identify the body
My middle finger to you hoe niggas
Run up on me and I'll be forced to let it go nigga
I ain't the one you wanna try, why? Stayin' high
Hit the blunt, watch these motherfuckers die

Whose runnin' the streets, I sell that cocaine
'Cause in the the dope game, niggas'll die 'fore
They go broke mayne another hustler makin' major
cash
'Til the punk police come raid your ass
Now you stressed doin' fed time, and its a bitch
'Cause the judge gave you 8 years, you doin' 6
And we know that you can't hang, you a trick
Rolled over turned snitch like a biatchhhh

Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from the uppercut, fucked, so what's up
nigga?
Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from this uppercut, stuck, so what's up
nigga?

They got a nigga in the dice game, I'm feelin' lucky
But the nigga's just a little bigger, he tryna fuck me
Out my cash, I'm ma blast nigga, he don't know
I gotta tell ya like the last nigga, gotta go
No need to run for the trunk, I get em' up
Left or right, my uppercut'll hit em' up

I'm known to walk the streets on any block
I love my niggas but I ain't puttin' down my glock

The gun shots rang when I lose nigga and ooh nigga
I'm ma show you not to ever play a true nigga
Lay it down just to prove it
And fuck the rappin' motherfucker, we can do this

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Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
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They claim that we violent, we named after tyrants
This revolution won't be televised, we keep it silent
Roll on our enemies, beat em' at they own game
Molotov cocktails, releasing up in flames
Tired of bein' stepped on, sick of bein' held back
Lookin' through my rear view, thinkin' bout the pay back
Wanna see my kids grow, don't know if I'm ma make it
though
One more nigga came up short in the ghetto

Society lied to me so I'm strapped with the metal
Push ya middle finger up nigga if you a rebel
Have ya face down goin' in ya pockets if ya let em'
I done lost too many homies for me to ever forget em'
I done made so many mistakes but still I don't regret
em'
I'm a product of the pimp, the pusher, and the
reverend
I'm a product of the block, the fiends, and the felons
We all lost souls tryina find our way to heaven

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To all the comrades no longer with us
See you when we get there
'Pac, Yak, we gon' keep on ridin'
Give these cowards the uppercut
'Til we get up there with ya'll, you know
Thug life, we still livin' it outlaw for life
In the name of the don, lets go

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