

Pac Div

"Locked"

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[Pacewon]

Uh-huh.. yo, uh-huh

Yo I got it locked like the mob on my block

The local rap star that the fine women watch

My sister used to say that I shoulda been a cop

'til I pulled up in the fully tinted drop

Until I rapped on the ninety-six album of the year

Now she don't think I'm so weird

Now when I pop in the tape she wanna listen

Kissin my ass; like back in ninety-five she wasn't dissin

Now I got a deal and I'm steppin with a piston

C.O. executive position

The wisdom of a man doin life inside prison

All he do is read, smoke stogs, and be liftin

The vision of how I can overcome the system

Pace will be a legend in his time like Sonny Liston -

locked

Yo I got it locked, on the real I got it locked

Rollin with the kids that wanna rock

Yo no doubt I got it locked, word life I got it locked

Whip my 540 on your block

Yo don't try to look hard like you holdin down the spot

Don't try to look away like you ain't on the jock

Cause I'm comin with the Outz and we takin whatchu

got

Beefin like B.I.G. and Tupac

Yo I got it locked like the Feds that be watchin where

you plot

Locked like Gotti, but headin for the top

Get my money up, push Hummers off the lot

L and registration, ridin with a fox

Set to "Wild Out" like I'm runnin with The L.O.X.

Don't make me put you in a pine box - locked!

It's like Pacey-come-lately, happy-go-lucky

Beat y'all kids like, "Pappy don't snuff me"

Don't want her if she ugly, two-faced or chubby

Keep my mother lookin lovely, give her money

See I need the finest in life, cameras and lights

Hammers and ice, people feel me - the good stuff!

Blow my whole neighborhood up, glad I stood up
Put flavor in your mix like sugar
Lock your girl down like Booker; never fall in love with a
hooker
Or cracked out broads that smoke cook-up
Could be she fine now well off and she a looker
And know how to work the pressure cooker
But drugs is more addictive than love, kisses and hugs
People slip and get hung, grippin they lung
My nigga gettin this money is my number one agenda
Tie your raps up like, "please return to sender"

Locked - I got it locked, no doubt I got it locked
Mixin up the beef with the brat
Yo on the real I got it locked, you see I got it locked
Underground never go pop
Baby heads all bring they friends we drop, do the wop
Gettin mad bent off the gin and the scotch
I'm hittin off the skins then I'm audi from the spot
Locked!

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