

# 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  
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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  
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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