

50 Cent, The Realest Killaz

(feat. 2pac, Snoop Dogg)

[somebody talkin']
Yo, Red Spider...
Is that 50 Cent and Pac ready?
Lemme know, holla

[2pac]
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

[2pac]
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 than be worried, livin' held down

[Snoop]
Yo, that shit is crazy Whoop Kid
Bring that muthafuckin beat back man

[2pac]
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]
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[2pac]
Is it
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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 than be worried, livin' held down
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 (2pac)]
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 that's 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, there's nothing left of you
Look in the mirror, ask yourself, who are you
If you don't 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 (nowww)
I see it so clear, you can't 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 (2pac)]

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