

Heartz Of Men

2Pac

Ay Suge
What I tell you, nigga
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right
Watch this
Ay Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars
Yeah nigga, time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga 'cause it's gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side
The real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers
And there's gonna be some pussies
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize 'cause the ride get tricky
See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends
But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See, the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
It's a dirty game, y'all
Y'all gotta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with
'Cause the shit get wild, y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, baby
Keep your mind on your riches9-1-1 it's an emergency cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
Cowards die
My mama told me when I was a seed
Just a vicious motherfucker while these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver, when I deliver
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches like a southpaw you get left
And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased

Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
 I rip the crowd, then I start again
 Eternally I live in sin until the moment that they let me breathe again
 The hearts of men
 My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts
 My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse
 Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll
 In fly mode, I'm a homicidal outlaw
 And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on
 Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight, so we might roll
 My own homies say I'm heartless
 But I'm a G to this, until the day I'm gone, that's regardless
 Ride by, niggas bow down
 Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now
 Throw up your hands if you thugged out
 First nigga act up
 First nigga getting drugged out
 I can be a villian if ya let me
 A motherfucker if you do upset me
 Tell the cops to come and get me
 Rip the crowd like a phone number
 Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga
 Look inside the hearts of men
 In the hearts of men
 In the hearts of men
 To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
 Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
 No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand
 Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man
 Give me my money and label me as a don
 If niggas is having problems, smoke 'em, fire and bomb
 I died and came back
 I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
 Thugging is in my spirit
 I'm lost and not knowing
 Scar'd up, but still flowing
 Energized and still going
 Uh, can it be fate
 That makes a sick motherfucker break
 On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and fake
 What will it take?
 Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb
 Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed
 The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again
 Represent, 'cause I've been sent
 The hearts of men

Songwriters

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