

Tha Lunatic

2pac

Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick
Heard he had a twelve inch now the bitch is lovesick
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie?
Heard I was down with DU, now she wants to do me
Ooh wee, this is the life
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife
It ain't right but it's cool how they come quick
Don't try to flip with the lip 'cause I run shit
Hip hip, hooray for the AK
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day
Make pay, next is the wet sex
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check
Bloody as a coat check, snappin' motherfuckers necks
Revenge so sweet when it comes from
Niggaz get done with the drum, watch my foes run
Nigga keeps comin' when they can't slip
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic
Yeah, fuck that God, word up
Blowin' niggaz out the motherfuckin' frame yaknahmsayin'?
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it
Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Douglas
'Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson
I'm grippin' the mic and, my DJ is slicin'
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me
With the same old tryin' to do me like Nintendo
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star
'Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me
Bitches on my dick, like a motherfuckin' conda
Niggaz wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb em
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it?
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again
Nigga, I'm loc'ed, when I smoke from the indoor
But we can be friends though after you get broke like a window

That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out
Lookin' like a bitch 'cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga
Leave me the fuck alone, you gets none of this
Feel the wrath and revenge of Tha' Lunatic
Yeah Tu', tell them motherfuckers, word up
We ain't havin' it, none of that shit
Bitch ass niggaz, niggaz can't fuck with us Tu', word up
Ninety one, we takin' this whole motherfucker over
Niggaz got problems in ninety one
Ninety two and ninety three
And all that other shit, word up
Recognize game when it smacks your bitch, I'm back to rip
Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit
Time will tell if it's made well
Well, I raise hell and excel 'cause it pays well
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther
I'm funky, that's word to the father
Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless
Ducked, and now he's fucked and left toothless
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared
You're scared and you're bound to go
It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'
Stop trippin' off these niggaz 'cause they ain't about nuttin'
Or should I say naythin'
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fakin'
I'm sick of the bullshit
Come equipped and get ready to rip
Or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic
Ah yeah, fuck that
(The motherfuckin' lunatic)
You know what I'm sayin'? Yes, Tu'
Tell them niggaz what time it is knahmsayin'?
(Punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)
Niggaz can't fuck with us, word up bitch ass niggaz, fuck 'em
Fuck all them niggaz
I'm tellin' these niggaz that they ain't got naythin' on a nigga like me
We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in ninety one
Ninety two ninety three and so on
So let the beat float on
While I spray these punk bitches with these dope ass lyrics
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank

Now it's money in the bank and all y'all niggaz shit stank

Compared to this shit

Fuck y'all punk bitches, Tha' Lunatic

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