

Tupac Back (featuring Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screaming that Tupac back
All eyes on me, better Picture Me Rollin'
Riding brand new rims, but them bitches is stolen
Stranded on Death Row, Brenda having my baby
But I'm stacking my paper, I need a brand new Mercedes
They screaming Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these btiches screaming that Tupac backTupac back, I'm two glocks strapped
Rolling down in Philly this the new Iraq
Soon as I hit the the hood they screaming who got whacked
It's a recession on the work, I'm screaming who got crack
I'm sippin' Hennessy, riding on my motherfucking enemies
Sliding in the back screamin MMG (Maybach Music)
Ten bitches and they dime so it's Tennessee
Hail Mary, put my wrist on froze
Presidential is gold, nigga play with my money my shooter's lifting his soul
Forty kick like in soccer, bullets hittin' the goal
Bitch I'm like John Wall cause I just give em and go
Plotting on this new seven, I can picture me rolling
Pockets look like they pregnant because them bitches is swollen
Got a grip I can loan, all them snitches could hold em
Look at them motherfucking wheels, them bitches is stolen
They screamin'Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screaming that Tupac back
All eyes on me, better Picture Me Rollin'
Riding brand new rims, but them bitches is stolen
Stranded on Death Row, Brenda having my baby
But I'm stacking my paper, I need a brand new Mercedes
They screaming Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these btiches screaming that Tupac backMommy a soldier, daddy is dead
Catch the nigga that did it, and we gon' carry his head
Fuck nine one one, tell 'em have him a bed
Talking Death Row records, tell em have me a chair
Let it burn, I'm screaming free my nigga Earl
He's due in, no hesitation we can't even get a turn
Got my Mackaveli CD then I listened than I learned
Grabbed my Mac above the dresser, my OG's say hold it firm
I'm dreaming spitting with Pac, talkin ciphers with BIG
Try to send me upstate with the life as a bid

Had me scraping my wax, sleeping, my knife in the bed
They got a nigga on point like there's a price on my head
I'm going max, got me knocking suckers and they back
In the cell, raising hell, tryna get back to the trap
But don't ever get it twisted it's Meek Mill, we spittin' facts
Plus somebody said they seen it and they mean it so they steady screaming

Songwriters

WILLIAM ROBERTS, ROBERT WILLIAMS, MIKE WILL, MARQUEL MIDDLEBROOKS
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