

Makaveli

"Life I Lead"

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2Pac]

In this motherfuckin life I lead, sheeit
Hella motherfuckin roadblocks and crooked cops
We still ride though, what side? WESTside

[Verse One: 2Pac]

I want money in large amounts, my garage full of cars
that bounce
Movin my tapes in major weight cause every dollar
counts
Bustas is jealous and half these niggaz is punks
They runnin off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary
Why you frontin like you really bad-ass, nigga you
scary
I been knowin you for years, we was high school peers,
in junior high
I was itchin to kill, and you was, ready to die
Why you bullshittin, niggaz was dyin and catchin cases
Bustin my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign
places
Leavin no trace, they see my face and they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never
worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga it's how it is
Homey got into a fight last night, that killed his kids

[Chorus: 2Pac]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's make my enemies bleed
When you see me nigga holla my set, and watch 'em
ride
Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die, in this life I lead
Fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's make my enemies bleed...
When you see me nigga holla my set, and watch 'em
ride
Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die, in this life I lead

[Verse Two: Young Noble] + (2Pac)

I ain't a killer but don't push me dawg
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God
(whatchu doin nigga?)
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my twenty-three
years
My vision is blurry, the money is clear (hahaha)
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin (yeah
nigga)
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious
(Westside nigga, you know how we do it!)
It happen that fast, split second you gone
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor
For Kadafi the Prince I stack dough like I clocked all the
bricks
With a watch on my wrist dawg, I know the time these
days
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way (NIGGA)
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that
Whatever you took, we takin it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlawz we still buildin the Thug Nation, holla at ya
homey

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Napoleon]

It ain't nuttin but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin hot
Got a problem ol' fag-ass nigga, kick rocks
{*censored*} on the phone and that nigga talkin crazy
I don't know, who to blame, him or {*censored*} killin
babies
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel
Only got one, shot to produce on every level
This is bags I must, go the max I must
Nigga I came from not much, so money I clutch
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm
When they think they was in the right I prove they movin
wrong
I'm a, hardcore, product of the ghetto
Been blessed with a show, to equal my {?} (damn)
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains
Switchin to the left lane I'm playin my hands
And I'm plottin on the fortune, it's gettin hot and
scorchin
I'm diggin like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Outlawz] + (2Pac)

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced ta

Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer (wassup Kurupt?)
Steady seducin us and now I'm all for it
This the, life for me and the law can't spoil it (riiight)
So you can call it what the fuck you want
But I'ma ballin alcholic with a sawed-off pump (nigga!)
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac
So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'
Been puttin in work, so I walk with a bop
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a glock (no mistakes)
Thug livin, uhh, what the fuck'd be better?
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin together

[Verse Five: E.D.I.]

Nah, uhh
We on a mission fo' mo', gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fuckin with you most just crooks and niggaz
about they flow
Tryin to live Godzilla
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy, to an ANYBODY killer
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand
Stand firm, nuts and my pride, now let's burn
Bound to the fam goin down swingin
Holdin my ground and we the last ones breathin
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches
So many killings it's senseless
So in this life I lead, I stay protected
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm
Now all my hustlin motherfuckers, get your money,
sing along

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

This motherfuckin life I lead nigga
You know what time it is
Westside, Death Row (Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer
Bad Boy killer, {?} killer (Thug Life, Death Row)
E'rybody killer, fuck all y'all niggaz
If it ain't Westside nigga it ain't poppin, that's on my
momma

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