

## Al Pac

### "R.I.P. Sean Bell"

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Hook

Max B:

Let's get these riches 'fore they lock us up  
They comin', let's get up outta here, yeah  
Tryna get these riches 'fore they lock us up, they  
comin'  
Oh shit, shit  
Tryna get these vests 'fore they pop us up, they gunnin'  
Rest in peace Sean Bell  
She said that lovin' you give me is not enough  
Keep it a hunned

Verse 1

Max B:

Yeah, I pop that Cru and fill the cup up to the line, take  
a swig  
I don't wig, I just taste it wit'a big  
Had to taste 'em with that cig', couple blocks ya off  
bounds  
It's hard to dip it nigga with that 4 pound  
Max is in The Source now, XXL  
Stuntin' in the bubble, got a bunch of fishscales  
Got a bunch of brick scales, I just felt myself  
Fuckin' all these bitches, I can't help myself  
Sorta like addiction, fornication, that's some sick shit  
Sin against the body, that's some flick shit  
This is my prediction, two years from now, probably  
pitfall  
Trenton State, staring at the brick wall  
Shit y'all, get off the boat, get your surfboards  
You niggaz all soft like Nerf balls, squirt y'all  
Squirt, yeah, filthy fuckin' maggots  
Niggaz think that when he clean he got filthy money,  
bastards

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#### Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

In any situation, bet we top what they got  
They addicts, them niggaz need detox and Day Ty'  
So many drugs it's hard to mention, in your addiction  
Got you in desperate need, of a intervention  
Takin' hits after hit factory, your shit wack to me  
In fact, you niggaz can come and get a sack from me  
Surprised your still gettin' studio time, go do you a  
crime  
Be true to yor grind, come and get you a dime  
And you can take the pain away, forget that  
All the niggaz say ya gay, kiss that nigga mouth till ya  
tooth decay  
Truthfully, I can care less  
When you in Harlem, wear a vest that come all over  
your neck  
I'll be all over your set, all over your vet  
Take a piss in the chinchilla till all over is wet  
I'll be all over your 'jects, you can't even creep through,  
you're see-through  
Strapped with that black Eagle, Vigilante

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#### Verse 3

Al Pac:

I'm what the hood love, I got the streets buzzin'  
I do this shit for the city, you know the streets love it  
They yellin' "Gotti hard", man I just keep it real  
I got a fetish for gettin' fetti and packin' steel  
You cowards hate nigga, I know they wanna hurt me  
Gain Greene is the team, we got you niggaz thirsty  
We yellin' "Fuck the fuzz", we puff the finest bud  
These bitches show us love, rockin' the finest studs

Who got the Mac blastin', niggaz fag-splashin'  
Big blacl Magnum, dog, black-bag 'em  
Send you to your maker, man I don't fuck around  
Pussies get outta line then I'ma put 'em down  
I'm ridin' with my nigga, until the end of time  
I'll put a whole in ya head if you don't give me mine  
Now Pac goin' hard, fuck what you niggaz thought  
Run up on Biggavell' and I'ma knock 'em off

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