Gangsta Tears

Nas

I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain
I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only if I could show you
I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only if you was in this game
I'm cryin' gangsta tears, you'd feel the whirlwind blow youI'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain
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I'm cryin' gangsta tears, you'd feel the whirlwind blow youMy daily dose is ferocious, I smoke dope
Just as strong as opium, hopin' I'm close
To just breakin' frustration, speakin' on podiums
Facin' this cold world head-on, dead on arrivalsYoung black, poor education guns crack
The gang violence done that
Nighttime, the guns blow, streets got snitches
Dealers, bitches, killers and blunt smokeClubs open, Benz's, Jeeps, dubs pokin' out tires
Thugs with heat, pay security to let them slide in
Huh, I'm at the corner driftin', sippin' cognac
To' back, know dat soldiers is packin' no secretThough I'm broken hearted women done left me
Hopeless in darkness, smokin', driftin' in sickness
Stand by oceans watch the sun glisten
I'm soul-searchin', I'm soul-hurtin'What happens when money don't make you happy?
I wish this on no person ate at the classy places
Made all my fashion statements
I got no friends, I'm lonely, don't want no pity save itI'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain
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I'm cryin' gangsta tears, you'd feel the whirlwind blow youYo, ride in the nighttime, I'm high
Got on my flight suit, hood with the night sign
Dark colors on, pull up the block my brother's on
I hug him and we blow trees, 'sup nigga? Scopin' for policeGuns on our hip, fiends want a fix, stumblin' tricks
Right here, we left the drug game alone
Brothers is jealous 'cause we still call the hood our home
What could you tell us?At funerals my eyes swell up, damn
Look at my dog lay in the casket
Twin shotgun barrels had blasted
And rest in peace for him, is all I could whisperAs I paid respect, kissed his face and felt hard skin
It's part of God's plan but why so many niggaz have to die?
It's crowded in this place, let the priest and pastor byBandanna covers my eye, I'm scopin' through the room

I see killers and thieves, mob bosses and goons
And yet I feel responsible when my nigga's pronounced dead
Inside the hospital, I wish there's somethin' I could do butI'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain
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