

2Pac f/ Snoop Dogg

"Wanted Dead or Alive"

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[Chorus: 2Pac] Two of the livest wanted dead or alive
(holler if ya hear me) [echos] Two of the livest wanted
dead or alive Two of the livest wanted dead or alive
(holler if ya hear me) [echos] Two of the livest wanted
dead or alive [Verse 1: 2Pac] Got me up against the
fence, back against the wall Get to acting like a fool,
cause ain't no justice for the dogg Got to take it out on
all y'all, better read the papers all my homies going
crazy baby only God could save us. Got my mind on
currency hurry I ain't worried It's a gangta party, so
Bad Boy gettin buried Snoop Dogg, what they
fantasize? (Snoop: fantasize) When we ride, it's a must
adversaries die, every time [Verse 2: Snoop Doggy
Dogg] I'm so smooth about my paper, check it just how
it's done I'm servin any on a platter Snoop Dogg
Coleone Coleone, now do you know what that mean? A
Teflon Don to this hip-hop game, super supreme It's
like what happen can happen but will it stop that won't
happen I'm feelin good about the mission for jacking
Yo partner, can you feel me? Why these fools, trying to
kill me? It's so hard to stay focused on my eyes and
prize but if I don't, the Dogg won't survive. [Chorus]
[Verse 3: 2Pac] We balling in my opinion eternal was
wild wheel spinning One simple a minute is
represented for five minutes Two of the livest wanted
dead or alive We riders inverters because we ain't
quiet and watch the G's ride Two of Amerikkaz most,
straight out the West Coast Bow down fool this is Death
Row (Snoop: for life) Been waiten way too long, fresh
out the pen, now it's on C'mon Snoop Dogg, time to
bone. (Snoop: ha ha) [Verse 4: Snoop Doggy Dogg]
Ain't nuttin changed too down to hang I slang a bang
with a rhyme Me and my homey Pac tripping Death Row
on knobs Strong survivor by Eastside of DPG 'z Still
creeping bumping through the hood, always involved
in the streets (2Pac: Westside!) It's Doggy Dogg
homey, did you forget who I was... [Chorus] [Verse 5:
2Pac] Ain't no love for a real G You straight cowards all
you playa haters kill me Throw up your hands if you
feel me We gettin dollars, homey holler if you hear me
One time for my comrades doing bad lock down Fresh

out bust the top and bounce drop down Can you
visualize perfection? Cause every rider in my set
labeled a vet best in their profession Don't hold your
breath, stick to Smith and Wessun Steady study your
lessons to keep the crowd guessing Chorus [2x] Two of
Amerikkaz most, straight out the West Coast...

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