

Lie To Kick It

2pac

Yeah, if she didn't wanna fuck
Then she never should've called you
I dedicate this to my nigga, Mike Tyson
If she didn't wanna fuck
Then she never should've called you
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks an' them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
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Jack of all trades, ballin' like Jordan, you punk
Fake inside the paint, in fact I know you can't
Do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county
Suckas on yo' jock, you claim you run the block
Polyurethane busta, cracked in half
You claim you foldin' bank but I know yo' bank stank
I lived around the corner, I seen you fully smoked
Must I say some more? You weighed a buck 04
You sold ya TV for a buck 'cause it was way too late
Now they sent you upstate an' you done gained some weight
You's a baller, lyin' to them youngstas quick
Got them thinkin' you sick an' representin' yo' click
But you's an old basehead, kickin' too much hype
Yo' bicentennial pipe, it got rally stripes
An' if they knew yo' identity you'd probably be the victim of a stickin'
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You ain't got to lie to kick it, y'all don't hear me
I got these niggas yackin' in my face
About some shit that never took place
An' what you see is what you get, that's what he told me
I peeped it in his pose, exposed the fuckin' phony
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie
With them bitches, they be freaky, they don't know me
Hey, it's gettin' drastic, gunnin' niggas down
'Cause they plastic, sleep on a G an' get that ass kicked
An' stuffed inside a casket
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafuckin' last hit
Hey an' wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice
An' every time I bust a nut, I fuck for Tyson
'Cause I know the real on the bitch
She got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick
An' got a nigga screamin', ?Fuck that bitch?
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Well if a bitch'll be a bitch, then a trick'll be a trick
I've got my nigga, Richie Rich an' we be all up in the mix
This is 'Thug Life', baby, rollin' hoes like Vogues
Stay the fuck up out of mine an' I'll stay outta yours
It's a Oakland thang an' bitch, you wouldn't understand
This Tanqueray got me screamin', ?Fuck yo' man?
But now you beefin' on the strength that you was thinkin' I was jockin'
Hey bitch, I got no time for hoes, I'm steady clockin'
An' if it ain't about a buck, I gives a fuck
It's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck
So what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me?
Bitch, you better see Trojan about yo' baby
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'
'Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slippin'
You ain't got to lie to kick it
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