

2Pac, Number 1 With A Bullet

(2Pac)

Number one, and ya don't stop
Gotta be number one, here we come, lick a gunshot
Check out me and Mon

(Money B)

One, not two, and ya don't stop
Me and 2Pac comin true, and ya don't stop

(2Pac)

Gotta be number one, me and Mon, and ya don't stop
Gotta be number one, here we come, lick a gunshot

(Money B)

Lickin em down fast, number one, and ya don't stop
Bustin NUFF ass, number one, and ya don't stop

(2Pac)

The caper was planned, I called my main man Money B
I'm bout to go snuff this kid called Billboard Charts, run with me

(Money B)

Billboard Charts, I remember that name, tell me more 'Pac

(2Pac)

He's stupid for loops and he's got me (CUCKOO!) for goin pop

(Money B)

When do we drop him? (What?) Knock him and take his loot?
(Snap crackle) bang bang, there's blood on his fuckin shoe

(2Pac)

Uh-uh, nobody shoot (Why?) Cause that ain't the way to go
We gotta convince him to play our tracks on the radio

(Money B)

Aiyyo let me convince him (hah), a clip and an AK
SHIT'LL BE OKAY, cause he'll play what I say

(2Pac)

Well that's how it goes, ain't nuttin left but to pull it
(Takin no prisoners) Here I come... NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET

number one chorus

Here I come (number one) number one (here I come)
Here I come (number one) NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET
Here I come (number one) number one (here I come
number one with the) "BUCK BUCK BUCK!"
(Number one) here I come (number one) here I come
(Number one) number one (here I come) NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET
Here I come (number one) number one (here I come
number one with the) "BUCK BUCK BUCK!"

(2Pac) Hey yo, check this out, we wanna get a contract so we can get our money

interlude

(shady industry rap)

Ohhhhh, you kids like to rap huh? I love rap music
Hey, I really like your groovy threads
But you need a couple things, you need a couple more things
(hey yo, check this out, we don't wanna hear all that)
to really make it in the business
We need, baggy pants and ruffles, how bout some hightop fades
(2Pac) Ahh hell no, ohh HELL NO... yo Mon, he buggin

with yellow hightop streaks
Ohh yeah, but really there's a couple more things we need
(2Pac) Fuck that, that's that bullshit
We're gonna really need some newjack swing beat R&B hip-hop crap
Ohh you're gonna need dancers, what's a hip-hop show without dancers
Explosions, light shows...

(both) FREEZE! Please, Mr. BillB freeze!
(Money B)
Drop to your knees, or I'll pop and you'll knock Z's
(Musta mistook me for a crook) searchin for a hook
(Ya took another look, checked my rhymebook)
Huh, nothin but hits upon mo' hits
(I ain't tryin to hear this shit) from the tricks in the business

(2Pac)
Money, I told ya how they played me
FROM A TO Z, LIKE AN H-O-E, glad ya came to save me
(Well I didn't want to make another lullaby)
Come soft as butter I, guess that I'm doomed no matter what I try

(Money B)
The charts won't give us any justice

(2Pac)
Mon we gotta bust this
Pull it if he moves, then I (bust this) splat
(on the wall like a fly) tell him why

(Money B)
Well if that's what it takes to be number one, number one here I come

number one chorus (repeat to end)