

Fuck Em All (Feat the Outlawz)

2Pac

You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Yeah nigga, fuck 'em all
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Fuck all you muthafuckers
Ayyo Biggie Put your hands up Now I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to muthafuckers when they scrappin'
Blast and watch em' back up
Notorious biggie killer, affiliation with death row
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool this the west coast
Fuck ah misdemeanor I'm raisin hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggas to trip, cause bitch I love to scrap
Now mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines, writing raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks now they all want to sue me
So fuck em' all (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Come put your hands up in the air
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all) Now could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets
Like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison
Wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell
Ah possibility of livin' well
But if they killin' me
I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosing to sell
I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figga addicted to these fucking streets Now put your muthafucking hands up
If you'se a rider (Ride)

Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)
Fuck em' all, touch em' all
That's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out watch that bitch nigga lose it
Man I'm as strong as this game
Ya'll be knowing my name (Edi)
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane
Gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash and my next piece of ass
So fuck em' all(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Come put your hands up in the air
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
I do my girl all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homey to call me
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Back off I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
Nigga, we Outlaw ridahz
Don't give a fuck if ya love us we thuggin'I got glad bags with enemies
Cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessey
So they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick em' and holla
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass, Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For the profit pick my Glock up
I'm bustin' in self defense ya see
Poppin' nobody got em' Holla
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy (Why?)
'Cause they'll never stop us
I watch Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in the movie
Now I want to do it too
Ohh, ohh niggas is too through
True to the game
I claim Outlaw riders
We give a fuck what they try
I'm'Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain
Kick back lil' nigga, and watch the game

Get your mobb rocked and what-not
 We keep it poppin' like a drug spot
 The streets know what's hot
 Trust me Even my hood call me baby Malcolm X
 With the teck's
 Shower some slugs on em'
 I've got a brother don't rest, and he keep some drugs on him
 Always in grind mood, hustle to find food
 Ever seen faces of death? That's what my nine do I keep my mind on my money
 And my money on my mind
 With my back against the wall
 Like I'm runnin' outta time
 Even rap with a gat
 I must be goin' out my mind
 Like I'm up against the world
 This guerilla team of mine
 Screamin'
 Thug Life bitch, fuck 'em all
 And die for em'
 Even if them the last nigga left I'ma ride for em'
 Feel me?
 Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
 Fuck em' all
 Let them die
 That's my slogan
 Fuck em' all (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 Come put your hands up in the air
 It's a middle finger affair, yeah
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 I do my girl up by my lonely
 Don't need no phony homey to call me
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 Back off I hit at everyone of you homies
 So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 Nigga, we Outlaw ridahz
 Don't give a fuck if ya love us we thuggin'
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)
 (That's right bitch, fuck 'em all)

Songwriters

SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU / FULA, YAFEU / BEALE, MUTAH W. / COOPER, RUFUS LEE / COX,
 KATARI T. / GREENIDGE, MALCOLM / JACKSON, JOHNNY LEE
 Published by
 Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other

patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>