

Oh you know I got them things-bitch you know I get it crunk
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Bitch you know,I get-you know I get,you know I get it crunk
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Everybody wanna be Pac until they really get shot
you claim you runnin the block,but I heard you runnin with cops
homie from Houston to Harlem-we use to the stardom
when rap cats run they mouth that's when we usually revolve e'm
fuck a publicity stunt I'll fuck you up for free
cause I got niggaz in my hood that'll ride for me
my niggaz ridin for free,we ain't gotta pay for a murder
you want beef? well you ain't gotta pay for a burger
don't let us catch up with ya ass cause I'm comin with Callico's
we kickin in yo Daddy's do when we beefin that's how it go
lay it down get on the flo'-and put the Coke in the bag
I got the scope and the mac don't make me cock this bitch back(What)

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