

Peep Game (feat. Deadly Threat)

2Pac

So what the fuck you talkin' about? Goody, goody, gumdrops, nigga, get your hoodie
An' your gun cocked, rock it 'til the drum stops
Hip hop, even if my shit flip flop
An' it probably wouldn't stop, talk shit an' get socked How ya hang 'em? Know a realer, nigga? You could
bring him
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it, we could sway him
As if I know ya, then I could show ya
But if I don't know, I got a fo'-fo' fo' ya So, so peep game at point blank range
The fame can't change what the game maintains
Strange, wind against the grain
Aw, shit, flick or no flick, I tricks for no bitch Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'ma dis her
Couldn't be my sister if she actin' like I missed her
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me?
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can flay me? I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't Diesel
But fuck wit Tupac an' pop goes the weasel
Me an' Threat made a bet on how many fellas
Would jack a mothafuckin' real nigga 'coz they jealous They do it for the fame, explain, insane
What's in a name, what's in a name? Peep game Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Trenton don't getcha, Pops gon' kill ya Killa Cali, the state where they kill
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?
The bitches lookin' funny, feel 'em at me, feel 'em at me
Wit they minds on they Heaven, wit they 3 5 7 Where you at? On the freeway, deep in LA
Okay, see you when get here, loc, okay
Here I am, here I am, goddamn, that was quick
Told ya I was comin', who is that? Is that your woman? Na, that's just a hooch lookin' for some juice
What's up my nigga? What ya know, a nigga got a little bigger
That's all folks know, fat gold ropes
Gotta keep a low key for my attack when I approach I want the diamonds, the pearls, the round the way girls
'Coz baby got, baby got backs out this world
Would you give a fee? Never, fly like a feather
Make more money than your father an' your momma put together The game is to be sold, not to be told
So buy it, can't afford it?
Low budget hoes gotta brother, peep game Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Trenton don't getcha, Pops gon' kill ya Don't sell out, get the hell out
'Coz here I come, hit 'em with my bop gun

They came an' they blast, we got wit they ass
An' oh, pop this vest an' all the rest of that messComin' through like Terminator 2
Bruise your crew 'coz we ain't afraid of you
You know what time it is wit me once the clock strike 3
They go for coo coo like Cocoa Puffs, ooh, weePunk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Trenton don't getcha, Pops gon' kill yaTime to get paid, time to get paid, check
Time to represent the West, on me, nothin' but a vest
Got my hands on my glock, eyes on the prize
First sucka jump, first sucka dieGimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya
Hard as a boulder, mothafuckin' soldier
Boom bam boom, it's a stick up
Vice President Dan Quayle eat a dick up, peep gamePunk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Trenton don't getcha, Pops gon' kill yaPunk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Trenton don't getcha, Pops gon' kill yaPunk bitch, fuck all those mothafuckas
They all can eat a mothafuckin' dick up
Word up, fuck the police, I don't give a fuck
Bobcat in this mothafucka, boyBig up, big up to the criminals, fuck 'em
This is serious business, yeah, Microphone Mafia
Tupac, Threat, Bobcat, 93 shot
Yeah, nigga, bitch

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