

Tupac

"Life Of An Outlaw"

Visit "[Life Of An Outlaw](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the life we live as thugs,
Everbody fuckin wit us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man.
Ridin wit my gun in hand.

Why explain the game? Niggas ain't listenin.
Stuck in positions. If victims can't stand the heat,
Then stay the fuck out the kitchen.
Have these bustas switchin, lookin at me mean.
Itchin, givin suckas plenty space.
Have these bitch niggas snitchin.
Where are we now? Guns found daily.
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me for
sellin dope.
They backwards, make tracks burst whenever I rap.
Attack. Words bein known to explode on contact.
Extreme at times. Blinded by my passion and fury.
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin my
jewelry.
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me. Truely
effective.
The shit you heard ain't do me justice. Got a death
wish, bitch.
Run up, face me and trace wit an infared beam.
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team.
Ain't nobody holdin you back. Explode the track to
confetti.
Unload it. Cuz niggas ain't ready. The life of an outlaw.

[Chorus repeats]

Code 3. Attack formation. Pull out your pistols.
Keep an eye out for the devils cuz they itchin to get
you.
Mercy to this madman screamin kamikaze in tongue.
Automatic gunfire makin all my enemies run.
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin.
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream.
Dope got me hatin fiends. Scheam wit my team, just a
chosen few.
My foes victim of explosives. Come closer. Exhale the
fumes.

We got memories fadin fast. A slave for cash.
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash.
Don't look now. How you like it, raw.
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws. Never
surrender.
Death is for a son to stay free. I'm thugged out.
Fuck the world cuz this is how they made me.
Scarred but still breathin.
Believe in me and you could see the victory.
A warrior with jewels. Can you picture me?
Life of and outlaw.

[Chorus repeats]

City under siege. It's like I can't even breathe.
I'm from the state of car theives. G, deep from the
street.
Plenty beef. I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime
scene.
Mobb Deep. This nigga from behind tryin to creep.
No halves wit no straps, jack.
It's on to bounce back.
And an ounce so fat, they snatch my style ?
Get this grip wit hollows to get cha.
Snip wit clippers. Get the picture?
I wrote my life down like a scripture.

And I'm still on lost in the land of the lonely.
Where ain't nobody holy. A matter of a fact, we unholy.
Everybody livin soley for themselves. Too hostile on a
land hell.
Somebody need me. You know we lost hope and we
needin it.
Wit the evil it's forever. But it might be low down,
scandalouz
Like a tramp is. All for the street fame on how to be
managed.
To plan shit. 6 months in advaced to what we plotted.
Approved to go on swole and now I got it.

Un uh, crack my window. Knowin they'd love to catch
Kastro sleepin.
Attach a strap under my pillow and a hand like we
freakin.
Creepin deep into morning. Peepin out the weak.
While they yawnin and let my cloud speak for it's self.
No doubt. Outlaw. Outta my mind, outta time. You're all
blind.
Some kind of life of mine Kato don't mind.
Findin it funny, matter of fact, cuz it is.
Perhaps finally I look at that true over the years as an

outlaw.
Eh, Noble.
What's up nigga.
Would you die for me, nigga?
Hell yeah.
Would you kill for me?
On my grandmother, nigga.
Ah yo.
What's up.
Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now.
Watch out.

Well now they all say they roaches and parasites.
Snakes and all they might
Thug Life break night.
Drink till we fist fight.
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest.
But there won't be no breathing for the reason
Punk bitch on your breath.
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark.
So chase ?
Beware foolin marks.
And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left for
PO's belly.
And let me bust back to them niggas till they all sweaty.

Visit [Tupac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.