

## MC Breed "Gotta Get Mine"

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{chorus}

I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours  
I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours  
I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours  
Get yours

[Mc breed]

Smooth as a wanna be, for quickly you a gonna be  
{o that's the way it is}  
Fuck yea and that's the way it's gonna be  
Why, puffin on a dank and drinking mad brew  
Taking names and after that I'm kickin ass too.  
Breed, kinda of tha{can I get a ryme to go}  
Hey yo pac I'll set back and design it slow.  
They hate to see a young nigga, COME UP  
Another punk, RUN UP  
And have to get his, GUN UP  
Cause um I aint takin no shorts, like a newport,  
explortin the fully joint and  
Explodin on the whole court.  
And I don't wanna be, wanna be, nuttin like mike  
Cause even mike don't miss every itty bitty triflin  
And when you in the spotlight, you get um jocked right  
But your lifes not tight.  
Buckin anybody forbed mine  
When will they relize, I'm set out to get mine

{chorus}x6

[2Pac]

I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind  
Finga on the triggga, nigga, hand on my nine  
Smokin blunts a skunk, makin hoes of punks  
And only underground funk bumpin outta my trunk  
Live my life as a hustla, high till I die  
Meetin bitches, gettin riches, miss me when lie  
Picture me living out my life as a busta  
I ratha pop out a shot out my glock, and blast  
muthafuckas  
I live that thug life baby I'm hopeless, chokin off indo

Tryin to keep my focus  
Don't let that bullshit worry me, fuck the fame, I'm true  
to the game  
Till they bury me  
God gave me game so I'm hustlin, pour out some  
liquor for my niggas  
2pac is still strugglin  
My niggga breed new the time, wether it's ryhme or  
crime, nigga, I gotta get mine

{chorus}x6

Now let me rushing threw your mind, I'm balla is what I  
keep gettin  
Everytime I pick up the mic and start spittin  
The sidewalk of new york will start bumpin  
Jumpin around, with the muthafuckin pound  
And I'm down to the fullest, and breakin niggas ass off  
proper  
Did you right, that's right, cause I got you in my pocket  
again  
The new jacks, the new jacks, use to be my niggas  
when I ran way back when  
I boasted, and roasted, and coasted to the clinical  
cause I'll do it again.  
Like percision, cut the two lines in the division.  
Plus, what I add loose as flutes. it's gaming foe sale  
like prostitutes.  
I never had love for hoes, to put it blunt.  
They want me in the back, but bitch I'm in the front.  
Don't front, and really I don't need a reply.  
Pull yourself together as you pass me bye.  
I'm on a whole nother level, them hoes is left  
I told you befoe, keep ya pussy to yourself  
Goodbye, some many niggas lied to have  
Funny what a muthafucka do for math  
I got rats caught up in my everday actions, point  
Equal to your realist satisfaction  
Buckin anybody that forbid mine  
When will they reelize, I'm set out to gwt mine

{chorus}x6

Eternally thug nigga Hilfigure made by Tommy  
So when I speak hope to reach my? mommy  
Oh come to poppy  
I love it when you sweat? more peeps  
Until I come to wake no one can stop me  
My bump and grind  
Coming through ya everytime  
Come get a blast of this thu passion

It'll blow your mind  
Hey throw up your?  
Your shit around my back  
It's a westside bang fucking hoes around the map  
Get down with Tupac while I'm? out?  
While they suduce my jimmy I'll  
Be screaming give me body  
Make then hoes scream my name out  
Give me my? and don't cha?  
Thug nigga?  
I'm at the freaking parade  
I'm watching caramel bitches play  
Get with real niggas bullshitting never get your pay  
This is the dream of a black tenn  
Hoes cross-country like a greedy crack fiend  
Now come on

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