

# Open Fire

## 2Pac

Alright now, here we go  
Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?  
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk  
Until these jealous motherfuckers kill me  
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero  
I'm 165 and staying high till I die  
My competition's zero  
'Cause I could give a fuck about you  
Better duck or I'll be forced to hit yo ass up  
I give a fuck, I'm sick inside my mind  
Why you sweatin' me? It's gonna take an army full of  
Crooked ass cops to come and get me  
Niggaz know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure  
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser  
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born  
I don't want no shit but niggaz trip and yo it's on  
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry  
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried  
It's a man's world, niggaz get played, another stray  
Hope I live to see another day  
Hey, I'm getting sweated by these undercovers, who can I trust?  
Got my mama stressin' thinkin' it's a drug bust  
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached  
We living a drug life, thug life, each day could be my last  
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask  
That's the consequences when ya livin', fast  
Six bricks of tricks for my niggaz, I gotta come up and recoup  
You keep the dope just bring me six figures is it a bust?  
I hear the sirens, run for cover over the fence and open fire  
Alright now, here we go  
These motherfuckers on my  
ass, I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?  
I'm comin' 'round the corner like I'm magic  
Doin' ninety on the freeway and hittin' switches  
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches  
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up 'cause they don't worry me  
Pussy ass bitches better bury me  
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot, we in the hood  
How the fuck they gon' catch a crook?  
I got away, 'cause I'm clever  
Went to my neighbors for a favor  
Now you know players stick together  
I watch the scene from the rooftop  
Spittin' loogies at the coppers  
That pursue me, beotch  
I be a hustler till it's over, motherfucker  
Open fire on you bustas  
Alright now, here we go  
Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state  
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight  
Change my plates, pick up my nigga and now we rollin'  
Droppin' keys like they stolen  
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town  
Till the coast is clear, enough dope to last a year

They got me running from the police, nowhere to go  
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict  
I'd rather fire on my target  
I hit the corner doin' ninety, oh, shit  
Them bitches right behind me They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires  
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka Thug Life

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