

Tupac Back (feat. Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back
All eyes on me, better Picture Me Rollin'
Ridin' brand new rims but them bitches is stolen Stranded on Death Row, Brenda havin' my baby
But I'm stackin' my paper, I need a brand new Mercedes
They screamin' Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back Huh, Tupac back, I'm two glocks strapped
Rollin' down in Philly, this the new Iraq
Soon as I hit the hood, they screamin', "Who got whacked?"
It's a recession on the work, I'm screamin', "Who got crack?" I'm sippin' Hennessy, ridin' on my
motherfuckin' enemies
Slidin' in the back, screamin' M-M-G
(Maybach Music)
Ten bitches and they dime, so it's Tennessee
Hail Mary, put my wrist on froze
Presidential is gold
Nigga, play with my money, my jeweler's liftin' his soul
Forty kick like in soccer, bullets hittin' the goal
Bitch, I'm like John Wall 'cause I just give 'em and go Plottin' on this new 7, I can picture me
rollin'
Pockets look like they pregnant because them bitches is swollen
Gotta clip my cologne, all them snitches could hold 'em
Look at them motherfuckin' wheels, them bitches is stolen
They screamin' Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back
All eyes on me, better Picture Me Rollin'
Ridin' brand new rims but them bitches is stolen Stranded on Death Row, Brenda havin' my baby
But I'm stackin' my paper, I need a brand new Mercedes
They screamin' Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back
Mommy a soldier, daddy is dead
Catch the nigga that did it and we gon' carry his head
Fuckin' 911, tell 'em have him in bed
I'm talkin' Death Row records, tell 'em have me a chair Let it burn, I'm screamin', "Free my
nigga, Earl"
He's due in, no hesitation, we can't even get a turn
Got my Makaveli CD, then I listened, then I learned
Grabbed my Mac up off the dresser, my OG say hold it firm I'm dreamin' spittin' with Pac,
talking ciphers with BIG
Try to send me upstate with the license we're big
Had me scrapin' my wax, sleepin' with my knife in the bed
They got a nigga on point like there's a price on my head I goin' max, got me knockin' suckers

and they back
In these cells, raisin' hell, tryin' to get back to the trap
But don't ever get it twisted, it's Meek Millz spittin' facts
Plus somebody said they seen it and they mean it
So they started screamin' Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back
All eyes on me, better Picture Me Rollin'
Ridin' brand new rims but them bitches is stolen Stranded on Death Row, Brenda havin' my baby
But I'm stackin' my paper, I need a brand new Mercedes
They screamin' Tupac back, Tupac back
There's all these bitches screamin' that Tupac back

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>