

2Pac % Outlawz F/ Geronimo Ji Jaga

"Stay True"

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[Ghostface Killah]

Oh yeah, motherfucker

It's real

Y'all niggas hold your guns

Throw your guns down, put 'em down

Yo, we in the fields with heat

You fake niggaz eat kid meals to meat

We street referees, we rock

jean jackets, thick shirts over turtlenecks

Certified doctors in hoods'll steal all your techs

But wait, roll cameras, Babyface money blowin like
beach nut

Call off the mutts, it's me again

Ghost, your host this evenin

(Ladies and gents I'd like to thank you all for comin out
tonite)

Tucks tight, all sharp, light up a bark, let's mingle

Fetch me a Remy Martin on Diamonds

Flair-leg Gucci joints, I never wore

I might give 'em to my brother-in-law

Fitzpatrick, rich bastard, worth more than Egyptian
marrows

Borrow the God jewels, Gucci goggles

That's how the God do, Motown twenty-five

My orals like Smokey's voice, little moist, but choice

We guzzle Dom's, smoke the scratchy throats

Live on the edge, bracelets, shades and classy coats

Jungle in the club, we play Columbo

Frosty the Snowman, frozen as the milky way

Ice on the floor, El-Producto in the sleeve

in the seam of his mink, he said he don't drink

Think before he talked, he walked like he ordered

Champ room down in Vegas, vendin machines

I sip Alize' compliments of E&J

[Chorus: 60 Second Assassin *singing* (Ghostface) -
2X]

The streets is rough out here

Crack game came and had us years

What is a man to do? (Brother)

(Stay true, stay true)

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