

Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

2 Pac - Fame

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
Hahaha yeah nigga, fuck em' all
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
Fuck all you muthafuckers
Ay Yo Biggie Put your hands up

Now I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to muthafuckers
When they scrappin'
Blast and watch em' back up
Notorious biggie killer
Affiliation with death row
Niggaz get their caps pealed back
Fool this the west coast
Fuck a misdemeanor I'm raisin hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks
That thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack
I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggaz to trip
Cause bitch I love to scrap
Now mama raised me as a thug nigga
With love niggaz
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines
Writing raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks now they all want to sue me
So Fuck em' all

(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)
(Young Noble) Come put your hands up in the air, it's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, Fuck em' all)

Now could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak
Even the baddest be gettin murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets
like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison
wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell
a possibility of livin' well
But if they killin' me

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I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosing to sell
Ic