2Pac, Loyal To The Game (remix)

(2Pac)

Now I've got to ask, on a nigga's ass, tell me will they blast me? I think of an alias in case these crooked bitches ask me Now, it's gettin crazy after dark, these narcs be like tryin to shut me down but I'm too smart Now picture me scared of the penitentiary I've been movin these things since the days of elementary Now tell me what you need when you see me I'm stackin G's, buyin all the things on TV, believe me I got some killas on my payroll, and they know When it's time to handle business, nigga lay low Although I'm young, I'm still comin up I'm gettin paid, pullin raises on niggas when they runnin up The first to pull a strap when there's drama Busta, you ain't heard? I've been slicin motherfuckerss since I lost my momma There ain't a cop that can stop me My posse is cocked, G, and they don't quit until they drop me

(Chorus)

I'm loyal to the game

(Treach)

Without no doubt I ain't no slouch and it ain't time to back down So I jumps in and try to stop-a and watch-a Slap you cock-eyed like Popeye fucks spinach Forgotten more shit than most crews ever know, or ever knew Was born with 7 flows and only heaven knew For beat the boot sex, the news breaks, the you shakes Worse, they heard we got more nerve than a 2-fake Yoo-hoo to you crew and you too so you knew I'm from Jersey and I'm a teen so your block more than you do Whose the new crew? Show me your neck brotha, and here's another Smack your mother's mamma's mother In the first mob of all those other crack lovers Back was bitch-ass, trick ass, cluk-clow-cluk-clow How ya like me then, how ya like me, hey-ho, how ya like me now? Ow, pow, hurt, don't it? Bow, bow, don't run up on it The same thing minus P hangin possies like an exponent Oh yes, rock in slums, ya gots to run it It makes no sense to smell like shit If old ass George could be Washing-tons

(Chorus)

(Riddler) Now I be loyal to my niggas on the blocks, just buckin the shots And packin the glocks and dodgin the cops, and takin over niggas spots Poppin after poppin the fools be droppin, the hoes be hoppin On my thing cause it hangs like the nets from Above the Rim You lookin grim, is it me or him or him Or be with me, we be together So what's up? We can do whatever Cause real niggas stick together Till they make it up to heaven Through the stress, through the hell, through the 1-8-7 The shorter the nigga, the bigga the trigga The deeper they dig the ditch-a The Naughty the Treach then through to the Pac I brings the glock I wets up You fuckin body, I'm like, Oh my Gody Did I really shoot him? Yo I shot him

So got him, now I puts the crime behind me And finds me, a place to lays my head low I lives doin my rap, but I dies for my hood row So all you fuckin fools better recognize, and know my fuckin name I be Riddler to my niggas and I'm loyal to the game

(Chorus)