

The Realist Killaz (Feat 50 Cent)

2Pac

It's gon' be some stuff you gon' see
That's gon' make it hard to smile in the future Yeah nigga ha ha
 Lets go nigga, dis is what it is
 Tupac cut his head bald, then you want to cut yo head bald
 Tupac wear a bandana, you wanna wear a bandana
 Tupac put a cross on his back, you wanna put crosses on yo back
 Nigga, you ain't Tupac This is Tupac
 Money and women, funny beginnings, tragic endings
 I can make a million and still not get enough of spendin'
 And since my life is based on sinnin', I'm Hell bound
 Rather be buried than be worried, livin' held down
 My game plan to be trained in
Military mind of a thug lord sittin' in a cemetery cryin' I've been lost since my adolescence calling for Jesus
 Bawlin' as a youngster, wonderin' if He sees us
 Young Black males
 Crack sales, got me three strikes
 Livin' in jail, this is Hell enemies die
Wonder when we all pass, is anybody listenin'? Got my hands on my semi shotty, everybody's snitchin'
 Please, God can you understand me? Bless my family
 Guide us all before we fall into insanity
 I'm makin' a point to make my beatin' bumpin' raw life
Drop some shit [Incomprehensible] these stupid bitches jaw tight Till Makaveli returns, it's all eyes on me, on me
 And you can hate it or love it, but that's what it's gon' be, gon' be
 Shoulda listened, I told you not to fuck wit me, wit me
Now can you take the pressure, that's what we gon' see, gon' see This is a cry for mercy, I promise
 My success would be the death of you
 Lo and behold, you sold ya soul, nigga there's nothing left of you
 Look in the mirror, ask yourself, who are you
If you don't know who you are, how could ya dreams come true? Motherfucker, I sat back and watched, you
 pretended to be Pac
 You pretended to be hot, but you not now
I see it so clear, you can't take the pressure, you pussy
 I warned you not to push me
 You see me, and chills run up ya spine
God made menace in war, but ya heart ain't like mine And plus, they look at me like I'm a menace
 I was playing wit guns, while ya momma had you
 And your punk ass playing tennis
 I'm a nightmare, you see me in ya dream
 Wake up, and turn on ya TV, and see my ass again

You cowardly hearted, you couldn't make it on ya own
Fuck the source, I'm on the cover of Rolling StoneTill Makaveli returns, it's all eyes on me, on me
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Songwriters

Broadus, Calvin / Lewis, Terry / Harris Iii, James Samuel / Dean, Mike / Jordan, Brad / Washington, Bruce /
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