

Teardrops And Closed Caskets

[2pac](#)

Word it's like all we got left
Teardrops and closed caskets
Throw it up fool, hey nigga
Tell me how you feel homie
Yeah

It took a week to go down, you recollect and see how crazy it sounds
The whole town's on a mission, adolescents, penitentiary bound

Now introducin' young Trigga
Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger
Just another wild ass nigga
But he was fiendin' for Precious, what?

But Precious was a ghetto girl
Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus
But lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers
Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggaz catchin' vapors
Got his man from around the corner, we'll call him 'Lil Mo
Been in so many reform schools, they had to let him go

Here's where the plot thickens
They got a plot to make a profit with they glocks spittin'
They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin'

Somebody's gonna die tonight
Still no one's knowin', so they kept goin'
Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars, will they survive?

Two semi automatic nines, them niggaz died
Plus nobody in the hood cries, it's like they celebrate
To death and wish they could die, so peep the lesson

But wait a minute back to Precious
She's snortin' dope in the backseat of Trigg's Lexus

Teardrops and closed caskets

Will I forever be alone?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

Will I forever be alone?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Don't let these ghetto streets get you, Precious
Was the victim, from a dime to a nickel
Hopin' God's blessings stick with ya
Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger
Familiar face, but a man now, it's lil' Trigga

Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest
Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets
All he wanted was to be a thug
Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love
Here's where it gets ya

Now Precious is pregnant, lil' Trigga is happy
He wants to marry her now, not knowin' he ain't the daddy
But precious was lonely while lil' Trigga was makin' dough
She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo
The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'
Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'
Hand in hand, couldn't understand
How his baby's mama could disappear
With another man and his best friend

Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me
Then watch the way that this story ends, and maybe you'll see
There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'
Just the smoke from the cap, peelin' a man with no feelings
Teardrops and closed caskets
Will I forever be alone?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(Bury you dead and look ahead)
(A man with no feelings)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I forever be alone?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(That's all we got left, that's all)

Now with the problems of poverty, and the tricks to these tales
How many people will die? How many will live to tell?
Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo
They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know
Behind the curtains, their privacy, lust is already laid down
The results is the same with different names and it turns out
Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town
Lil' Trigga got his nose wide open on this one trick, now he's played out
Think it's Lil' Mo, was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger
Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga
All the while let's look at Precious
Too dumb to see what's goin' down, too doped up to ask questions
Used to be comrades, but now we blast on sight
What could be so bad?
God, will we last tonight?

From misdemeanors to felonies, small time to sellin' ki's
I can't believe the shit they tellin' me
They open fire, three bodies drop, so call the cops

Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg
Teardrops and closed caskets
Will I forever be alone?
(Aiy QBIII in this motherfucker)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades, that's right)
(All the homies that didn't make it to see this day)
(Rest in peace)
Will I forever be alone?
(Ya knahmean? I know it's hard out there)
(With teardrops and closed caskets)
(It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days)
(Murders, brothers dyin', funerals)
Will I forever be alone?
(Shit, it's like I ain't gonna wear another suit, homey
I done ran out of tears)
(We gon' have to do somethin y'all)
(We gon' have to do somethin')
Will I forever be alone?
('Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seein' the same thing)
(Rest in peace)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(I send this out to M'thulu Geronimo)
(And to, all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers)
Will I forever be alone?
(To the homie Boonie, rest in peace nigga)
(All the homies that fell, all the homies)
(May God bless your families)
(May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart)
Will I forever be alone?
(In a thug niggaz heart forever)
(That's right)
(Rest in peace nigga)
May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets
We can't have peace 'til the niggaz get a piece

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