

## Toss It Up

2pac

The money behind the dreams  
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin war we got  
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row  
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather  
And who he comin through right now, Makaveli the Don  
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all  
Since you supllied yo' phone number, I can't help but call  
Time for action, conversatin, we relaxin, kickin back  
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that  
Tongue kissin, hand full of hair, look in my eyes  
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise  
Me and you movin in the nude, do it in the living room  
Sweatin up the sheets, it's the Thug in me  
I mean no disrespectin when I tongue kiss your neck  
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect  
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top  
I pull over, gettin busy in the parking lot  
And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide  
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside  
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust  
I got the bedroom shakin back-breakin when we're tossin it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin down  
When all that is around, slip slide ride  
Givin me love nice like  
Female I like, what I wanna give all night  
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up  
Baby let's, get it on!  
I like the way you please me, babe  
The sexy way you tease me, sugar  
The way you move your body  
It really drives me crazy  
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting  
So baby come on home with me, I like the way you give it to me!

I like the way you give it to me -- let me see you toss it up  
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play onnnn!

Ohhh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady  
Ohhh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy  
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang  
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!  
Now the man, I'm here again  
Don't worry to ever end  
It's feeling too good  
Gimme some more, oh lady lady  
Your body the kind I like-ah  
Big booty to the lung delight-ah  
Bag it up yo, let me in there  
Toss it up for me!!

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around  
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now  
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin for paydays  
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin Child's Play  
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize  
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move  
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?  
Lookin for suckers cause you similar  
Pretendin to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature  
Screamin Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard  
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs  
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable  
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin you  
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed  
Who can you trust, only time reveals -- toss it up!

Play on playa, play on  
How can some non-players do a song about Compton  
and then wanna do a player song?  
How can non-players do it? (We not little kids, we not playin)  
Tellin lies, who?  
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon  
You still ain't touchin us, all that peace talk  
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy  
It's on  
Toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat  
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat  
Cause you wasn't rockin it right  
Tired of suckers rockin it, toss it up, is how we did it  
Yeah, toss it up now!