

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

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