

# HellRazor (Tribute to 2Pac)

## 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 in the trigger  
'Cause some nigga tried to kill me  
And mama raised a hellraizer, 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  
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  
Lord be my savior, uh  
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 near running outta time, everybody's dyin'  
Mama raised a hellrazor, can't figure  
Why you let the police beat down niggas  
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 niggas burn  
Every nigga that I knows 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

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