

Dumpin'

2Pac

Who you are?

One nation under a thug in bullet scar

Young nation no revolution and no cause

One nation young, black and dangerous by far

Young nation just trying to get this Murderous mind state, can't keep my nine straight

Sipping on this Hennessey, waiting for the time to break

Show up and motherfuckers bow down, recognize

Westside, Death Row, Outlaw riders Untouchable mob of pistol packers

Well known felons, labeled for drug selling, merciless jackers

Forever buzzed roll with thugs and dons

Commence to letting off rounds, then escape in the fog Who wanna see me solo? Catch Makaveli while he
sleeping

My mini-fourteen murdering niggas while they creeping

Duck or you ass out, drink till you pass out

Ain't scared to die, drunk driving in my glasshouse Niggas is under me, they bitches come to me

They heard the stories nigga, now they want to really see

Bomb first my motto is fully guaranteed

Niggas is player haters, label them my enemies, I'm dumpin' Who you are?

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Young nation just trying to get this When it's on I'm popping off every chance I get

Out the window on some uptown anthem shit

I'm stressing, but ain't no pressure here I've been here before

Fugitive task force at my girlfriend's door Now they checking in her bedroom, I ain't there

Forty Cal's, extended clip's steel, I ain't scared

Outlaw, and best believe they won't take me alive

I'm different and I'ma prove it if it take me to die Knew that God had a plan for me but

He won't be laying up in my casket and doing life in a can for me

Maybe I'm brazey and paranoid than a bitch

Me dying? You think I'll let them see joy from that shit? Walking dead angels spending last days by me

New Jersey Jon like Dave Tyre

Young George or Jonathan Jack, your guns clap, mine'll got brat

A soldier like Geronimo Pratt And come through cocking the black pound

When they put twin towers up, 'Pac, I'm knocking 'em back down

Poster child yeah, Air Force one's with the crocodile checks

One some poster wild sex Money and murder, is all I breathe in my life

It's full of judges and chasing enemies in the night

Through the Henney I see the eyes of the devil

G riding with extra boxes of bullets to the nine in the shevil Who you are?
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Young nation no revolution and no cause
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Young nation just trying to get this I always thought I'd have to die to do a record with 'Pac
So I wrote from the perspective of a graveyard box
You end up in a box 'cause of them grave robbing bastards
Dig ya' grave back up snatched you out the casket Worms in my eyes eating through my cabbage
It's the flesh to the bones, the bones to the ashes
But I'm not dead, I'm actually in a session
With the 'Pac keeping the shot money, progressive They don't really want no drama, I know your goon's
That's why I keep pressure on them like on an open wound
This God given, He keep giving me better music
So every time you hear me, my songs present improvement Y'all can't kill me, y'all forever losing
Songs are evolution if I load your gun for you will you bang it out
With some other niggas you better shoot it
Don't try to lie and say you was busting I'm clever stupid Claiming you repping Ruthless
You got the same bullets that you had when I loaded it for you
You never used it, the none saren a dream, get ready for execution
Papoose, Fatal and 'Pac, the revolution Who you are?
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Young nation just trying to get this Young nation just trying to get this
Just trying to get this

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