

## Louie V Mob

### "Tribute To 2Pac"

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Featuring Krazy

(Intro)

Nigga we don't chase money, we make money  
In God we trust  
Keep yo eyes on yo enemies  
And watch yo friends  
This for all my real soldiers  
Salute!

(Hook1 x2)

Louie V shoes, camouflage pants  
I'm too thugged out so a nigga don't dance  
Taped on this and taped on that  
Shorty say she love it face down from the back

(Hook2 X2)

I don't kill er but don't push me  
Revenge is like the sweetest thing next to getting pussy  
No limit, gon ride or die, ride or die  
La la la la la la

(Verse)

Put your arms up for Pac, tell these niggas we hot  
I had chilled for a minute but I'm back to the block  
I have murdered the game, I get better with time  
You niggas think I'mma lose, then you bitches are blind  
I've from nothing to something, I just play wit you  
niggas  
Hold nothing tax bracket, I don't stay wit you niggas  
Menace to society, crazy like Game  
Revenge my nigga, got the money and chains  
Cuz I'm a beast when I meet em, you fall in love when  
you greet em  
I tell em bitches I love em and then I fuck em and leave  
em  
That new Rollie I got it, tuck the key and I hide it  
No papers on my pistol, I might catch me a ride

(Hook1 x2)

Louie V shoes, camouflage pants

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(Hook2 X2)

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La la la la la la

(Verse)

I got em pouring out so I'm layin low  
Kickin the trap and put them fuckin haters on the flow  
Eastwood, got em poppin, nasty California  
My no limit, clickin strong and then I fuckin mourn ya  
Groupie hoes send and see, flexed and 8 goal up  
My homie creepin, liftin weights, don't get me swolla  
Face down ass up, I blow er back out  
Rum full of kush, that's why I blacked out  
I keep that automatic on me, I don't never slip  
I'ma hold it down nigga for the blunts and grips  
OG gangsta, all vice low  
I'm a Arevya soulja and I die hard

(Hook1 x2)

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(Hook2 X2)

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La la la la la la

(Verse)

Louie shoes, Gucci belt, I think I'mma need some help  
Got Versace on my front, bitches know my middle  
name  
Flooded boy, gang bang, ain't no limit to my clip  
30 shots on my hip, you gon need a bigger clip  
Bitches say I'm crazy, I say that I'm insane  
I paid my lawyer 30, if he guilty he gon hang  
That mean he the same, bang him out his brains  
Switch it with my pivot, my bullets stick in yo vein  
Think it's bout to rain so you know I drop the body  
Bragging on the phone, I got money, botch I'm Gotti  
Aks me how I got it, I was robbin everybody  
I was fuckin with that ecstasy and fuckin with that life

(Hook1 x2)

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(Hook2 X2)

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