Jealous Got Me Strapped (feat. 2Pac)

Spice 1

Spice heres go them niggas yo hit that shit, hit that shit. We all niggaz going down where the fuck ya all going down. Spice 1: Damn aint this a bitch ya all got me fucked up on this ol' playa haten ass shit. Know what I'm sayin'? Understand me? When I was broke you all niggaz didn't give a fuck if I was pissin' on myself, or shittin' off tha Bay, nigga. Now you in my mutha fuckin' mix talkin' that ol' crazy shit, that's alright cuz I'm gonna bust a cap in that ass. Me and Pac goin' let you know about that ol' playa haten ass shit though. Ya see these jealous mutha fuckaz That be playin me G Like a sucka ass nigga see That ain't feeling me It ain't easy To kill a G A mutha fuckin' playa From tha F - A - to tha C Back stabbers in tha mutha fuckin' place Smilin' in my face I got my hand on my gun Cuz they got me on tha run Spice mutha fucin' One I'm for leavin' bodies numb I'm a G mutha fucker Can't you see I'm a G Rollin' deep With my phat fo-fo uzi I comes with a big phat gat And hollow point clip And quick To be a soldier By my shit So nigga Don't try no mo' shit No ho shit

> Cuz when I was broke Nigga didn't give a fuck

About my statis
Now that I'm at this
I'm loced out
And livin' lavish
So fuck tha gun control
aBout ta bust a cap nigga

Cuz tha jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the runNow niggaz know that tha

jealous got me strapped

Stepping close to the edge

I got tha cops and tha feds on my back

And there's no way that I'm giving up

I rather bury you bitches

Cuz ain't no marks-man to worry my riches

If I catch yo ass in traffic (humm)

You betta pull for ya pistol an open fire

Or get blasted (Booo Yahh!!)

I'll be damned if I drop

It don't stop

I'm boxin' mutha fuckaz with my glock

A skinny ass neva had a penny ass nigga

I figure my Mossberg pump will show them punks who's bigger (Blah)

And even if I did fall -- I'll still ball

I'm bustin' mutha fuckers with my back against the wall

Till these jealous ass bitches kill me

I'll be thugin' like a mutha fucker

Nigga feel me

And ain't no time for mistakes

So homies watch ya back

Cuz these jealous ass tricks got me strappedJealous got me strapped...Spice 1: I keep my hand

on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run...Spice 1:

Homie ya know if I don't be runnin' with my strap

Then I might get blasted

Get blasted or blast

That's how I'm livin'

So I blast and blast the bastard

I can't be worried about no jail time

Cuz niggaz they tryin' ta take my head I can't have shit if a nigga dead So I bust back

And break the bitch niggaz off propa with a four-four take nine a chopper

And try and decapatate a niggaz arms from with his shoulders These jealous niggaz don't know they fuckin' around with a soldier

I don't be slippin'

So nigga don't wait for me ta fall And if I got enough

A hallow tip will smoke æem all, y'all Envious niggaz prepare to fly off ya feet Cuz I'm commin' with some mutha fuckin' heat

> Playa, so keep ya aim straight And hit a nigga on tha first shot

Cuz I'm a be tryin' ta make your mutha fuckin' heart stop And don't be screamin' out for your family bitch

Cuz it was your choice

That we jump into this gangsta shitTupac: Jealous got me strapped

Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run

Tupac: Jealous got me strapped

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