

50 Cent, Realest Killaz

-somebody talkin-

Yo,Red Spider...

Is that 50 Cent and Pac ready?

Lemme know,holla

-Tupac-

It's go'n be some stuff you go'n see

That's go'n make it hard to smile in the future

-50 Cent-

Yea nigga...ha ha

Lets go nigga,dis is what it is

Tupac cut his head bald,then you want to cut yo head bald

Tupac wear a bandana,you wanna wear a banadana (what do we have here now)

Tupac put a cross on his back,You wanna put crosses on yo back

Nigga,you aint Tupac

-Tupac-

Is it

Money and women,funny beginning's tragic ending's

I can make a million and still not get enough of spendin'

And since my life is based on sinnin',I'm hell bound

Rather be buried that be worried,livin' held down

-Snoop-

Yo,that shit is crazy Whoo Kid

Bring that muthafuckin beat back man

-Tupac-

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-50 Cent-

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My game plan to be trained in

Military mind of a thug lord sittin' in a cemetery cryin

I've been lost since my adolescence calling for Jesus

Ballin' as a youngster wondering if he see's us

Young black males

Crack sales got me three strikes

Livin' in jail this is hell enemies die

Wonder when we all pass,is anybody listnin'

Got my hands on my semi shotty,everybody's snitchin'

Please god can you understand me,bless my family

Guide us all before we fall into insanity

I'm makin' a point to make my beatin' bumpin' raw life

Drop some shit to make these stupid bitches jaw tight

-50 Cent- (=Tupac)

Till makaveli return it's all eyes on me- on me (what do we have here now)

And you can hate it or love it,but thats what it's go'n be- go'n be

Shoulda listened,I told you not to fuck wit me- wit me (what do we have here now)

Now can you take the pressure,that's what we go'n see- go'n see

-50 Cent-

This is a cry for mercy,I promise

My success would be the death of you

Low and behold,you sold ya soul,theres nothing left of you

Look in the mirror,ask yourself,who are you

If you dont know who you are,how could ya dreams come true

Muthafucka,I sat backed and watched ya,you pretended to be Pac

You pretended to be hot,but you not,now (nowwww)
You sea-so crip,you cant take the pressure,you pussy
I warned you not to push me
You see me,and chills,run up ya spine
GOD made menace in war,but ya heart aint like mine
And plus,they look at me like I'ma menace
I was playing wit guns,while ya momma had you and yo friends playing tennis
I'ma nightmare,you see me in ya dream
Wake up,and turn on ya t.v. and see my ass again
You cowardly hearted,you couldn't make it on ya own
FUCK THE SOURCE,I'M ON THE COVER OF ROLLIN STONE
-50 Cent- (=Tupac)
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