

Death Around The Corner

2Pac

Child: Why you by the window?, what's wrong daddy? Mother: I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker

He's just stand by the goddamn window
with that fuckin' AK all day

You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't you don't do a goddamn thing I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive

In the city where the skinny niggas die
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry
I expect retaliation in a hurry

I see death around the- corner, anyday
Trying to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway
Strugglin and strivin, my destiny's to die

Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes
In a ball of confusion, I think about my daddy
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth

I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot
Ran out of endo and my mind can't take the stress
I'm out of breath

Make me wanna kill my damn self but I see death around the corner (When we were kids, belonging felt good) I see death around the corner

(But having respect, that feels even better)

I see death around the corner (When we were kids, belonging felt good)

I see death around the corner
(But having respect, that feels even better)

I see death around the corner
the pressure's getting to me
I no longer trust my homies
them phonies tried to do me
Smoking too much weed
got me paranoid, stressed

Pack a gat and my vest
under my clothes when I dress
Here's hopin I die the way I lived
straight thuggin'

Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas
who was buggin'

My homie told me once
don't you trust them other suckers
They fought like they your homies
but they phony motherfuckers
And even if I did die young, who cares
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares
I got homies in my head
who done passed away screamin, please
Young nigga, make Gs I can't give up, although I'm hopeless
I think my mind's gone
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner
I was raised in the city, shitty
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household
And drinking liquor til' you out cold
And tho' i'm gone now, nigga it's still on- Pow
Bustin on them niggas til they gone
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin for my riches
Now I gotta stay suspicious when I bone
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless
them bitches will start shit
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch
No more game for free, please explain to me
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?
Murderin' now but see me later man, as for my pops I got homies
that will hunt you til you drop
I hope the Lord will forgive me, I was a G
And gettin high was a way of gettin free
I see death around the corner
This is for all the real mothafuckin niggas out there
I know you ain't scared to die
We all gotta go, ya know?
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin business
Y'all niggas stop acting like pussies out there
all right
(Movie bites)
I'm tired off getting ripped off by guys like that
I want his family dead, I want his house burned to the ground
I want to got there in the middle of the night
I wanna piss on his head
I want his family dead, I want his house burned to the ground
I want to got there in the middle of the night
I wanna piss on his head
I want that sonova bitch dead, I want him dead
I want him dead, I don't care

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.