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# 2Pac F/ Syke "Roll With 'Em"

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### Juvenile:

It's enemy turf that I'm on, so I'ma play it how it go Cock the hollow points into my black calico Hit the coat with some of grams of that dope fo' sho' it's bout to go

Niggaz graduated from sellin' dope to snortin' dope Gangsta be bustin' heads

Lil Reggie be bustin' heads

K.C., he be bustin' heads

Think I ain't 'bout nustin' heads

Boddies bled, I'll put infrared up in your Cutlass

You play with 226, that's my clique so I say fuck it

Ruckus, war deep, World War III in the mix

5 Hot Boy\$ runnin', bringin' G's to they clique

With them hundred round tip-tips, to make sure niggaz ain't breathin'

You recievin', a punishment for not believin'

Curly head lookin' for me, cause I'm hot and word don' got loose

Bundles of dope fronted, from the Magnolia to the Goose

Snitches wanted to testify the shit that they know Set a bomb on the front door, put a key in the door and the place blow

Look I been walkin' way mo', with a coat full of yeh-yo Nothin' but clientele, from 11-5, sale

You don't think it's legal, nigga we can take it to the

You gon' double your money, gon' get credit make your bail

Chorus: Juvenile (4x)

With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me

I don't back down frome no nigga, they got a place for me

#### Iuvenile:

My biological father, was a sperm donor, around the corner

Was the man that killed lil Lanny, who knew we'd

understand it

That way that, my mother was heartless to her kids So he took us in his home, and he raised like his own Now we grown, and we learned responsibility,

The devil tryed to get wit me

To affect all of my dickin' inability

But it's gon' be some shit, when a collision is occurin' Asurin', of me bein' a factor, through '97 and after And I'ma have to, get my ten percent

Or I'ma get punished, like the rest of these niggaz and there's evidence

'Cause ever since all these cars and all these mansions, and all these

luxuries was givin'

You wasn't givin' no thanks, to the reason you was livin' So I'ma keep an open mind and make the right decision

And ain't tell you niggaz shit, and put my self in a position

That's unescapable, 'cause you capable, of puttin' my life in danger

And it's causin' confusion, confusion draw conclusion And shootin' up some niggaz that pose a threat Until somebody warns you that you're close to death

Chorus: Juvenile (4x)

#### Mannie Fresh:

Don't love ya, don't need ya, so why the fuck would I feed ya

You bitches want my riches, delete ya
Cause it's movin', it's shakin' number one spot takin'
Rap shite tight and money we be makin'
Clock six figures, with brown beats and triggers
Drinkin' from the riggers, poppa said the gon' fig us
Everything I make, and everything I drive
Everything I scratch and everything I ride
Touch it, , live for it, you niggaz kill for it
The new Juve tape, got you hoes loosin' weight
Can't get your life straight, music to masturbate

#### Juvenile:

Test a, nigga like me boy and you better Have on your bulletproof sweater, ridin' in an armored Jetta

Beware of these, thugs in E's Everytime you breathe you recievin' a part of me Look, my lyrics be combustable like gases When I'm grabbin' for the mic and performin' for your masses

I'm never found on the ship that's steady sinkin'

Total control and all about self my way of thinkin'
Bankin', off top, runnin' with them boys from the block
Totin' glocks that we only use when we put on the spot
Now I got, a reason to live for than to die
Keepin' a tight inventory on my supply, of gettin' high
Know when to stop, don't wanna be it, can't even see it
Not even them little niggaz that I be wit'

Chorus: Juvenile (10x)

I'm gettin' tired, of this bulshit that we hearin'
I'm gettin' tired, 'bout to get my iron ready to ride
Ready to ride
Ready to ride
Ready to ride, lil wodie
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no nigga
Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down frome no nigga

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