

## **Jim Jones**

# **"Tupac Joint"**

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Rumors that were said, shot in cold blood  
Two up in my head, can't talk phone bugged  
Somebody want me dead but I'm still flossin'  
I rock my jewelry through the scurriest streets

I keep my ears to the streets and I ain't scared of police  
Lord knows that I got various beefs  
So could you pray for the week  
You know the rules play on the sheet  
So we hustle everyday of the week

That's why we fuck up all the paper we see  
We hit the clubs, fuckin' ladies for free  
Getting drunk off and hazin' the V  
And every couple days we get swept  
Around the clock we bumpin' and clickin'  
You gotta watch cause when they come they be blitzin'

Now this is for my homies and my thugs  
One million in the truck and the chrome full of sluts  
(Fully automatic)

You fuckin' phonies you'll get plugged  
(Boom, bang)  
I'm a ghetto nigga for life, the streets is in my blood  
(Dipset)

Now this is for my homies and my thugs  
One million in the truck and the chrome full of sluts  
(Fully automatic)

You fuckin' phonies you'll get plugged  
(Boom, bang)  
I'm a ghetto nigga for life, the streets is in my blood  
(Byrdgang)

Ya niggaz dyin', while you other niggaz is hidin'  
Might be strapped, but you runnin' and ain't ridin'  
So I'm slidin' to the place down the hill, where the  
homies is murda  
And when its poppin' down to kill on the real

The only way a motherfucker try to survive  
Is knowin' that he 'bout to die and ride  
I told Face he was the realest in the game  
And he smiled and told me 'Pac was the realest that  
they came

In the jungle, I walk like I'm the king of the beasts  
So when you duck huntin', keep movin' 'cause I'm  
swingin' the heat  
I might go out of town, move fakin' is none of that  
And never leave up out the hood, the way I can't come  
back

Fuck that, Hussein in the street game frame  
Life is a struggle, so with the heat take aim  
I'm ghetto, don't ever think I'm him its not me  
'Cause I love this motherfucker like pills in a hot tea

Now this is for my homies and my thugs  
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(Fully automatic)

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(Byrdgang)

Why ya act like I'm new to this? Mack to the Uzi clip  
When it comes to beef, we all packed like Luis Rich  
Battlin' is Ludacris, half of ya uterus  
Matter fact, Jimmy, pass me the Kufi List

What you think niggaz got goons for?  
The mass menace at ya door like a costume ball  
(Hello)  
My flow is like when you throw a 'Pac tune on  
The only time you get tax is when you cop new gaurds  
dog

I make it happen with no sarcasm  
So it ain't the station wagon when you see me dodge  
magnums

(Get it)  
If I don't hit you when the clip fills  
Like the show off the blind date, ya know the fifth will

Break niggaz like big bills when it peels  
Sit still, shit's real, listen you a kid's meal  
And I eat those, reload, heat blown  
Keep those kilos 'cause we go beast mode

Now this is for my homies and my thugs  
One million in the truck and the chrome full of sluts  
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