

## 2Pac % Outlawz

### "Breathin"

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[2Pac]

Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin?  
Tell me nigga.. tell me  
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin?

[Chorus]

Stress, but busta free  
Enemies give me reason, to be the last motherfucker  
breathin  
Bustin, my automatic rounds  
Catch 'em while they sleepin, now I'm the last  
motherfucker breathin

[repeat Chorus]

[2Pac]

Woke up with fifty enemies plottin my death  
All fifty seein visions of me shot in the chest  
Couldn't rest, nah nigga I was stressed  
Had me creepin 'round corners, homie sleepin in my  
vest  
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block, call the  
cops  
A thug nigga screamin Westside, bustin double glocks  
Hittin corners in my Chevy Surburban  
Liquor got me drivin up on the curb, hand on the  
steerin wheel swervin  
Bless me Father I'ma sinner, I'm livin in hell  
Just let me live on the streets, cause ain't no peace for  
me in jail  
Gettin world-wide exposure  
with a bunch of niggaz that don't give a FUCK, ridin as  
my soldiers  
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average  
dealer  
Westside Outlaw; Bad Boy killer, huh  
Complete my mission my competition no longer beefin  
I murdered all them bustas now I'm the last  
motherfucker breathin

[Chorus]

[Young Noble]

Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt  
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin the earth  
Outlawz WORLDWIDE, we pack the block  
Shootin rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for 'Pac  
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here  
Stale down here, too many jails down here  
Why you act like you don't hear me?  
Young Noble, Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me  
I'm still breathin

[Napoleon]

Now we was raised, "Fuck this life," I rose my right  
Holdin on a tight grip with death in my sight  
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleepwalkin as a  
true  
Walk around town with a pound full of, bitter food  
Came a long way from my born day, dead away where  
there's war play  
Fuck friends I'll say, rather die for my A-K  
with these fag-ass niggaz, see-through glass ass  
niggaz  
Only ride my dick and the skin of my mash-ass niggaz  
Breathin!

[Chorus]

[Kastro]

Uhh, I walk around with a knife in my back  
Talkin bout a bad day, I live a life like that  
It's unfair, and I'm losin my hair, blastin hooligans  
Catch me, I'm fallin out flat, yo I'm ruined and  
breathin in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me  
I leaned to like it like that, when I was still in mommy  
The side of seedy that the devil run from  
In the belly of the beast, that's where the fuck we come  
from  
And still I'm breathin!

[E.D.I.]

And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this  
Just lost two of my closest na'r one of y'all can take this  
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain  
We number one motherfucker bout to do it again  
Shit, 'Pac still doin it, you hoes can't ruin it  
Two million everytime he drop I know you fuckers losin  
it  
We movin in - for the kill, for a meal, holdin steel  
Hold the wheel I'm bout to give these niggaz somethin  
they can feel

Fakin real, but we the raw and uncut  
Style-bitin thug lyin niggaz, give it up!  
We hit 'em up! (and we still breathin.. and we still  
breathin..)

[2Pac]  
Tell 'em nigga.. tell 'em  
(and we still breathin..)  
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin?

[Chorus] - 2X

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