

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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