

**M****"Comin Real Again"**

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[2Pac yelling]

guess whos back  
guess whos back muthafucka, big ballin ass  
muthafuckin breed  
givin you what ya need, yea, smokin a gang of weed  
hit them fools nigga

[MC Breed]

come one, come all  
niggas gettin the beat down  
retreat, peeps, feel the heat of the breed sound  
collect facts, then attack like im suppose to  
ya boys goin, aaahhhh, 4 new niggas and them hoes too  
its me, that nigga who aint never got caught  
my mic is smooth as peppa, with a touch of salt  
eat a book of the mark ass niggas i broke  
cause big breed, can do ya why im smokin my dope, try  
to cope  
catch up as this shit gets mental, this chronic got me  
workin my brain  
i need a pencil.  
so i can shake and change the style. but in the  
meanwhile  
i maintain the crowd.  
make moves to improve, so i can get a bigger rep  
the trigger finger strapped, i wanna see another nigga  
step  
i play the cards, and you lost. mista gillagan  
the mighty mad, bad writers comin real again

[2Pac yelling]

buck buck muthafucka. right at your muthafuckin ass.  
this shit too strong for a muthafuckin vest.  
so watch your chest and your dome.  
leave breed the fuck alone.  
we sendin niggas to the fuckin cemetery.

[breed]

they got me thinkin.sittin in the hot spot.  
im straight up havin hard times wanting me a drop top.  
and a phat knot.i aint tryin to hear that 5-0 shit.  
im black,and i was born with a survival kit.  
aint shit to spit,in the beer that im drinkin  
i gotta get paid,i gotta get paid,and thats what a nigga  
be thinkin.  
you sleep hoes,im lookin in peep holes.  
in your 4head,run till your toes is numb,go test your  
broke head.  
breed got niggas on your back once again punk.  
told you aint no future in that shit,but you still front.  
when will they relize,i got the feel again,  
the mighty mad writers comin real again.

[2pac yelling]

buck buck bbbbbbiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnggggg  
thats the motherfuckin sound as we fuckin  
mothafuckas down.  
yea nigga,run but you count out race this motherfuckin  
bullet  
breed,pull it,they cant fade you boy.

[breed]

once mo,toe to toe,i dont think so  
bird sales,and knockin niggas out like ridick boe.  
you aint the play,you know the play well dont say shit.  
get'em,and find your ass gettin off the pathement  
wavin the shit, beggin niggas to just straight quit  
but fuck that,a hard head can get a niggas ass kicked  
i aint lettin up for none,son  
im comin real again.

[2Pac yelling]

yea motherfucker how you wanna play this shit  
we can go toe to toe,glock for glock,block for block  
homie for muthafuckin homie.  
but you muthafuckers gonna feel this nigga this time.  
cause we aint comin back with that old bullshit.  
its too many muthafuckin dead niggas,for me to be  
takin this here bullshit  
thata why theres muthafuckers in the pin now nigga.  
so pull or quit that bullshit. cause i dont wanna hear  
that muthafuckin crap.  
comin real again nigga, thought i told you  
muthafuckers,i thought u knew  
its the muthafuckin real shit muthafucka.100 percent

athentic.  
type of shit you get chronic out to, know what im sayin?  
so do me a muthafuckin fava, and light another  
muthafuckin blunt.  
you know what im sayin? a blunt muthafucka. philly sytle.  
know what im sayin? chronic nigga.  
im talkin bout layed out, played out, phat fuckin funk.  
yea this that kinda shit we kickin in the 9 tre  
muthafucka.  
so all you muthafuckin big ballin ass gangstas  
you put your muthafuckin hand on ya gat.  
and if the police roll up and say turn it down, you burn it  
down mufucka  
cause we comin real again. 19 nigga 3, boy, real  
again, and grabbin steel  
again.

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