

# Hellrazor

## 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 on the trigger  
'Cause some nigga tried to kill me  
And Mama raised a hellrazor, 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, we're running outta time, everybody's dyin'  
Mama raised a hellrazor, can't figure  
Why you let the police beat down niggaz?  
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 niggaz burn  
 Every nigga that I know's 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  
 Dear Lord, can Ya hear me? It's just me  
 A young nigga tryin' to make it on these rough streets  
 I'm on my knees beggin', Please come and save me  
 The whole world done made a nigga crazy  
 I got my three-five-seven, can't control it  
 Screamin' die motherfucker and he's loaded  
 Everybody run for cover, I cause shit  
 Thug Life motherfucker, duck, quick  
 Now, am I wrong? If I am, don't worry me  
 Do or die gettin' high 'til the bury me  
 Dear Lord, if Ya hear me, tell me why  
 Little girl like LaTasha, had to die  
 She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot  
 Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped  
 And when I saw it on the news, I see busta girl killin' 'Tasha  
 Now, I'm screamin', Fuck the world  
 In the end, it's my friends, that flip-flop  
 Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop  
 Thug Life, motherfucker, I lick shots  
 Every nigga on my block dropped two cops  
 Dear Lord, can Ya hear me? When I die  
 Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up and high  
 With my hands on the trigger, thug nigga  
 Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer  
 And even in the darkest nights, I'm a thug for life  
 I got the heart to fight, now  
 Mama raised a hellrazor why cry  
 That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

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