

## **Biggie and Tupac**

### **"History Battle"**

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Where Brooklyn at  
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I got 7 mack 11s  
about 8 thirty eights  
nine nines 10 mack 10s the shits never end  
you cant touch my riches  
even if u had mc hammer and them 357 bitches  
biggie smalls the millionar  
the mansion the yaht  
the two weed spots the two hot glocks  
thats how i got the weed spots  
i shot dread in the head  
took the bread and the land spread  
little gody got the shotty to ur body  
so dont resist or u might miss christmas  
i toke guns i make number runs  
i give mcs the runs drippin  
when i throw my clip in the ak  
i slay from far away  
everybody hit the d e c k  
my slow flows remarkable  
peace to matayo  
now we smoke weed like tony montana sniff the yao  
thats crazy blunts  
mad ls  
my voice excels from the avenue to jail cells  
o my god i droppin shit like a pigeon  
i hope ur listenin  
smackin babies at they cristenin

i thank the lord for my many blessins  
keep the vest from protectin  
from the battles of the smith a wessin  
and all ma niggas in the pen here we go again  
aint nuthin seperatin us but my mack 10  
born in the ghetto as a huslter  
hold up  
a straight soldier

barkin at the bustas  
no matter how u talk  
niggas never die  
we juss retalerate with hate  
then we multiply  
u see we striken down the block  
hitten corners  
ballin like a mutha fucker  
livin like a i wanna  
it aint no stoppin at the red lights  
im sideways thug life  
mutha fucker cum pain  
lets the cop flick their lights on  
chase me nigga  
zig zaggin down the freeway  
race me nigga  
in a high speed chase with the law  
the realist mutha fucker that u ever saw

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