

Fuckin' wit' the Wrong Nigga

2pac

Niggas.. fucking with the wrong nigga..

[2Pac]

My seductive introduction be specific, still elusive
but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it, and I'm still lifted
Niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flipping my adversaries, gettin the dick swiftly
Niggas are swinging wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch but you whole click'll still get treated shitty
Business never personal I'm up before the sun come up on thai
Just a ghetto star, a dropped up double-R is what I'm riding
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was, bring you artillery
when you come for me, cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, cause Syke was busting
plus, bow had 'em ducking, screaming, "Get they cash!"
So now I got the law on me, my phone's tapped
So I had to send word through my little homies
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fucking, with the wrong nigga.
This is what you get, when you fucking with the wrong nigga.
Hehehehe, yeah nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep I, pray and thank the Lord
for giving me another fruitful, day
I wanna be a peaceful man but still when niggas come for me
all I can see is getting 'em, killed
For real it's how I feel, reflect my thoughts, flowing on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel, they caps peeled
We still cool but you played yourself
Give him the mac and make him spray hisself, hey
Falling legends clutching chrome three-five-seven
Puttin two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in heaven
Why call in shots nobody really as clear as me
Ain't trying to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love
God forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fucking with the wrong nigga, you know?
It's like..
Why you fucking with the wrong nigga..

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise but they tried me
I guess they all had to die cause we tried peace
I die in these streets, blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin high watching time fly
Best strategize on the way to profit
Best organize how you ride so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch and now this new shit gonna' fade 'em all
My niggas ball made a call for some backup
for little' homies and my dogs in the black truck
Buck buck was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby bring the black hearse
Should've never fucked around buster, how you figure?
Ma kin moves on the wrong nigga, is what it sounds like

Ding ding ding.. when you fuck with the wrong nigga..
Niggas gettin hit, when they fuck, with the wrong nigga..
Fucking with the wrong nigga..