

# Last Wordz (feat. Ice Cube & Ice-T)

## 2Pac

Ice Cube's in the mutha-fuckin' house  
The nigga you love to hate  
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The nigga you love to hate  
Ice Cube's in the mutha-fuckin' house Yo, here comes the nigga with the ruff, terror  
The paranoid, gots to get the boy  
Get your steel 'cuz I feel like a headbanger  
Yah, I got a gang of shits Styles guns my Uzzie wieghts a mutha-fuckin' ton  
Bucking down one, bucking down two  
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you  
Pigs were blue, I where black, nothing but black  
'Cause god damn its a brand new payback  
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga  
On tha trigga, the zigga, the zag, the nickel, the bag  
The nigga, the sag, the forty five mag, got you runnin' like a fag So, keep your mutha-fuckin'  
jokes  
'Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs, no yokes but smokes  
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers  
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for cars Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house  
Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house  
Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house  
Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house  
Ice T in the mutha fuckin' house Oh, to the mutha fuckin' G I break crazy  
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me  
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna glock me  
Mutha fuck, mutha fuck, pigs can't stop me  
Uhh, am I a G, I got proof  
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof  
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope  
Tupac string a nigga up, hit the mob dope So what's up Punk  
You want what I got step to me wrong fuck around and get shot  
Your mom's crying fuck her, bust her  
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her Pops got the LP phat, track on hit  
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat  
Ninety three suckas want me to go out  
Throw the hoe out, bitch mutha fucker I'm rich Tupac's in the mutha fuckin' house  
Tupac's in the mutha fuckin' house  
Tupac's in the mutha fuckin' house  
Tupac's in the mutha fuckin' house Got any last wordz Now they're after me, why? 'Cuz a niggas  
black  
Sit back, ain't afraid to pull a triggar back  
Let 'em come step to a real mutha-fucker

Mama ain't raised no suckers  
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked  
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets?  
Mutha-fucker rednecks all the same  
Feel a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained  
That's why we burn shit and wreck  
'Cuz the punk police ain't learned shit yet  
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price  
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life  
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead  
Dred, Jheri Curl, process, or bald head  
Be prepared for the smoke to bust  
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up  
United we stand, divided we fall  
They can shoot one nigga but they can't take us all  
Let's get along with the Mexicans  
And we can all have peace on the sets again  
Imagine that if it took place  
Keeping the smile off their white fakes  
I ain't racist but let's trade places  
Trace the hate 'n face it  
One nigga teach two niggas, three teach four niggas  
And them niggas teach more niggas  
And when we blast that'll be the biggest blast you've heard  
And them is my last wordz

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