

2Pac f/ Outlawz Immortalz

"Secret of Warz"

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Verse 1 [Hussein Fatal] Let go my enemies, my heart beat, pump with the heat so I bust instead of waiting for you punks to squeeze see you all on my 3 pound rounds, since you conform bit the fact that Outlawz just kick down these doors bitch niggas be fouling out, hacking me with the wack rhymes grabing ya .9, shooting scared, tryin' to take mine I'm putting pressure on you niggas when I'm mobb deep bringing the heat to you dirty ass squad you can robb, point blank range, peek game from the pleasure, taminated criminal Hussein bitch nigga I try to project steps with the Tek murder next, and robb any nigga any set Hussein, the type of muthafucka dying with trey pounds ghetto type be drown, hollow points from the waist down [Chorus] We go to war bust if we must, plus handle our business if them jealous niggaz fuck with us We go to war bust if we must, plus handle our business when them jealous niggaz fuck with us Verse 2 [2Pac] Now, as I approach the scene, from smoking green, got my eyes close niggas I call 'em my foes, I make 'em die froze watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord help me with it got me fakin' bitches of a meal ticket, help me get it see me in and pray for options, when the precious love stop niggas get to pistol poppin', then watch the body drop I'm a lethal weapon, watch me hit yo set, flash on blast on them bitch made niggas with my mask on do it for profit, plus I'm, lookin' for punks to bust on if you ain't screamin' WestSide, nigga get the fuck on I'm seeing demons hittin' weed, got me hearing screams scared to go to sleep, I bust the scene like a dope feen probably be punished for it, although you can't ignore it I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it niggas past the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor I got some shit that they ain't ready for, I got the secrets to war Chorus Verse 3 [Young Noble] Check the middle, represented, niggas is finished gettin' blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is hence blowing through my system, you a victim, plus I twicked 'em fuck the whole world, it's us against them you got the heat?, pull it out, and cock the hand if you with it don't make no different since, with the 25 to

Life sentence we already doing life on the street, like Al
G niggas be heated when they walking the beat this
shit flasy, makin' bad shakey niggas hazy, scared to
face me knowing that the Outlawz be crazy put me up
on game, put me up on a hustle once I flex my money
musle, all the cheese gotta go movin' shit like a dalie,
beatin' niggas like Rodney turn a killer like Kadafi if the
new street is sobby Chorus: til fade

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