

# 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 you I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain  
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I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only if you was in this game  
I'm cryin' gangsta tears, you'd feel the whirlwind blow you My 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 arrivals Young black, poor education guns crack  
The gang violence done that  
Nighttime, the guns blow, streets got snitches  
Dealers, bitches, killers and blunt smoke Clubs 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 secret Though 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 it I'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 you Yo, 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 police Guns 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 whisper As 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 by Bandanna 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 but I'm cryin' gangsta tears, only a few can feel my pain  
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