

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"Off the Chain"

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Hey yo, no mercy...pick that bassline up...
yeah, Jugga the Bully in your hemisphere...Continuum...
hey, yo, it's - it's kind of like this...

I keep it hot like jerked chicken, you jerk your chicken;
If I go platinum, then that's one million burned victims.
I learned the system, stepped up, and earned a
position;
Now I'm startin' the game, benchwarmers, I'm not
concerned wit'em.
They fake with booty raps;
I heard somebody say they label
Gets them niggas onstage with Scooby snacks.
Where's Shaggy, though? Jugga wrecks songs, you do
cameos.
MC's run, plus they see-through like pantyhose.
I couldn't hide the fact that I'm fat with baggy clothes;
Fatter than fat...Jenny Craig mastered my DATs.
I'm the big bastard with gats who fractured your back;
Faster than track: photo finish, capture and snap.
You slack, I got stocks, bonds and 401K;
You'll never be raw, unless you do a porno one day.
OK, I can't really be touched now, you get it?
Fans got they hands up like they signalling touchdown.
Like end zone, but what now?
The willy bruises mics so bad
You'd think my cordless had light skin tones.
Or perhaps anemic JuggaKno(???), the bad genius
Spits rhymes so hard you'd think my lines had penises.
I stand erect, MC's wake up thinkin',
'What bad dream this is, I demand respect!'
Even comin' off the head like Marie Antoinette
Flows run ridiculous,
Enough to make nuns promiscuous.
You better call your Moms to come pick you up
And tell her Jugga the Bully done kicked your butt.
Nigga what? Hold up, I almost lost my calm;
Fuck it, I'm off the chain like I lost my charm...

Hook:

Folks say they on fire but they false alarms;

JuggaKno off the chain like I lost my charm.
I can't even be seen with the Bausch & Lomb;
Skills, nigga, your whole city bought the farm.

(Repeat)

Just pass me the blunt, I spit that shit
You couldn'tve thunk;
Puttin' on the hits, you just get put in the trunk.
I'm off the chain crunk, you scared to show game;
I push so many wigs back they gave me shares of
Rogaine.
I'm sayin', we can fire rounds or fire prose;
You tell me, I don't give a fuck like retired hos.
Not the Feds, but I tap jaws like wired phones
Or draft beer...
Get up in your girl like Pap smears.
Enough. None of you
Knew me last year, now you want Big Daddy gear
And Jugga Underoos too.
It's funny how niggas switch
Since I'm gonna get money now,
Dis the Altima for bigger whips.
Sisters with thicker hips, bigger tits...
Tequila shots, frequent trips to the reefer spot.
And you swear my tracks eat alot, they so fat.
Show me the hardest cats,
They get popped with they own gat.
Don't act up when your spot get blown;
Drop the phone, and look at it - watch your tone.
Cock the chrome, (????)
Pancakin' sweet niggas on plates, under syrup.
Preferably Aunt Jemima...
Insignificat MC's get the dick, kinda, like their vagina.
I'll put you where that can't find ya: Eric Rudolph.
I got a Godzilla complex: I tear the roof off.
Molotov bomb threat, dumpin' these punchlines;
Your parents even say, 'How the fuck is he unsigned?'
I dunno, I guess y'all got me on that;
My only answer is these A&R's is probably on crack.
Actin' like sales sum up skills,
But I'm still harder than it is for men
With no knees to run up hills.
And I don't have a deal, just mass appeal
And raps that kill...Jugg's up in more cuts than
Massengill...

Hook x 2

Dirty dirty...Atlantis, Continuum...Van Damme...Jugga
the Bully...

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