

# God Bless the Dead

## 2Pac

Rest in peace to my motherfucker Biggy Smallz  
That's right bwoy  
It's goin on, right here  
Thug Life  
God bless the dead God bless the dead, and buriedÂ nigga  
Don't worry if you see God first  
Tell him shit got worse, I ain't mad  
I know you representin' the crew  
And I can picture you in heaven with a blunt and a brew  
Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game  
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came  
My role models gone or they locked in the pen  
Straight hustlers, caught up in the whirlwind  
The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy Biggy  
Sayin' shit don't stop nigga no pity  
We all hoods, and all we ever had was dreams  
Money makin' motherfuckers plot scandalous schemes  
In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind  
I was addicted to tryin, never meant to do time  
My epitaph, will read, was the last of G's  
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed God bless the dead (that's right)Â (that's right)  
God bless the dead (yeah don't stop)  
God bless the deadÂ  
God bless the deadÂ Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang  
I been caught up in this game  
Ever since I was a little motherfucker wantin' to hang  
I can see 'em in my head, pow  
Memories of my nigga but he dead now  
Lookin' back in my yearbook, all the years took  
Half my peers, they're stretched for years  
And if I die will they all shed tears?  
Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear  
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror  
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time  
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice  
And all the courts, same way they fucked us  
And why the hell am I locked in jail  
They let them white boys free, we be shocked as hell  
In my mind I can see it comin'

And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'  
I keep a gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya  
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter God bless the dead (that's right) (that's right)  
God bless the dead  
(God bless the dead) Yeah, rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed too early  
All the young motherfuckers that was took in they prime (God bless the dead)  
Real motherfuckin G's, this one is for you, yo Stretch, Biggy Yo Big, this is to you my nigga  
Springfield Hollis Crew, Thug Life, YG'z  
Sendin' they respect, ya know what I mean?  
You my nigga for life, forever  
You're always gonna be with a nigga  
No matter what, don't forget that I pray before I go to sleep Dear God"  
Say my grace before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard  
So I'm droppin to my knees, oh why?  
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock-a-bye?  
You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, uzi weighin a ton  
Niggas terrified of drama from the young gun  
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me  
But it's mind blowin' so I'm flowin' goin' crazy  
Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk  
He shoulda had the gauge in the trunk  
But punk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack Big  
Now ya bout to smell the aftermath of what the mag did  
Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes  
The teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest  
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew quick  
The spirit Biggy Smallz and the thuggin' clique, yeah God bless the dead  
God bless the dead  
God bless the dead  
God bless the dead

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