

God Bless The Dead (DJ Nabz Miqu Mix.)

2Pac

Rest in peace to my motherfucker Biggy Smallz
That's right bwoy
It's goin on, right here
Thug Life
God bless the dead God bless the dead, and buried nigga
Don't worry if you see God first
Tell him shit got worse, I ain't mad
I know you representin' the crew
And I can picture you in heaven with a blunt and a brew
Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came
My role models gone or they locked in the pen
Straight hustlers, caught up in the whirlwind
The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy Biggy
Sayin' shit don't stop nigga no pity
We all hoods, and all we ever had was dreams
Money makin' motherfuckers plot scandalous schemes
In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind
I was addicted to tryin, never meant to do time
My epitaph, will read, was the last of G's
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed God bless the dead (that's right) (that's right)
God bless the dead (yeah don't stop)
God bless the dead
God bless the dead Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang
I been caught up in this game
Ever since I was a little motherfucker wantin' to hang
I can see 'em in my head, pow
Memories of my nigga but he dead now
Lookin' back in my yearbook, all the years took
Half my peers, they're stretched for years
And if I die will they all shed tears?
Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice
And all the courts, same way they fucked us
And why the hell am I locked in jail
They let them white boys free, we be shocked as hell
In my mind I can see it comin'

And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'
I keep a gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter
God bless the dead (that's right) (that's right)
God bless the dead
(God bless the dead) Yeah, rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed too early
All the young motherfuckers that was took in they prime (God bless the dead)
Real motherfuckin G's, this one is for you, yo Stretch, BiggyYo Big, this is to you my nigga
Springfield Hollis Crew, Thug Life, YG'z
Sendin' they respect, ya know what I mean?
You my nigga for life, forever
You're always gonna be with a nigga
No matter what, don't forget that I pray before I go to sleep "Dear God"
Say my grace before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard
So I'm droppin to my knees, oh why?
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock-a-bye?
You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, uzi weighin a ton
Niggas terrified of drama from the young gun
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me
But it's mind blowin' so I'm flowin' goin' crazy
Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk
He shoulda had the gauge in the trunk
But punk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack Big
Now ya bout to smell the aftermath of what the mag did
Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes
The teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew quick
The spirit Biggy Smallz and the thuggin' clique, yeah
God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Songwriters

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