

# Untouchable

## II

Motherfuckers kill me  
Why y'all niggas don't wanna talk that shit  
When we be in the physical form?  
Why y'all niggas get all shy  
When we right there next to you at the premiers and shit?  
Y'all niggas get a lot of heart when you get up in the studio, huh?  
Yeah there came a man motherfucker wanna talk shit on the mic  
Well, do this for me would ya?  
Next time you get the notion to talk some shit about an outlaw nigga  
Or a nigga on the westside, the best side  
Call me, call me nigga, reach out and touch a nigga  
'Cause if you don't do that and I hear one of you niggas  
Sayin' something on the record  
Expect me nigga like you expect Jesus to come back  
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'  
From the pressure, yeah  
You know how we do it, outlaw  
Ride on these suckas  
After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain  
Even though we broke for the moment, balling again  
Time to make y'all my military be prepared for the busters similar to  
Bitches to scary get to near me we rush 'em  
Visions of over packed prisons million's of niggas thug living  
Pressure's, three strikes I hope they don't test us  
So pull the heat out, ammunition in crate's  
Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place  
I'm sensing niggas is defenseless I'm hitting fence's then getting ghost  
Who can prevent me shooting senseless at these niggas throats  
Only wish to breed I explode into a million seeds  
Y'all remember me legendary live eternally  
Bury me in pieces 'cause they fear reincarnation  
Niggas screaming peace 'cause they fear when my squad face 'em  
Take 'em to places, stake they face then erase 'em and brake 'em  
Murder motherfuckers at a rate and then quicken the pace  
Bitch made niggas and that bullshit you goin' through  
Outlaw bustin' while we rushin', we untouchable  
Fuck you niggas and that bullshit you going through  
We outlaws rushing you busting you, we untouchable  
Bitch made niggas and that bullshit you goin' through

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Aiyo we won't stop, I let them four four pop  
Tanqueray and alize man niggaz get shot  
I smokin' on some [Incomprehensible] baby, you know it's so gravy  
Calico's, AK's, niggas yellin' mayday  
Payday, soon as the red dots connect  
All that haze and that dro', that Cali sticky icky  
Strictly 213, 818  
323, 310 we outlaws baby  
I'm surrounded by thugs, slugs with crystal's and pistols, callin'  
Copy murderers that be softer than tissues  
Got my persona soulja dedicated to the fuckin' drama  
My foes, retreat like crows when opposed by pros  
Mashin' like piranhas or a pack of pits  
Bodies get wasted, paper chasin' tryna stack a grip  
Then my mob touched for lots of loot to clutch  
Clinging for a life which ain't much and a lust for these guns to bust  
Ain't no trust  
For these herbs tryna question  
Keep my burner on the dresser  
Wake up bustin' in the morning from the pressure  
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I never had a chance to be a buster, I was raised hard  
With the homies sheddin' tattoo tears out near the graveyard  
I rep my outlaws deeply  
Done seen to many real playas fall, to let the industry cheat me  
Only behind the scenes do they see me as Tupac  
The Don in this bitch with two glocks, I'm wrong  
The homies still gon' roll and standin' with ya biggest G  
You still gon' fold I can guarantee you a loss  
The homie Pac told me, I can guarantee you a boss  
And it was him for a brief minute  
Far as my life since he disappeared I still ain't found peace in it  
But still strugglin' like Mumia Abu  
It was 'bout to end truely, I knew, named my daughter Asada  
For that alone, make her more than a rider

Got every homie trigga finga under the set  
Dope or guaranteed now my one-o-one'll connect  
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Outlaws, we untouchable

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