

The Uppercut

2pac

I wanted to bring back that reality, nobody can ever be confused and think I
'm fuckin Mike Tyson
and I'm the heavyweight champion, I'm a little nigga, thats why its so raw t
o just watch me
battle lions, cause I'm a little skinny nigga battlin' niggas three times my
size

Watch this uppercut, here it comes... watch the jab nigga...ugh...here it co
me, look out, watch
my arms...

Now see so many motherfuckers wanna take a peice
Commin' equipped with some shit that niggas just cant believe
I pull a trick from my sleeve now kamikazee
I'm all over that nigga, come identify the body
My middle finger to you hoe niggas
Run up on me, and i'll be forced to let it go nigga
I aint the one you wanna try, why, stayin' high
I hit this blunt and watch these motherfuckers die
Whose runnin these streets I said that cocaine
Cause in the the dope game, niggas'll die 'fore they go broke mayne
Another hustler makin' major cash
'til the punk police come an raid ya ass
Now you stressed doin' fed time, and its a bitch
Cause the judge gave you 8 years, you doin 6
And we know that you can't hang, you a trick
Rolled over turned snitch like a biatchhhh

Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin from the uppercut, fucked, so what's up? nigga!
Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from this uppercut, stuck, so what's up? nigga!

They got a nigga in the dice game, I'm feelin' lucky
But the nigga just a little bigger, he tryin fuck me
Out my cash, imma blast nigga, he don't know
I gotta tell ya like the last nigga, gotta go
Don't need to roll for the truck, I get em' up
Left to right, my uppercut'll hit em' up (ha)
I'm known to walk the streets on any block
I love my niggas, but I aint puttin down my glock
The gun shots rang when I lose nigga, and ooh nigga
Imma show you not to ever play a true nigga (haha)
Lay it down just to prove it
And fuck the rappin motherfucker we can do this

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They claim that we violent, we named after tyrants
This revolution won't be televised, we keep it silent (shh)
Roll on our enemies, beat em' at they own game
Molotov cocktails, release an up in flames
Tired of bein' stepped on, sick of bein' held back
Lookin' through my rear view, thinkin' bout the pay back

Wanna see my kids grow don't know if imma make it though
One more nigga came up short in the ghetto
Society lied to me so i'm strapped with the metal
Push ya middle finger up nigga if you a rebel
Have ya face down goin' in ya pockets if ya let em'
I done lost too many homies for me to ever forget em'
I done made so many mistakes but still I dont regret em'
I'm a product of the pimp, the pusher, and the reverend
I'm a product of the block, the fiends, and the felons
We all lost souls tryina find our way to heaven

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To all the conrads no longer with us, see you when we get there
'Pac, Yak, we gon' keep on ridin', give these cowards the uppercut
'Til we get up there with ya'll, YOU KNOW!..
Thug Life we still livin it
Outlaw for life, in the name of the Don, let's go!