

# Fuckin' wit' the Wrong Nigga

2pac

Niggas.. fucking with the wrong nigga..

[2Pac]

My seductive introduction be specific, still elusive  
but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it, and I'm still lifted  
Niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked  
Picture me flipping my adversaries, gettin the dick swiftly  
Niggas are swinging wild, but they styles miss me  
You can bring that bitch but you whole click'll still get treated shitty  
Business never personal I'm up before the sun come up on thai  
Just a ghetto star, a dropped up double-R is what I'm riding  
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was, bring you artillery  
when you come for me, cause we sick thugs  
No hesitation when I pull and blast, cause Syke was busting  
plus, bow had 'em ducking, screaming, "Get they cash!"  
So now I got the law on me, my phone's tapped  
So I had to send word through my little homies  
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger  
Shit, this is what you get, for fucking, with the wrong nigga.  
This is what you get, when you fucking with the wrong nigga.  
Hehehehe, yeah nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep I, pray and thank the Lord  
for giving me another fruitful, day  
I wanna be a peaceful man but still when niggas come for me  
all I can see is getting 'em, killed  
For real it's how I feel, reflect my thoughts, flowing on these reels  
Make my enemies deal with my steel, they caps peeled  
We still cool but you played yourself  
Give him the mac and make him spray hisself, hey  
Falling legends clutching chrome three-five-seven  
Puttin two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in heaven  
Why call in shots nobody really as clear as me  
Ain't trying to help the feds get a case for conspiracy  
Murder my foes get disposed of  
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love  
God forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure  
But why they fucking with the wrong nigga, you know?  
It's like..  
Why you fucking with the wrong nigga..

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers  
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers  
Tried to rise but they tried me  
I guess they all had to die cause we tried peace  
I die in these streets, blast 'til they recognize  
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin high watching time fly  
Best strategize on the way to profit  
Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it  
Then keep it poppin lot of busters wanna see me fall  
I fucked your bitch and now this new shit gonna' fade 'em all  
My niggas ball made a call for some backup  
for little' homies and my dogs in the black truck  
Buck buck was the sound as they gats burst  
No need for ambulance, baby bring the black hearse  
Should've never fucked around buster, how you figure?  
Ma kin moves on the wrong nigga, is what it sounds like

Ding ding ding.. when you fuck with the wrong nigga..  
Niggas gettin hit, when they fuck, with the wrong nigga..  
Fucking with the wrong nigga..