

2Pac F/ Syke

"Here We Go"

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Chorus: Jermaine Dupri

We talk shit, cause we are the shit
Never looked back since we started it
When ya'll want heat we provide it, ride it
'Til the wheels fall off, shaking 'em all off
Six figure niggas with it, over did it, spit it
In ways that'll cause a rush
Keeping your face in a state of disgust
Hating but still trying to be like us

Verse One: Jay-Z

Twist the lime on the corona, grab my crime diploma
Then head to the block, to pull up five in the mona
Shit, I need to chrome up, become a home owner
Look lifes a bitch, but im on her
I almost cracked this, no more hustling backwards
Up the ave I zip, nigga trying to have shit
Im your average, ghetto nigga turned maverick
You'd never, said to a nigga "Whateve for the cash, im with"
I dont have step, I leave it in youre averix
Then shoot it it the air, whatever I have left
Outlaw, simply I out draw y'all
Wether clubs or the street, I out ball y'all
Niggas aint ready, I doubt all y'all
Fly ass niggas I reroute all y'all
If it aint for the paper I dont show my face up
Make a bet I turn the ace up, \$hort and Jay, what

Verse two: Too \$hort

I never stop making money dont give 'em no slack
Drinking dirty motherfuckers til a hoe come back
With my scratch, bitch I was born to mack
To uphold the pimping, I was sworn to that
I hear a lot of shit talking when I listen to rap
Only a few mc's get to hang that plaque
On the wall rappers ball, but they dont live phat
Nigga, I doubt if you go gold or platinum

What we do has only been mastered by a few
I take a half a million tapes sell 'em straight to you
All that shit niggas talking just cant be real
I dont need a record deal, I need eighteen wheels
I roll right up in the hood I got tapes for sell
Bitches running in their house they cant wait to tell
Somebody, she got a new Too \$hort tape
And hes spitting pimp game with his homeboy Jay

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Verse Three: Too \$hort

Now here they come again the gold diggas trying to
get paid,
Wanna trick the old rich niggas, trying to get laid
She'll suck his dick, as soon as she meet him
Dont have to sell a body for me I dont need her
To turn tricks for me, how much you cost bitch?
Im all about large bank deposits
On and off the mic I always set trends
Either you see with bitches, or Im rolling with pimps
Brook-laan to Oakland, I keep smokin'
Jay-Z and short dog at these hoes again
The kinda niggas that'll take a square bitch around the
corner
Put this pimp game on her
I dont fuck with broke hoes and I dont trick
But I'll still rub my big ass dick on her clit
Get her hooked, wanna be mine I need some money
If she aint kicking in all the time she dont want me

Verse Four: Jay-Z

Hoes, flows, money, cars
Y'all wannabe stars cant fuck with none of these bars
This is real nigga rap, we can spit it through the mic
And you can feel niggas scratch, and sell a mil if that
So real when we drop this shit its in trouble
When I guess the pair you gotta ship it double
In the independent phenom, y'all minature dons
Wannabe jigga, pops styles and hennessy richa'

When I die, leave my canopy richa'
I put it down hard ever since I entered the pit'cha
Can fuck with me for records to the recreational cent'a
I got it wrapped y'all from the grammys to the back
park
Short dog y'all, what you thought y'all, Oakland, Bk,
New york y'all
Be the voice for the streets we supply for years
And go platinum on our most quiet years

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Chorus repeat 2x

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