

# 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 status  
Now that I'm at this  
I'm locked 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 run Now 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 strapped 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 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 decapitate a nigga 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 shit  
Tupac: Jealous got me strapped  
Spice 1: I keep my hand on my gun cuz they got me on the run  
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