

Tupac

16 On Death Row lyrics

"16 On Death Row" Ringtone to Cell Phone

Death Row

That's where motherfuckers is endin up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness
I robbed my adversaries, but slipped and left a witness
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch
Should I shoot his bitch, or make the nigga rich?
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn they got me trapped
Hawkin while I'm walkin, and talkin behind my back
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it
Cause life's a Wheel of, Fortune here's my chance to spin it
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me
Too fuckin trigger happy, to let them suckers snatch me
Niggaz gettin jealous (jealous) tryin to find my stash
Whip out the nine, now I'ma dive and pump your ass
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk
Snatched him like a bitch, and threw him in the trunk
The punk thought I was bluffin, but swear I'm nothin nice
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these, mics
I listen to him scream, Tray Deee went insane
I guess the little, mites had finally found his brain
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen
Remember that little, bird, he snitched and told a, friend
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old timers
And fuck five-oh, blaow blaow.. turn em into forty-niners

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...
Where they find me? 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, cause I came from a broken family
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger

I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger
The brother in my cell, is 16 as well
It's hard to adapt, when you're black and you're trapped in a livin Hell
I shouldn'ta let him catch me
Instead of livin sad in jail I coulda died free and happy
And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm, you can hear his asshole gettin torn
They made me an animal
Can't sleep, instead of countin sheep, niggaz countin cannibals
And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend
My mama prayed for me
Tell the Lord to make way for me, prepare any day for me (why?)
Cause when they come for me they find a struggler
To the death I take the breath from your jugular
The trick is to never lose hope
I found my buddy hangin dead from a rope, 16 on Death Row

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...
Where you find me? 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin every breath
I'm bitter cause I'm dyin, so much I haven't seen
I know you never dreamed, your baby would be dead at 16
I got beef with a sick society that doesn't give a shit
And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
He's a crook with a book, that motherfucker never cared for me
He's only here to be sure
I don't drop a dime to God bout the crimes he's commitin
On the poor, and how can these people judge me?
They ain't my peers and in all these years, they ain't never love me
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan
To keep a nigga in the state pen
And to my homies out buryin motherfuckers
Steer clear of these Aryan motherfuckers
Cause once they got you locked up
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin shot up
I'm convinced self-defense is the way

Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day
I wish I woulda known while I was out there
Now I'm straight headin for the chair

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where we live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...
Where you find me? 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row
It's to all my partners in the penitentiaries
16 on Death Row

Tupac **5 Deadly Venomz lyrics**

"Deadly Venomz" Ringtone to Cell Phone

(Yeah hehehahaha, we goin platinum nigga! Plaahahatinum.)

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We got my nigga Treach from Naughty by Nature in this motherfucker
My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[Verse One: Tupac]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin quick and then I vic just tryin to keep from gettin blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-yaa! Turned a snitch into a casket
Now they after me, prowling for a niggaz bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin reckless
Niggaz with a death wish step in with a Tec and I'll wet this
Yeah this shit is hyper
Two to one I'm writing representing and I'm striking like a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm, and strong arm must run
Some niggaz need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned, run up on me nigga and get blasted
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin em up with
That old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Verse Two: Treach]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn
To the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts
Stunk like funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin mother out
And that's the street scarred style
I shout I'm-de-MC-wit-de-nasty-mouf, and kick the bitch out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin pounds more
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin shit
Pickin pockets with a razor stoppin Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin shop
Once you sound hot, cause if you ain't a perfect ten
My sign is stop!
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin styles in em
Like women I did em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Verse Three: Live Squad]

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!
Breakin em down, I make em see their doom
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to
Rob and steal and runnin from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped
A lot of fuckin bodies will drop
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make you scatter, leavin trails of brains and bladders
Blowin em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, somethin that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit em, I lit him
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do.
KnowwhatI'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect.
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Verse Four: Live Squad]

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggaz can't touch me when I wreckin G you better flee
Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking over eight niggaz back to the stomping grounds
Line em up single file, dome runnin in em
A nigga hit em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowwhatI'msayin? Fuck that!
I told you, we takin over, yo 'Pac.)

