

The Streetz R Deathrow

2pac

Growing up as an inner city brotha
Where every other had a pops and a motha
I was tha product of a heated lover
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
And since my pops never knew me
My family didn't know what ta do with me
Was I somebody they despise, curious look in they eyes
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive, poor momma can't control me
Quit tryin' ta save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies
A tickin' time bomb, can't nobody fade me
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for my Mercedes
Suckers scatter, but it don't matter I'm a cool shot
Punks drop from all tha buckshots tha fools got
I'm tired of being a nice guy, I've been poor all my life
But don't know quite why
So they label me a lunatic
Could care less, death or success
Is what I quest
'Cause I'm fearless, now tha streetz R Deathrow
('Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Tha streetz R Deathrow
('Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Tha streetz R Deathrow
I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed, wearin' a vest
Hopin' that their aimin' at my chest
Much too young to bite tha bullet, hand on tha trigga
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope, I live to be a man
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in tha State Penn
Counting penny's over tha years, I'd done stacked many
Proven wrong those who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty
Now they gotta cope, since it's tha only thing I know
It's difficult to let it go
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried
But now I gotta move away now
'Cause these suckers wanna spray where I lay down
My homie lost his family and snapped
Shot up half tha block to bring them back

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I'm dangerous, when drunk I only drink beer
Gin makes me sin, unable to think clear
Heneesee, makes me think my enemy is getting close
Boom, boom, boom, got me shooting at a ghost
Some call me crazy, but this is what you gave me
Amongst tha babies, who raised up from tha slavery
I sport a vest and hit tha sess to kill tha stress
Moved out west and I invest in all tha best
Those who test will find a bullet in they chest
Put ta rest by a brotha who was hopeless
Grow up broke on tha rope of insanity
How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family
I'm sick of being tired
Sick of tha sirens, body bags and tha gun firing
Tell Bush to push tha button 'cause I'm fed
Tired of hearin' these voices in my head
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(Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
This goes out to my partners in tha Live Squad
(Like it ain't nothin')
And all my partners involved in that 187
Watch your back
(Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There got to be a better way
(Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There's too many of us in tha cemetery
(Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Come on, what we gonna do now

('Cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Tha streetz R Deathrow

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