

Ain't Hard 2 Find

2Pac

They say Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin' That's right, that's right boy start that shit off I heard
a rumour I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized
Pictures of me in my final stage you know Mama cried
But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted
Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'
Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find
Why I spend most of my time, my California grind
Watching for thievin' I'm cautious it's like I'm barely breathin'
Puttin a bullet in motherfuckers give me a reason
See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded
You tried to play me now homicide is my only payment
I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead
Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G
For the life of me, I cannot see
How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me
And if you don't like this rhyme
Then bring your big bad ass to California
'Cause we ain't hard to find Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin' I got my locs on hard hat goin' to war
Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights
Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap, out my drawers
And get to dumpin' on they ass, like the last outlaws
Rich, 2Pac and the Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips
With enough shit to raise your block in one dip
We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt
And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick I'm fully automatic full of static and shit
Movin' Dodge van fifty rounds in the clip
I'm ridin' shot gun with the tint in the back
I'm plan to have a motherfucker in' mint in this rap
I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, bleed, whatever yo' kind

And if you need a motherfucker I ain't hard to find
Some may call me Bootsy, but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)
To the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho
Get in my way, then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin'
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal lipstick hairy can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is the proof without the drama play
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for, if ya gonna hesitate
Best shake and bake all those I-was-first-to-ask niggas
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him have at him (check this out)
I grew up with that nigga
Threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride
Double-edgin' for the other side
But now, my Glock be so judgemental
Back seat of a rental
Keep my name out your dental, nigga
If your gum bleeding and you needing
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches
Sideways to the race
Heavy in the game
Check the resident, it's all the same (it's all the same)
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find
Hell nah we ain't hard to find
The whole clickilation fool
Motherfuckers hard to find, right here biatch
Why them niggas acting like they can't find us?
Like they can't see us and
Like we don't be at the same spots they be at?
It's the same congregation
Young Pac is back (Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit)
It's a celebration, (guess who's back) (motherfuckers better understand this shit)
Young Pac is back
Ay D-Shot nigga can we get paid man?
Can we just go there and sock this shit up please?
Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find
Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some hurricane
A motherfucker's gonna get his Marlboro's regardless playa

You supposed to
Sideways to the next light
And to the next coast
Poppin' motherfuckin' ball shit you know what I'm sayin'
(Money over bitches nigga, MOB, MOB)

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