

Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga

2pac

Fucking with the wrong nigga
My seductive introduction, be specific
Still a loser, but exclusives what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted, niggaz can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flipping, my adversaries getting a dick swiftly
Niggaz is swinging wild but they sounds miss me
You can bring that bitch with your whole click
And still get treated shitty, business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double R is what I'm riding
Nigga if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring your artillery, when you come for me 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast
'Cause syke was busting
Plus Bo had 'em ducking screaming get they cash so
So now I got the law on me, my phones tapped
So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggaz this began when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get for fucking with the wrong nigga
This is what you get when your fucking with the wrong nigga
Haha yeah nigga, peep
Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray
And thank the Lord for giving me another fruitful day
I wanna be a peaceful man, but still when niggaz come for me
All I can see is getting 'em killed, for real it's how I feel
Perfect my thoughts flowing on these reals
Make my enemies deal with my steel
They caps peel, we still cool , but you played yourself
Give 'em the mac and make 'em spray yourselves
Hey, falling legends, clutching chrome 3 5 7
Putting two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in heaven
While calling shots nobody real, it's clear it's me
Ain't trying to help the fedz get a case for conspiracy
Murder my foes, get disposed of, we all homies till the death
So my true niggaz show me love
God forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fucking with the wrong nigga?
You know it's like
Why you fucking with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs schooled by killers
Learned my mathematic skills from real drug dealers
 Tried to rise but they tried me
I guess they all had to die 'cause we tried peace
 I die on these streets, blast till they recognize
 Still do or die all my niggaz getting high
Watching time fly, best strategiez on a way to profit
 Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it
Then keep it popping, a lot of buster wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch and now this new shit gonna fade 'em all
 My niggaz ball, made a call for some backup
 The little homiez and my dawgs in a black truck
 Buck buck was the sound, as their guts burst
 No need for ambulance baby bring the black hurse
 Shoulda never fucked around buster
How you figure making moves on the wrong nigga
 This is what it sounds like
 When you fucking with the wrong nigga
Niggas getting hit when they fucking with the wrong nigga
 Fucking with the wrong nigga

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