

2 Of Americaz Most Wanted

Written by
TUPAC SHAKUR, DELMAR "DAZ" ARNAUD
and SNOOP DOGGY DOG

Funk ♩ = 100 (♩ = ♪³)

Spoken:
Up out of there, ha-ha-ha-ha. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta par - ty.
Pump that up, G.

Ah shit, you done fucked up, now. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta You done put two of

Dm Gm Dm

par - ty. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta
America's most wanted in the same mother fuckin' place at the same mother fuckin' time.

Gm Dm

par - ty. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta
Ha-ha-ha-ha, y'all niggaz about to feel this. Break out the champagne glasses and

Gm Dm

Gm Dm

par - ty. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a mother fuckin' gangsta party.

Gm Dm

par - ty. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a mother fuckin' gangsta party. Now give me fifty

D.S. al Coda

Gm Dm

Coda

Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted.

par - ty.
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a

Gm Dm

Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta
mother fuckin' gangsta party.

par - ty.
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a

I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit. And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit.

Guitar chord diagrams:
 Gm: 3
 Dm:

*So now they got us laced two multimillion-
 aire mother fuckers catchin' cases. (Mmm) Bitches get*

Guitar chord diagrams:
 Gm: 3
 Dm:

ready for the throwdown, the shit's about to go down. Me and Snoop about to clown. I'm losin' my re-

Guitar chord diagrams:
 Gm: 3
 Dm:

ligion, I'm vicious on these stool pigeons. You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'. Niggaz be

Guitar chord diagrams:
 Gm: 3
 Dm:

actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage. I got nuttin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish. I got a

Guitar chord diagrams:
 Gm: 3
 Dm:

pit named P, she niggardino. I got a house out in the hills, right next to Chino. And I

Guitar chords: Gm (3), Dm (xx0)

think I got a black Beamer, but my dream is to own a fly casino, like Bugsy

Guitar chords: Gm (3), Dm (xx0)

Siegel, and do it all legal. And get scooped up by the little homey in the Regal, mmm.

To Coda ⊕

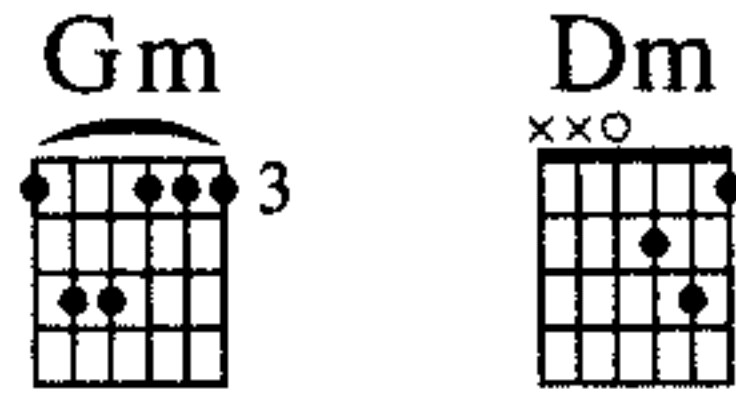
Guitar chords: Gm (3), Dm (xx0)

It feel good to you baby bubba. Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, mother fucker.

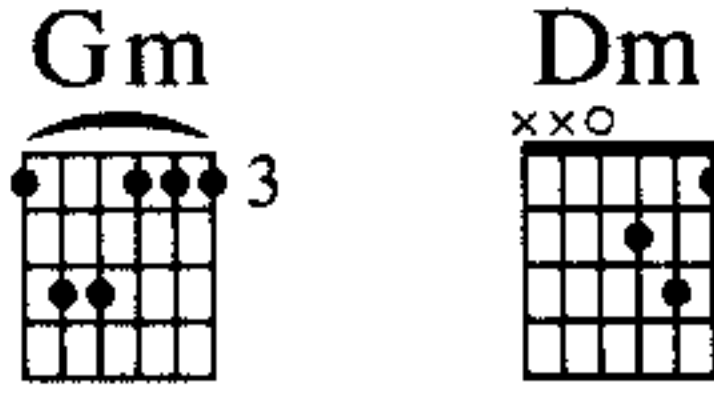
Guitar chords: Gm (3), Dm (xx0)

Now follow as we ride, mother fuck the rap, two of the best from the West Side

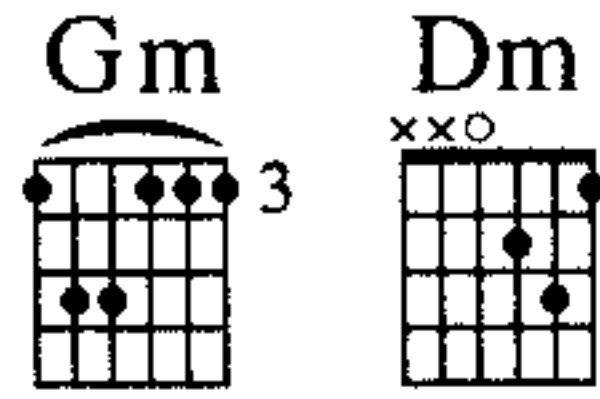
Guitar chords: Gm (3), Dm (xx0)



And I can make you famous. Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us? I live in

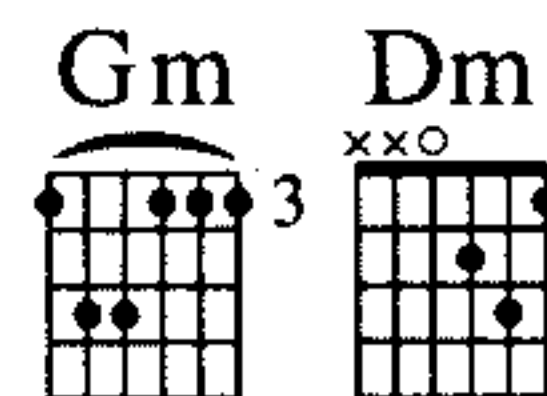


fear of a felony. I never stopped bailin' these mother fuckin' G's.

