

Crooked I

"Dear Tupac"

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yeh man the west aint the same without you(aint the same)
its crazy out here
write this letter to my nigguh tupac
yeah dear makeveli what it dont do
know its your boss day nigguh thats why i wrote you
all eyes on me yeah im taking over the coast 2
your songs still thin and music think for the things i go through
me aganist the world so all i could do is breath fire
death around the cornor so i grab my rubba and
squeez tire
for my ambitions as a east sida, rida, words inspired
by you so now ima reach higha
probably shed so many tears before i retire but thugs
cry just increase our desire
to get what we require till the chore sings for me even
when i earn my wings ima be flyer
picture me rolling in a navy blue mercede time is
passed
brendas baby got a baby
i tell her keep her head up
tell me she fed up say rappers are soft now
one of this niggus is scarder
and your musiic used to warm her like a bear hug
i tell her i put my greasly down like a bear run
dont worry i ride or die nigguh lalalalal
im rapping strictly for my niguhs never ignorant getting
goals accomplished
and im tossing bitches up man im fucking hoes
unconsious
since you been gone the whole coast is non sense not
enough humadiy cocking up the progress
everybody got killers on there pay roll should be killing
the industry and making pesos..
and sipping thug passion by the case lows
pac watch how i make the coast change cloths
light up taylors but i aint in em the new gangsta due to
products sneaks and high n invent em why the fuck
should i follow trent when i invent em
the louie V hubi P roll by atlantem

i tell em like you say
i aint mad at cha
i tell em if i was mad at cha id point a mack atcha
all i need is this life of sin
is a mack 10 and a black pen
so i could write something to inspire the black men
cops running and shooting because we got black skin
like you did back then
perhapes then
i got reach out to our brothers of other mothers and
grab them
im on a misson down here to reach kids
kids listen to me down here i tell em to dream big
not a roll model tho im what a g is
my last day free beef with suge and 3 pigs..
im rebel minded like joanna mopra i carry on in ur
tridition
i let your mama know that
when i was at her house with the outlaws im out spoken
but im not a rebel without cause
im not a monster without claws
im a beast razor sharp teeth
i eat piece nigguh swallow and sounds raw
naw nobody be fucking with me makeveli
im after my [?] even if i have to jack a dally
im a lunatic fuck it i should rap with nelly im in the belly
of a spider of black a relly trying inspire of new nations
and young thugs
ill matic number 7 nigguh one love
one love my nigguh
rest in peace
thug in peace
makeveli
west coast stand the fuck up
yeah
i forgot to say this
C.O.B

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