

Uppercut (Feat Hitman Da Mence Kakaveli Remix)

2Pac

"I wanted to bring back that reality,
Nobody can ever be confused and think I'm fuckin' Mike Tyson
And I'm the heavyweight champion,
I'm a little nigga, that's why its so raw to just watch me battle lions,
'Cause I'm a little skinny nigga battlin' niggas three times my size"Watch this uppercut, here it come
Watch the jab nigga, ugh
Here it come, look out, watch my armsNow see so many motherfuckers want to take a piece
Commin' equipped with some shit that niggas just can't believe
I pull a trick from my sleeve now kamikaze
I'm all over that nigga, come identify the body
My middle finger to you hoe niggas
Run up on me, and ill be forced to let it go nigga
I ain't the one you want to try, why, stayin' high
I hit this blunt an watch these motherfuckers die
Whose runnin' these streets I said that cocaine
Cause in the the dope game, niggas'll die 'fore they go broke mayne
Another hustler makin' major cash
'til the punk police come an raid ya ass
Now you stressed doin' fed time, and its a bitch
Cause the judge gave you 8 years, you doin' 6
And we know that you can't hang, you a trick
Rolled over turned snitch like a biatchNow you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from the uppercut, fucked, so what's up nigga
Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from this uppercut, stuck, so what's up niggaThey got a nigga in the dice game, I'm feelin' lucky
But the nigga just a little bigger, he tryna fuck me
Out my cash, imma blast nigga, he don't know
I gotta tell ya like the last nigga, gotta go
Don't need to roll for the truck, I get em' up
Left to right, my uppercut'll hit em' up (ha)
I'm known to walk the streets on any block
I love my niggas, but I ain't puttin' down my glock
The gun shots rang when I lose nigga, and ooh nigga
I'mma show you not to ever play a true nigga (haha)
Lay it down just to prove it
And fuck the rappin motherfucker we can do thisNow you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from the uppercut, fucked, so what's up nigga
Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from this uppercut, stuck, so what's up niggaThey claim that we violent, we named after tyrants

This revolution won't be televised, we keep it silent (shh)
Roll on our enemies, beat em' at they own game
Molotov cocktails, release an up in flames
Tired of bein' stepped on, sick of bein' held back
Lookin' through my rear view, thinkin' bout the pay back
Want to see my kids grow don't know if imma make it though
One more nigga came up short in the ghetto
Society lied to me so I'm strapped with the metal
Push ya middle finger up nigga if you a rebel
Have ya face down goin in ya pockets if ya let em
I done lost too many homies for me to ever forget em
I done made so many mistakes but still I don't regret em
I'm a product of the pimp, the pusher, and the reverend
I'm a product of the block, the fiends, and the felons
We all lost souls tryna find our way to heaven Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga
Gotchu fallin' from the uppercut, fucked, so what's up nigga
Now you know you shoulda ducked nigga

Gotchu fallin' from this uppercut, stuck, so what's up nigga "To all the conrads no longer with us, see you when
we get there
'Pac, Yak, we gon' keep on ridin', give these cowards the uppercut
'Til we get up there with y'all, you know! Thug Life we still livin' it
Outlaw for life, in the name of the Don, let's go! woo"

Songwriters

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