

Mask Down

Outlawz

What

Young Noble nigga

Get it right

For the world

My girl

My kid

My dog

And I know you mad at Pac for creating the Outlawz

For the block

Cops and the pigeons who watch

For the dope

The blow

The crime

The dro

For the rhymes

The dimes

The crimes

And the time

For the message

The lesson

The stressing and the blessing

For the hurt

The work

The smurfs in the dirt

For the schools

The tools

The rules

The fools

For the dead

The fed

The party's over here

For the wild

The style

It started in the Claire

For the street

The beat

The niggas with the heat

For the Lawz

The dogs

We do this shit for y'all

For the jails

The cells

The waiting on your mail

For the pain

The rain

The mutha fuckin game

For the heart

The narcs

The niggas in the park

And you have to have your heat

Because it's crazy after dark nigga

For the dough

The creme

The hoes

The fiends

And I'm riding till my life is through
And mashing for my dreams
Click clack up
I'm mashing for my team
Bitch back up

We outta mask up
And hit they ass up

For the life
The stripes
The knife and the price
For the Ya the Yo
The days with the blow
For the drops
The coupes
The shots off the roof
For the niggas
The bitches
The trigger finger itching
For the hoods
The 'burbs
The homies with the herb
For the safe combination
And keys to your place
For the cars
The jewels
The furs
The ???
For the bitches who be copying Ya
Watching all my moves
For the rise and fall
Of mine and yours
Yeah you're from the cradle
I was born an Outlaw

Getting paid
Getting laid
All day
Everyday
Niggas hate
Don't matter
We gonna come up anyway
Edi Ahmeen
Outlaw
Bring your team down raw
Peep this scheme
Now all calling them fake nigga holocaust
And of course we enforce everything that we spitting here
Yo you smell something funky hear
That's because we just shitted here
In this year
Niggas get it clear
See there shares disappear
We coming from the rear
Got you running in fear

When the job needs to be done
I'm there for the cause
Riding and dying for the cause
They'll never come
Dick riders
And the dick provide you with guns

That spit hand first
Come quick
Bang in silence
Since I hit for the kid
I'm a ??? rider
Somehow I got bullets that'll find you
And if you don't like me
And cross me
There's gonna be problems
I harm 'em in the arm and leg
Right here is where you lay

Outlaw

It's the life
Full of cash
Full of gats
Full of hoes
Got bullet hoes for foes
Trying to stay up on my toes
In the middle of the ghetto
Ain't got nowhere to turn
Just plenty of money to earn
And plenty of money to burn
When feds hit the block
Go ahead with your shots
Lead for the cops
Head full of dots
Cremated on the spot
It's a cycle for the long pay
Might just go the wrong way
Grinding in a strong way
Get along
No way
Drama at the law
Riding for the cause
Coming at your door
Your nigga dead and he don't know what he died for
What about that nigga that struggling
Ain't sleeping right
What about them kids on the street
Ain't eating right
Outlaw
Treat 'em like we do it so OG like
Living life
Taking flights
Niggas might just die tonight
Murder cases in a bloody way
Something gotta get a day
You outta your mind if you say ain't heard of me