

# Life Goes On

## 2Pac

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie, if I told ya that I never thought of death  
My nigga, we the last ones left  
But life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie, if I told ya that I never thought of death  
My nigga, we the last ones left  
But life goes on  
As I bail through tha empty halls  
Breath stinkin' in my drawls  
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call  
Plus this my homie from high school, he gettin' by  
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry  
Life as a baller, alcohol and booty calls  
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?  
Raised as G's, Loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on the roof let's get smoked out and blaze with me  
Two in the morning and we still high assed out  
Screamin thug till I die before I passed out  
But now that you are gone, I'm in the zone  
Thinkin' I don't wanna die all alone but now ya gone  
And all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessey  
While tryin' to make it last  
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed  
'Cause life goes on  
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And life goes on  
Yeah nigga, I got the word as hell  
You blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L  
Time to prepare to do fed time won't see parole  
Imagine life as a convict that's gotten' old  
Plus with the drama we're lookin' out for your baby's mama  
Taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin' on her  
Life in the hood is all good for nobody

Remember gamin' on dumb hotties at chill parties  
Me and you no true a two

While scheming on hits and gettin' tricks

That maybe we can slide into

But now you burried, rest nigga 'cause I ain't worried

Eyes bluried, sayin' goodbye at the cemetary

Though memories fade, I got your name tatted on my arm

So we both ball till my dyin' days

Before I say goodbye

Kato and Mental rest in peace

Thug till I die  
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And life goes on  
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My nigga, we the last ones left

Cause life goes on  
Bury me smilin' with G's in my pocket

Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it

Let the hoes that I used to know from way before

Kiss me from my head to my toe

Give me a paper and pen

So I can write about my life of sin

A couple bottles of gin incase I don't get in

Tell all my people I'm a Ridah

Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws let me ride  
Until I get free

I live my life in the fast lane, got police chasin' me

To my niggas from old blocks from old crews

Niggas that guided me through back in the old school

Pour out some liquor have a toast for the homies

See we both gotta die but you chose to go before me

And brothers miss you while you are gone

You left your nigga on his own, how long we mourn

Life goes on  
Life goes on, homie

Gone on 'cause they passed away

Niggas doin' life

Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit

I feel ya nigga, trust me, I feel ya

You know what I mean

Last year we poured out liquor for you

This year nigga, life goes on

We're gonna clock now  
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks

Give players plenty space

And basically just represent for you, baby

Next time you see your niggas

Your gonna be on top nigga  
They gonna be like, goddamn, them niggas came up  
That's right, baby life goes on  
And we up out this bitch  
Hey Kato, Mental  
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there  
Don't front

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