

2Pac f/ Crooked I

"2 of Amerika's Most Wanted"

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[Intro: Crooked I]

Turn the lights out

I'm with from the motherfuckin top

I'm with Tupac in this Bitch

Capitol R shit, nigga aw shit

It's the Row Mixx bitch

Let 'em know, nigga

[Verse 1: Tupac & Crooked I]

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture

Bomb the hoochies with precision

My intensions' to get richer

With the S-N- Double O-P, Dogg my motherfuckin'
homie

Youse a cold ass nigga on them hoes

And it goes

I got both heaters cocked

And I'm ready to ride

Whoever's ready for beef

Better be ready to hide

75 shots for whoever survives

Yeah, niggaz leave the scene, but never alive

I'm in a cut-up-drop with a slut up top

I got a come up plot, don't come up shot

What up Pac?

So now they got us laced

Two multimillionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases

Bitches get ready for the throw down

This shit's about to go down

Aw, me and Snoop about to clown

I'm losin' my religion, I'm vicious on these stool
pigeons

You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules
missin'

Niggaz be actin' like they savage, they out to get the
cabbage

I got nothin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish

Yeah, we livin' lavish y'all
Getting' cabbage is our habit y'all
Before it's over, Ima have it all
Have your broad in a camisole
With the cameras on
Countin' money while I ram it dog
They been hatin' since they ran with the blue
Let my enemies witness me in a new blue infinity coupe
Sippin' Coke mixed with Hennessey too
Whoever ain't a friend of me in this Industry
Is finna be brew, yeah you

Now follow as we ride
Motherfucker the rest, two of the best from the
Westside
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how can they blame us
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these, motherfuckin' G's
If you got it better flaunt it
Another warrant, two of Amerikaz most wanted

[Hook: Crooked I]
Westcoast, Tha Row mix nigga
Ain't nothing but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It's Tha Row with the worldwide gangsta party

[Verse 2: Tupac & Crooked I]
Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery and suffering is greef
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me
I bust and flea, these niggaz must crazy what
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fake the
thugs
You thought it was but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a Boss Playa

Boss Playa
Get the money and floss later
We all paid us, scratch 'em out like a cross fader
I'm Darth Vader, strapped like a violator
Them Southern Cal Streets is wild as Al Qaeda
Better watch it if you comin' to bang
Ride first class here, leave under the plane
You mislead, you better of tryin' to spread love
Brand New West, I'm the head Thug

They tell me not to roll with my glock

So now I got a throw away
Floatin' in a black Benz
Tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block
Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga Dogg and me, eternally the most wanted

[Hook: Crooked I]
Westcoast, Tha Row mix nigga
Ain't nothing but a gangsta party
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It's Tha Row with the worldwide gangsta party

Yeah, D. Vegas, Crooked I, Makaveli
Without them weak ass niggaz
Capitol R niggaz
Yeah Row In Peace

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