

Dumpin'

2pac

Who you are?
One nation under a thug in bullet scar
Young nation no revolution and no cause
One nation young, black and dangerous by far
Young nation just trying to get this
Murderous mind state, can't keep my nine straight
Sipping on this Hennessey, waiting for the time to break
Show up and motherfuckers bow down, recognize
Westside, Death Row, Outlaw riders
Untouchable mob of pistol packers
Well known felons, labeled for drug selling, merciless jackers
Forever buzzed roll with thugs and dons
Commence to letting off rounds, then escape in the fog
Who wanna see me solo? Catch Makaveli while he sleeping
My mini-fourteen murdering niggas while they creeping
Duck or you ass out, drink till you pass out
Ain't scared to die, drunk driving in my glasshouse
Niggas is under me, they bitches come to me
They heard the stories nigga, now they want to really see
Bomb first my motto is fully guaranteed
Niggas is player haters, label them my enemies, I'm dumpin'

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When it's on I'm popping off every chance I get
Out the window on some uptown anthem shit
I'm stressing, but ain't no pressure here I've been here before
Fugitive task force at my girlfriend's door
Now they checking in her bedroom, I ain't there
Forty Cal's, extended clip's steel, I ain't scared
Outlaw, and best believe they won't take me alive
I'm different and I'ma prove it if it take me to die
Knew that God had a plan for me but
He won't be laying up in my casket and doing life in a can for me
Maybe I'm brazey and paranoid than a bitch
Me dying? You think I'll let them see joy from that shit?
Walking dead angels spending last days by me

New Jersey Jon like Dave Tyre
Young George or Jonathan Jack, your guns clap, mine'll got brat
A soldier like Geronimo Pratt
And come through cocking the black pound
When they put twin towers up, 'Pac, I'm knocking 'em back down
Poster child yeah, Air Force one's with the crocodile checks
One some poster wild sex
Money and murder, is all I breathe in my life
It's full of judges and chasing enemies in the night
Through the Henney I see the eyes of the devil
G riding with extra boxes of bullets to the nine in the shevil
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I always thought I'd have to die to do a record with 'Pac
So I wrote from the perspective of a graveyard box
You end up in a box 'cause of them grave robbing bastards
Dig ya' grave back up snatched you out the casket
Worms in my eyes eating through my cabbage
It's the flesh to the bones, the bones to the ashes
But I'm not dead, I'm actually in a session
With the 'Pac keeping the shot money, progressive
They don't really want no drama, I know your goon's
That's why I keep pressure on them like on a open wound
This God given, He keep giving me better music
So every time you hear me, my songs present improvement
Y'all can't kill me, y'all forever losing
Songs are evolution if I load your gun for you will you bang it out
With some other niggas you better shoot it
Don't try to lie and say you was busting I'm clever stupid
Claiming you repping Ruthless
You got the same bullets that you had when I loaded it for you
You never used it, the none sareen a dream, get ready for execution
Papoose, Fatal and 'Pac, the revolution
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