

Military Minds (feat. Coco Brothers & Buckshot)

2Pac

Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uhh - YES YES YES
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at?
Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em

They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme

Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps

Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest

Skills in guerilla warfare and blessed with refinement
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun
Puttin likkle yout's in a military state of mind
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline

Test de sound and ye dead same ti-imeman to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin
Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me

Never forget the method, stick and move strictly
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in
With no regrets I hold position

Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen menPicture being put in a position to move
And you can't move cause your move is blocked by the knight
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war

Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI
Why try if ya body lie

By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll
(This is how we ride)Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move

Or get moved on, let's see who strongIn the gaze of the strange, where nothin stays the same
Where new faces come through with similar game
Now who you thought was them, really ain't
They catchin' deja vu's of the game people play
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'
But never let this world of stress get the best of me

Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-ChiWhat does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes
And dose who fake
Elimination I'm facin' destruction

Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in
Rushin' to the goal line
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine

Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis hereOne way out, this black hole
For this black soul, shit is outta control

I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'
And my face is sentencin' for repentance
Before my body was fully formed into a human
I was already consumin' weed

Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70's
Maybe that's why in the 90's I drop G's when I drop degrees
When I ease across the block with 'Pac
Got all y'all niggas shocked

You didn't think Boot Camp Clik would link, with a Outlaw mind?
If you do you press rewind

And you can peep guerilla tactics in every lineYeah, and this is how we do it!
Where my real thugs, where they at?
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?
Tell me where my real thugs gots to see, where ya at?

Where's my soldiers, where ya at?
Where my real soldiers, where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas
No longer drug dealers cause we now, thug niggas
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers
Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my soldiers? My true thug rollers
Yes, it just doesn't quit, yes
This is that real hip-hop shit, yes!
Fuck what you heard
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word
Where my soldiers? Where my soldiers at?
Where my soldiers? Where my soldiers at?
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at? Where my soldiers at?
Where my soldiers? Where my soldiers at?
Where my soldiers? Where my soldiers at?
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know
Where my soldiers at? Go vote!

Songwriters

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DARRELL A. JR. / WILLIAMS, TEKOMIN B. Published by
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