[Verse Five: 2Pac]

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest
Strugglin and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggaz don't even worry me, see
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops cause my gauge gets me... PAID
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey
I say niggaz need to get they mind right
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I past let the glass spray
First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now you're mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin blunts
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here.
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Verse Six: Apache]

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'ma snake nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin trigger
I'm a section to clinch your porch is like a pinch
Test a rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch
Fuckin up pooh-butts, cut em like cold cuts
Choke em with my boot lace, then leave em hangin like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get em
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowwhatI'msayin?
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit.
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit.
YaknowwhatI'msayin? Follow us, come along. YaknowwhatI'msayin?
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)

Tupac
2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted lyrics
"2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted" Ringtone to Cell Phone

[Snoop] Up out of there
[Tupac] (chuckles)
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
[Snoop] Pump that up G
[Tupac] Ahh shit, you done fucked up now --
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
You done put two of America's
Most wanted in the same
Motherfuckin place at the same
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Motherfuckin time, hahahahah
Y'all niggaz about to feel this
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Break out the champagne glasses
And the motherfuckin condoms
Have one on us aight??
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

[Verse One: 2Pac, Snoop]

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision my intention's to get richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg my fuckin homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, cuz they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind
But at the same time it seem they tryin to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionare motherfuckers catchin cases (mmm)
Bitches get ready for the throwdown, the shit's about to go down
Uhh, me and Snoop about to clown
I'm "Losin My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin
Niggaz be actin like they savage, they out to get the cabbage
I got, nuthin but love, for my niggaz livin lavish

I got a pit named P, she niggario
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I, think I got a black Beamer
But my dream is to own a fly casino
Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
Mmm, it feel good to you baby bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys motherfucker

Now follow as we riiiiide
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin for years, so how could they blame us
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin these, motherfuckin G's
If ya got it better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted

[Chorus:]
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
[Tupac] Nuthin but a gangsta party...
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Nuthin but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin but a
Motherfuckin gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Nuthin but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin but a
Motherfuckin gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

[Verse Two: 2Pac, Snoop]

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, suffering is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me
I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy what??
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs
(hahah right) You thought it was but it wasn't, now dissappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like cuz, blood, gangbangin
Everybody in the party doin dope slangin
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swerl
Ya doing ya job, every day
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn gray
Let me tell you about life, and bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throw away
Floatin in the black Benz, tryin to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block
Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

[Chorus (w/ variations to end)]

Tupac

Ambitionz Az A Ridah lyrics

"Ambitionz Az A Ridah" Ringtone to Cell Phone

[1] - [2Pac singing in background 2X]

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah

You don't wanna fuck with me

Got the police bustin at me

But they can't do nuttin to a G

(Let's get ready to ruuumbllle!!)

[1] - [2Pac speaking over background]

Now you know how we do it like a G

What really go on in the mind of a nigga

That get down for theirs

Constantly, money over bitches

[2] - [2Pac singing in background starts to overlap/repeat]

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah

You don't wanna fuck with me

Got the police bustin at me

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah

Police bustin at me

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah / Got the police bustin at me

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah..

[2] - [2Pac speaking over background]

Not bitches over money

Stay on your grind nigga

My ambitions as a ridah!

My ambitions as a ridah!

[2Pac]

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars

This life as a rap star is nothin without heart

Was born rough and rugged, addressin the mad public

My attitude was, "Fuck it," cause motherfuckers love it

To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease

Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be

Uhh, and my ambitions as a ridah to catch her

While she hot, and horny, go up inside her

Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the tele hoe"

Equipped with money and a Benz, cause bitch I'm barely broke

I'm smokin bomb-ass weed feelin crucial

From player to player, the game's tight, the feeling's mutual
From hustlin and prayers, to breakin motherfuckers to pay-up
I got no time for these bitches, cause these hoes tried to play us
I'm on a meal-ticket mission, want a mil', so I'm wishin
Competition got me ripped, on that bullshit they stressin (boo-yaa!)
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts no glory my nigga bitch got the game distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the bidness so I got with Death Row
Now these money hungry bitches gettin suspicious
Started plottin and plannin on schemes, to come and trick us
But Thug niggaz be on point and game tight (yeah)
Me, Syke and Bogart, wrap it up the same night
Got problems then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggaz is jealous cause deep in they heart they wanna be me
Uhh, yeah, and now ya got me right beside ya
Hopin you listen I catch you payin attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

[Chorus: 2Pac]

[singing] I won't deny it, I'ma straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
[singing] My ambitions as a ridah
[singing] Got the police bustin at me
But they can't do nuttin to a G

