

The lunatic - 1/3

Interprété par 2 PAC.

Oh shit!

Jumped on my man's dick.

Heard he had a 12 inch, now the bitch is love sick.

Who's to blame ? The guy or the groupie.

Heard I was down with DU (Digital Underground).

Now she wants to do me.

Whoo eee !

This is the life: new bitch every night.

Never tripped off a wife.

It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick.

Don't try to flip with the lip cuz I rush shit.

Hip hip hooray for the AK.

Spray when I lay competition.

What a great day.

Make pay.

Next is the wet sex.

Hex wit the vex. Now they wets with the complex.

I'm upset.

Wonder what I told Chet.

Bloody as coat.

Snappin motha fucka's necks.

Revenge so sweet when it comes from

Niggas gettin dumb with the drun.

Whatch my foes run.

Niggas keep comin when they can't slip.

Follow that shit?

Another hit from the lunatic.

Yeah, fuck that dog. Word up.

Plug niggas out the motha fuckin frame.

Now what I'm sayin.

Constantly.

Fuck that, duke. We ain't havin it.

Leave me the fuck alone.

You gets none of this.

It's suicidal.

You lose title like Douglas.

Cuz I'm nothing nice and I'm icin like Tyson.

I'm grippin the mic and my DJ is slicin.

I'm tired of motha fuckad steppin to me with the same ol'.

Tryin to do me like Nintendo.

How the fuck ya figure I even got this far.

By bootin motha fuckas like a shootin star.

Cuz I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC.

Think crack had ya fiendin ?

What till they geta load of me.

Bitches on my dick like a motha fuckin condom.

Niggas wanna flip ? Let em step and I'm bomb em.

The lunatic - 2/3

See something ya want ? Why don't cha come again.
And nigga wax the tax just like the government.
Then I'll leave ya sittin there, wonderin where your money went.
Why your bitch is callin me, tellin me to come again.
Nigga, I'll loc when I smoke on the indo.
Hope we can be friends, though, after you get broke like a window.
That's what you prevoked. Now ya smoked out.
Lookin like a bitch cuz your whole fuckin posse broke out.
Punk motha fucka couldn't roll on. He couldn't hold on.
The game's fuckin too strong.
Nigga, leave me the fuck alone.
You gets none of this.
Feel the wrath and revenge of the lunatic.
Yeah, 2, tell them motha fuckas. Word up.
We ain't havin it. None of that shit.
Bitch ass niggas. Niggas can't fuck wit us.
91 we takin this whole motha fucka over.
Niggas got problems in 91.
92, 93, and all that ovther shit. Word up.
Recognize game when it smacks your bitch.
I'm back to rip. Puttin us on the map wit this mackin shit.
Time will tell if it's made well.
Will I raise hell and accell cuz it pays well ?
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder.
Pump it any farther.
I'm funky.
That's word to the father.
Act like ya know, pull a ??
Ya roll on.
Thought you was a pimp, now you simpin for a solo.
Oh no, not another new jack.
Swearin that he's ruthless.
Ducked, now he's fucked. Left toothless.
I could hear the fear in ya flow.
Ya ain't prepared.
You're scared and your bound to go.
It's something. I guess I'll let the beat keep bumpin.
Stop trippin off these niggas cuz they ain't about nothin.
Or should I say nathan.
Punk put my tape in. Fuck all the fakin.
I'm sick of the bullshit.
Come equipped, get ready to rip or get the dick of the lunatic.
Yes y'all
(Aw yeah, FUCK THAT !)
(Know what I'm sayin ?)
The motha fuckin lunatic.
(Yes 2, tell them niggas what time it is.)
Punk motha fuckas.
(Niggas can't fuck wit us. Word up.)

The lunatic - 3/3

Get the dick of the lunatic.

(Bitch ass niggas. Fuck em.)

Fuck all them niggas.

I'm tellin these niggas that they ain't got nathan on a nigga like me.

We squashin these punk motha fuckas in 91,92,93 and so on.

So let the beat flow on.

While I spray these punk bitches wit these dope ass lyrics.

Thanks to papa for supplying the dank.

Now it's money in the bank.

And all y'all niggas shit stank compared to this shit.

Fuck y'all punk bitches.

The lunatic.

One verse is all it takes.

Something wicked this way comes.