

2Pac Featuring Makaveli**"Krazy"**

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Spoken: Outlaw In This
No doubt, Death Row, Makaveli
You can call me daddy
I'll be ya daddy
JUST LIKE DADDY
Foe tha ladies

-----Chorus-----

Come with me and tha time we bump, deticaite slow
jams on tha radio,
know ya happy I can feel ya passion lookin out foe ya
just like daddy,
come on, sun shine turn to rain, baby I can take away ya
pain if ya trust
me close ya eyes feel tha magic neva leave when ya
need me I do ya just
like daddy

I met her when she was younger
when her daddy died when she was younger
her moms let her do what she please they said no one
loved her
her eyes shined love a dimaond and above
tha kind that you can love
Not yet touched with so much, potintial
youngster let me got ya mental
and to a place
with a sourness of pain you'll never taste
by God's grace
you were born with that face
nuthin but pure beauty
so for an enternaity I feel it's my duty
to be a SOULJAH
dippin I got plans to mold ya
and in tha coldest nights is when I hold ya
like lam supposta, as we roll closer
I'll take your hand gladly, anything ya need ask me
supporting my baby just like daddy
(2PAC)
You alveate tha stress spend time with you, I feel

blessed

When you gone feel tha pain so strong deep in my chest

When i got arrested, came so close to goin to jail
throwin blows at tha po pos breakin they nails
screamin loud goin all out

Damn I did

You stayed locked down at moms house
watchin tha kids, thru tha whole bid

In tha V-I I seen ya daily

When my fake homies try ta fuck you, you run and tell me

that's why I stay committed, I thank God everytime I hit it

hopin you'll forgive me for the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world

we untouchable, screamin like ya dyin everytime I'am fuckin you

ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there

no need to fear so much insanity

and thru tha years

I know ya gave me your heart and plus

When I'am dirt broke and fucked up Ya still love me

-----Chours-----

(An Outlaw)

Boo would ya die for me?

Down holdin my pistol, gettin high
with mean sounds tougher than brisles
fool when you cry

I'll be ya tissue

back in tha county writin letters how I miss you

givin you credit, apoligetic how I dis you

get you for thinkin like a mona and on a level

and sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilain

for total and twine ya

we right behind ya tru

life just me and you no tellin what we could do

(Another Outlaw)

Gettin high between tha sheets

Make tha shit right here discrete

Puttin nikies on ya belly while we fuckin on tha beach

I love it when ya nut up and grab me

I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

(A 3rd Outlaw)

Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya

loss soul lookin for shelta, on tha late night accept ya

treat ya good won't disrespect ya

My age is young

out of place bitch days is done

From a trixy to a missy

you know I raised ya hon

Placed her under my wing
Showed her how we swing
Now she rollin blunts for her king
1 day labled thug Mrs
tha essence of my ghetto sistas
hugs and kisses
that's just for me to be a father figure

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