

Soon As I Get Home (feat. Yaki Kadafi)

2Pac

Soon as I get home
Soon as I get home Dear baby, it's me again, stuck inside this mad pen
Tryin' to pay my debt for all my sins, these is penitentiary times
Be so heavy on my mind, at times, it's like I'm livin' just to die
I'm livin' in hell, stuck in my jail cell
Stranded in the county jail, waitin' for my chance to post bail I wanna be paid in large stacks and mash in fast
Jags
I blast and wonder how long will I last
My memories fade when I'm intoxicated Bustas is shady
So I'm dumpin' on cowards crazy whenever faded
I know I said it all before but now I mean it
Visions of me and you ballin', so crystal clear, I see it Even though you mad at me, you'll be glad to see the
strategy
Of makin' these chips come so easily
I max out in the morning, baby life is good
Me and you against the whole hood
Soon as I come home Garb my strap, locate my comrades
Let's get my enemies not knowin' I'm comin' back
Go get the money out the safe
It's time to turn the streets into a war zone
Soon as I come home Sittin' here lookin' at pictures of me and you livin'
But now you out in the world while I'm twisted in prison
Love letters come daily, words of affection
You send me money and nude pictures, beggin' for some sex Stay wide open, keep your eyes peeled
And my advice is keep it it real or you could die squealin'
Plus I never have to worry about a visit
'Cause you're there daily, guards tryin' to get your number You don't dare tell me, tongue kissin' steady humpin'
Tryin' to touch you somethin' 'fore the C.O. in the corner jump in
Frontin', late nights reminiscin'
Everybody's quiet, I think somethin's in the air Prepare for the riot, it's padlocks in my socks
Steel from the bed springs, I touch 'em with thug love
And then let they heads ring, started a war but now I'm gone
Release me to the streets in the morning
It's on soon as I get home Grab my gats, locate my comrades
Let's get my enemies not knowin' I'm comin' back
Let's get my money out the safe
It's time to turn the streets into a war zone
Soon as I get home Since you've been gone
My whole life's been like a game of C-Low

Take and pick like they keep a C-note
Fillin' my dreams like Nino BrownThe whole town be shook up and me and mama survivin'
Depends on how many rocks, the young nigga cook up
Narcotics got drastic, seen 'em niggas you blated
Wantin' me in a casket on the grind coppin' plasticYeah, nigga I heard little Moo gave the word
You get parol on the third, it's all out we just heard
We out here frontin', still here but all about nothin'
My double o's what I'm wantin' and I'm tryin' to see somethin'That we ain't never had luxury life results,
livin' bad
Tricks of the trade, shit that should've been taught by dad
But learned through the crew, lessons between me and you
And once we lock this shit down, it ain't a thing they could doMeanwhile, I stay waitin' by the phone
Hopin' I get the call, tellin' a nigga that you home
What?Grab my gats, locate my comrades
Let's get my enemies not knowin' I'm comin' back
Let's get my money out the safe
It's time to turn the streets into a war zone
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