

Words 2 My First Born

2pac

Hehehe, these are my words to my first born..

Can you picture, young niggaz in a rush to grow
Til hard timers in the pen, had to crush his throat
Probably never even saw it comin', too busy bullshittin'
Caught him with his mouth runnin' ain't this a bitch
They got me twisted in this game
The feds and the punk, po-lice pointin' pistols at my brain
I wonder if I'm wrong cause I'm thugged out
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house
What was supposed to be a easy hit, now shit is flipped
Cause niggas died over bullshit, it's not my dream
I'm seein' pictures of a broken man, no witnesses
Only the questions of who smoked the man, young adolescents
In our prime live a life of crime, though it ain't logical
We hobble through these tryin' times, livin' blind
Lord help me with my troubled soul
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer one love
To the thugs in heaven I'll see you there
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned
Help you make it through the storm
My words to my first born, feel me

My words to my first born

My words to my first born

Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed
So I knew, that the birth of a child would make my life worse
And though it hurt me there was no distortion
Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions
Quiet your soul, cause you know what you had to do
And so did victims of a world they never came to
I understand it's a better day comin'
Sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end
Drivin' with the car runnin' blinded
Ain't no love in the hood only hearts torn
Love letters to the innocent and unborn
All the babies that died up on the table

Wasn't able to breathe, cause the family wasn't able
Can't, blame her I would do the same
All I could give it was my debt and my last name
Cause in the game things change livin' up and down
This hard life got me walkin' with my head down
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born
My words to my first born, feel me

My words to my first born
Mm! (Yeah) These are the words to my first born
Hey nigga talk to your born, talk to your seed nigga

Two thousand somethin somethin it's a new era
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear
See there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt
(What else is it dawg?)
The velvet and the silk, and makin' sure my kittens got they milk
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress, let my kids know I'm at this
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll
Ain't no question is it? Above the Law hustlers
If it's related to chips, homey we'll handle ya

Yo,
Although we never take advantage though we always into ery'thang
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean
They say money make the world go 'round
So only 'ssociate yourself with paper chasers
And niggaz that's truly down, and keep God first
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts
It's player haters every corner you hit
Touchin their tits, hella thick, tryin to get you for yo' grip
I know you stressed out and fed up
But come out, gun-blazin, and keep yo' head up
You can call it what you want to but it ain't gon' change
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game
And we done lived a long hard life
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights
Y'all, although we grew up, corrupted and scorned
We still got a lot of wisdom, to give to our first born

What you gon' tell your kids nigga?
Who was you? What was you doin? How did you put it down?
These my words to my motherfuckin' first born

So they can know, why'knahtmean? He he he
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin rider, Wessyde 'til I die
That's all it was, it's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker
I just played to win, just played to win
Motherfucker gotta bet agains the odds

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