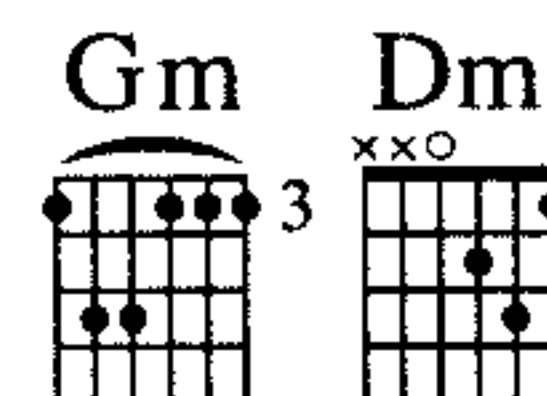


If ya got it, better flaunt it, another warran't, two of America's most wanted. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang-sta

Chorus:

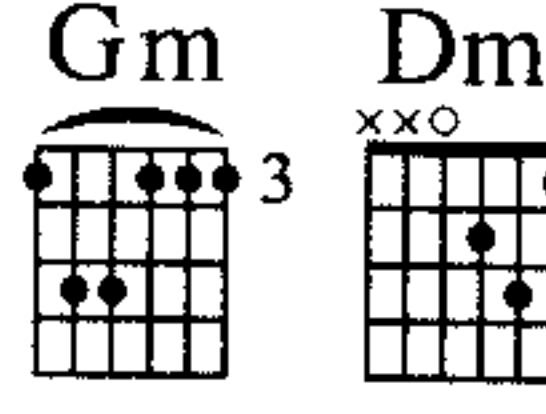


par - ty. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta



par - ty. Nuttin' but a gangsta party. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta

Gm Dm

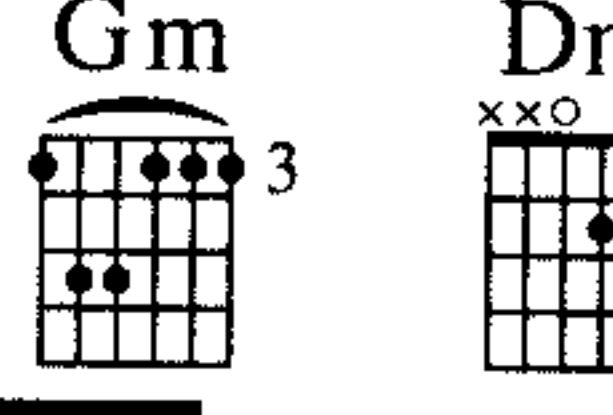


par - ty.
the mother fuckin' condoms.

Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta
Have one on us, aight?

Verse:

Gm Dm



par - ty.
Rap:
1. Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture. Bomb the hoochies with precision. My intention's to get richer with the
2. See additional lyrics

Gm Dm



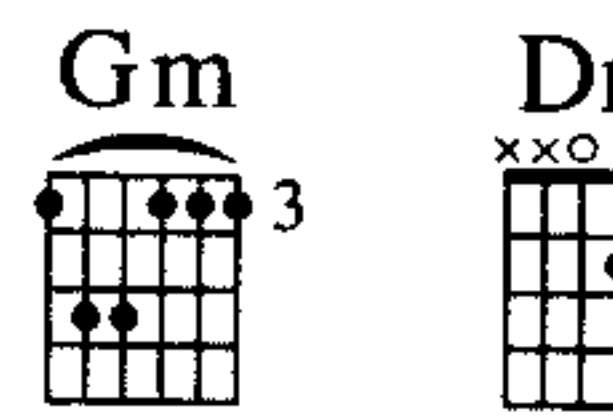
S-N-double-O-P-Dogg my fuckin' homey. Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs. Sho' nuff, I keep my

Gm Dm



hand on my gun, cuz they got me on the run. Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome.

Gm Dm



Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind. But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine. So

Gm Dm

Repeat ad lib. and fade

mother fuckin' gangsta party. Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta

Verse 2:

Now give me fifty feet.
 Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
 And keep what ever's left of me.
 Jealousy is misery, suffering is grief.
 Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me.
 I bust and flee, these niggaz must be crazy, what?
 There ain't no mercy mother fuckers who can fade the thugs.
 (Ha-ha-ha-ha, right.)
 You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear.
 Bow down in the presence of a boss player.
 It's like, cuz blood, gangbangin',
 Everybody in the party doin' dope, slangin'.
 You got to have papers in this world.
 You might get your first snatch before your eyes swerl.
 Ya doin' your job, everyday.
 And then you work so hard till ya hair turn gray.
 Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is.
 You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids.
 They tell me not to roll with my Glock,
 So now I gotta throw it away.
 Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day.
 They wonder how I live, with five shots.
 Niggaz is hard to kill on my block.
 Schemes for currency and doe related.
 Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it.
 No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it.
 My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted.
 (To Coda)

Final Fade:

Bitch, where ya at?
 Death row...