

2Pac & Outlawz "High Speed"

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I speak for all my niggaz livin' in the rush
Slow it down just a notch, baby
It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

Life in high speed
Fuck the punishment, tie weed
I gonna buy me a gun
Fuck doin' time

I live life high speed, sightly disillusioned by weed
I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me
When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly on me
My army, niggaz deceive swiftly

Look at you, now, why you wanna hang out?
I pull the hammer back
Strike wit' a cannon and blow your muthafuckin' back
out
They blast but I'm still standin' slightly scarred deep

Questions for the Lord, why He don't like me?
Guard my soul though my life was hard with no
remorse
I absorb bomb, less it's without protection for the boss
Rollin' in my double, raw, rugged, and ruthless

Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's
useless
And my crew, who could should be mistaken for Jews
We all about our past, blast if he break the rules
Fools done snitched for the D.A., be heaven sent

Switched like a stone bitch, turned straight severed
then, why?
Then they wonder why niggaz die
Put your family in danger just to get high
Now, what the hell can we get from jail?

More tricks for the crime rate, this is hell
Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jail house
Open your safe count and take all your mail out
Whatever happens happens, whoever falls, dies

We fresh out of time, livin' blind so we all ride
In times like these, chronic and tie weed
Puffin' through these high speed and people say

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

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Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'
I plan to stretch your chest plate back like elastic
No need to push me to slippin' I love beef, like pussy
and pistols
For all you pussies that's soft as tissue

I ride plottin' like the fall guy out the roof
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred
proof
Gettin' your neck joints low to verdict wit' mine
Get that ass attacked, murdered and robbed, blind
from behind

Grab your shots', callin', catchin' niggaz while they
stormin'
Kickin' his door in
And get your whole fuckin' family a' mournin'
Plus all you itchy bitchy types can't touch me
Frontin' like your hard
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

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At times, I look through times with so much anger
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin' bringin' me the
danger
No signal, hard time is a good one at times I'm amazed
Now what the muthafuck a hood done? What we do to

get paid

All day, for the almighty, dollar, don't even bother to
holla
We all destined to be swallowed by the same thing we
lust for
Threw away our morals in bags of dust
More niggaz is dying tomorrow

We, bet on all time, nigga, the clocks tickin'
Approachin' is the day you only know your glocks
spittin'
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't knowin'
Soon that money goin' be illegal when you got it

Keep your dough up
But I ain't goin' tell you, what? To stop chasin' paper
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze
Let's get blowed out high speed til the end of my days
Now, my people say

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High speed
(We goin' all night)
Life of an outlaw, ghetto stars
(We goin' all night)

Yes, I'm gonna buy me a gun

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
For my niggaz on the Westside and the Eastside
And the Northside and the Southside
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From Compton to Jersey
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Gettin' it real hard, niggaz in Michigan
(M.O.B, nigga, M.O.B)
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah

(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From St. Louis to Alabama
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
From Mississippi to Oakland
From San Francisco to San Diego
Seattle to Florida

(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
Maine to Mass
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Food and sex
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
And it don't stop and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

And it don't stop and it won't quit
And it don't stop and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night, high speed

And it don't stop and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)

And it don't stop and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop and it won't quit
And it don't stop and it won't quit
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby

Learn about it
Pac, you goin' rap?

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