

# Death Around The Corner

## 2pac

Why you by the window?, what's wrong daddy?  
I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker  
    He's just stand by the goddamn window  
        With that fuckin' AK all day  
    You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't  
You don't do a goddamn thingI see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive  
    In the city where the skinny niggas die  
    If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry  
        I expect retaliation in a hurry  
        I see death around the- corner, anyday  
    Trying to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway  
        Strugglin and strivin, my destiny's to die  
    Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes  
        In a ball of confusion, I think about my daddy  
    Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me  
    I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me  
    Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy  
        Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth  
        I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot  
        Ran out of endo and my mind can't take the stress  
            I'm out of breath  
            Make me wanna kill my damn self  
But I see death around the cornerWhen we were kids, belonging felt good  
    I see death around the corner  
    But having respect, that feels even better  
        I see death around the corner  
        When we were kids, belonging felt good  
            I see death around the corner  
But having respect, that feels even betterI see death around the corner  
    The pressure's getting to me  
    I no longer trust my homies  
    Them phonies tried to do me  
        Smoking too much weed  
        Got me paranoid, stressed  
            Pack a gat and my vest  
            Under my clothes when I dress  
        Here's hopin I die the way I lived  
                Straight thuggin'  
        Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas

Who was buggin'  
My homie told me once  
Don't you trust them other suckers  
They fought like they your homies  
But they phony motherfuckers  
And even if I did die young, who cares  
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares  
I got homies in my head  
Who done passed away screamin, please  
Young nigga, make Gs  
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless  
I think my mind's gone

All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner  
I was raised in the city, shitty  
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty  
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty  
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household  
And drinking liquor til' you out cold  
And tho' i'm gone now, nigga it's still on- Pow  
Bustin on them niggas til they gone  
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin for my riches  
Now I gotta stay suspicious when I bone  
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless  
Them bitches will start shit  
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch  
No more game for free, please explain to me  
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?

Murderin' now but see me later man, as for my pops  
I got homies that will hunt you til you drop  
I hope the Lord will forgive me, I was a G  
And gettin high was a way of gettin free

I see death around the corner  
This is for all the real mothafuckin niggas out there  
I know you ain't scared to die  
We all gotta go, ya know ?  
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes  
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin business  
Y'all niggas stop acting like pussies out there  
All right I'm tired off getting ripped off by guys like that  
I want his family dead, I want his house burned to the ground  
I want to got there in the middle of the night  
I wanna piss on his head  
I want his family dead, I want his house burned to the ground  
I want to got there in the middle of the night  
I wanna piss on his head  
I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead  
I want him dead, I don't care

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