

Hellrazor (West G. Remix)

2Pac

Major! Hell motherfuckin' yeah
This one goes out to my nigga Mike Coolin', hell yeah
Mama raised a hellrazor, born thuggin'
Heartless and mean, muggin' at sixteen
On the scene watchin' fiends buggin'
Kickin' up dust with the older G's
Soakin' up the game that was told to me
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot, I learned
Not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes, was taught lessons
A young nigga askin' questions while other suckers was guessin'
I was ganked for sexin'
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it
I'm headed for the penitentiary, I'm cuttin' class
And I'm buckin' blastin', straight mashin'
Mobbin' through the overpass laughin'
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? I keep my finger in the trigger
'Cause some nigga tried to kill me
And mama raised a hellraizer, everyday gettin' paid
Police on my pager, straight stressin'
A fugitive my occupation is under question
Wanted for investigation, and even though
I'm marked for death, I'ma spark til I lose my breath
Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin' richer
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin' trap
And they wonder why it's hard bein' black
Dear Lord can ya feel me, gettin' major, uh Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor
Dear Lord can ya feel me
Stress gettin' major, uh

Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Tell me Lord can ya feel me, show a sign
Damn near running outta time, everybody's dyin'
Mama raised a hellrazor, can't figure
Why you let the police beat down niggas
I'm startin' to think all the rich in the world is safe
While the po' babies restin' in the early graves
God come save the youth
Ain't nothin' else to do but have faith in you
Dear Lord I live the life of a Thug, hope you understand
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic
Crooked cop killin' Glock, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? Show a way
I'm prayin' but my enemies won't go away
And everywhere I turn I see niggas burn
Every nigga that I knows on death row
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price
Little young motherfucker doin' triple life
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin' better
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin' blunts
Gettin' drunk off that Tanqueray gin
Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen
Mama raised a hellrazor, uh, yeah
C'mon, uh, mama raised a hellrazor
Uh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin' major (Lord be my savior, uh)
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major

Songwriters

SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU / WALKER, RANDY / RHAMES, KEVIN / WALKER, CHRISTOPHER /
JONES, QUINCY DELIGHT III / YOUNG, VAL / NETTLESBEY, DUANE THOMAS
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