

Untouchable

2pac

You motherfuckers kill me
Why yall niggaz don't ever talk that shit when we be in the physical form?
Why yall niggaz get all shy when we right there next to you at the premiere'
s and shit?
Hahaha
Yall niggaz get alot of heart when you get in the studio, huh?
Get that can the man motherfucker wanna talk shit on the mic
Well do this for me, would you?
Next time you get the notion to talk some shit about an Outlaw nigga
or a nigga from the west side the best side, call me
Call me nigga, reach out and touch a nigga, cause uh
If you don't do that and I hear one of you niggaz sayin somethin on a record
, ha
Expect me nigga like you expect Jesus to come back
Expect me nigga, I'm comin'

[Beat starts]

[2Pac]

Ah, from the pressure, yeah
You know how we do this Quik, Outlaws, untouchable
After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke for the moment we'll be balling again
Time to make ya'll, my military be prepared for the busters similar to
Bitches to scary, get to near me we rush 'em
Visions of over packed prisons, million's of niggaz thug living
Pressure's, three strikes I hope they don't test us
So pull the heat out, ammunition in crate's (shh)
Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place
I'm sensing niggaz is defenseless I'm hitting fence's then getting ghost
Who can prevent me shooting senseless at these niggaz throats?
Only wish to breed, I explode into a million seeds
Yall remember me legendary live eternally
Bury me in pieces cause they fear reincarnation
Niggas screamin' peace cause they fear when my squad face 'em,
Take 'em to places face to face then erase 'em, and break 'em
Murder motherfuckers that are waitin' to quicken the pace

[Chorus: 2Pac]

Bitch made niggaz and that bullshit you going through
Outlaws busting while we rushing
We untouchable
Fuck you niggaz and that bullshit you going through
We Outlaws rushing you busting you
We untouchable
[Repeat 2x]

[Gravy]

Aiyyo we won't stop, I let the '44 pop
Tanqueray and Alize' make niggaz get shot
I'm smokin on some gush baby, you know it's all Gravy
Calicos, AK's, niggaz yellin mayday
Payday, soon as the red dots connect
Off that haze and that 'dro, that Cali sticky icky
Strictly 2-1-3, 8-1-8, 3-2-3
3-1-0, we Outlaws, baby

[Yaki Kadafi]

I'm surrounded by thugs, slugs with crystals and pistols, callin
Copy murderers that be softer than tissues
Got my persona soldier dedicated to the fuckin drama
My foes retreat like pros when they post my pros
Mashin like piranahs or a pack of pitts
Bodies get wasted, paper chasin, tryna stack a brick
Dear mama, I'm touched for lots of lethal clutch, clingin for a life which a
in't much
And a lust for these guns to bust
Ain't no trust for these herbs tryna wet ya, keep my burner on the dresser
Wake up bustin in the mornin from the pressure

[Chorus: 2x]

[Hussein Fatal]

I never had a chance to be a buster, I was raised hard
With the only shed of tattooed tears out near the graveyard
I rep my Outlaws deeply
Done seen too many real players fall to let the industry cheat me
Only behind the scenes do they see me as 2Pac the don
And this bitch with 2 glocks, I'm wrong
The homie still gon roll and standin with your biggest G
You still gon fold, I can guarantee you a lost
The homie 'Pac told me "I can guarantee you a boss"
And it was in for a brief minute, far as my life
Since he disappeared, I still ain't found peace in it
But still strugglin like Mumia Abu, it was bout to end truly I knew
Named my daughter Assadah, for that alone, make 'em more than a rider
Got every homie trigger finger under the set
Dope but guaranteed now my 1 on 1 will connect

[Chorus: 2x]

[2Pac]

Fuck you niggaz and that bullshit you going through
Outlaws! We untouchable!