[Tupac]

(I won't deny it, I'ma straight ridah)
Peep it.. it was my only wish to rise
Above these jealous coward mutherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride, I was the first off this side, give me the nine
I'm ready to die right here tonight, and motherfuck they life (yeah nigga!)
That's what they screamin as they drill me, but I'm hard to kill
So open fire, I see you kill me (that's all you niggaz got?) witness my steel
Spittin at adversaries envious and after me
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed
Mama come rescue me I'm suicidal thinkin thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin when I'm caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doin jail time, better day, sacrifice
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson
Thuggin for life and if you right then nigga die for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die to be a man you pick the way you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

[Chorus]

[Tupac]

My murderous lyrics equipped with spirits of the Thugs before me
Pay off the block evade the cops cause I know they comin for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds, sure as some bitches bleeds
Niggaz'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)
Didn't diminish my powers
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin menace, they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch-ass niggaz on my team, so indeed, they wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it
Lace em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary
For money, I'll have these motherfuckers buried (I been)
Gettin much mail in jail, niggaz tellin me to kill it
Knowin when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest, a whoridah when I put the shit inside
The cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove I been it
Revenge on them niggaz that played me,
And all the cowards that was down widdit
Now it's yo' nigga right beside ya
Hopin you listenin, catch you payin attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

Tupac

Blasphemy lyrics

"Blasphemy" Ringtone to Cell Phone

[music from To Live & Die in L.A. fades]

[This Week in Bible Prophecy]

God has a plan -- and the bible unfolds that wonderful plan
Through the message of prophecy
God sent Jesus into this world to be our saviour
And that Christ is returning, someday soon
To unfold the wonderful plan of eternity, for my life and your life
As long as we're cooperating with God
By accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and saviour

And as the Lord does return in the coming seven days
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

[Tupac]

Tupac don't start that blasphemy in here!
Makaveli, the new breed -- and I remember what my pops told me
The new word, follow me -- remember what my pops told me

My family tree, consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers
Strugglin, known to hustle screamin fuck they feelings
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this
Niggaz, get off your ass if you plan to be rich
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two
Know, niggaz gon' hate you for whatever you do
Now rule one -- get your cash on, M.O.B.
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one, watch for phonies
Keep yo', enemies close nigga, watch yo' homies
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed, to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall
Or come to grips with bein on my enemy's wall (rest in peace)
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord don't let me die tonite
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn
Ain't nuttin free, give back what you earn, no doubt
Gettin higher than a motherfucker, blessed and pleased
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Chorus: Prince Ital]

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie but holdin my bird in a cloud
Usin de name of de Lord in vein
While de people in de ghetto, feel nuff pain

[Tupac]

We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowin
Everybody kissin ass to go to heaven ain't goin
Put my soul on it, I'm fightin devil niggaz daily

Plus the media be crucifying brothers severly
Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin
We got addicted had to leave the burbs, back in the ghetto
Doin wild shit, lookin at the sun don't pay
Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day
They say Moses split the Red Sea
I split the blunt and rolled the fat one, I'm deadly -- Babylon beware
Comin from the Pharoahe's kids, retaliation
Makin legends off the shit we did, still bullshittin
Niggaz in Jerusalem, waitin for signs
God promised, she's just takin her time, haha
Living by the Nile while the water flows
I'm contemplating plots wondering which door to go
Brothas getting shot, comin back resurrected
It's just that raw shit, nigga check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Chorus]

[Tupac]

The preacher want me buried why? Cause I know he a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire
Why you got these kids minds, thinkin that they evil
While the preacher bein richer you say honor God's people
Should we cry, when the Pope die, my request
We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X
Mama tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop
Waitin to beat my ass if I don't go pop?
Memories of a past time, givin up cash
To the leaders, knowin damn well, it ain't gonna feed us
In my brain how can you explain, time in D.C.
It's hard enough to live now, in these times of greed
They say Jesus is a kind man, well he should understand
Times in this crime man, my Thug nation
Do whatchu gotta do but know you gotta change
Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another door? I leave this here
I leave this and hope God see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another door? And my people say

[Chorus 4X]

Our father, who art in heaven
Hallow be thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In earth, as it is in heaven
Give us this day, our daily bread
As we give up our debts
As we forgive our debt-ors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us, unevil
For God, is the kingdom, and the power
And the glory forever, and ever, and ever