

2Pac, Life Is A Traffic Jam

(Eight Mile Road)

Land of the Free, and home of the enslaved

Till the concept of time

6 hours, 22 minutes, and 3 seconds, I've been standing in this county line

By the looks of the Gridlock outside

Its gotta be about 3:39

Everybody rushin from place to place

The looks on their faces ain't no different from mine

Both of us look like we just worked a 9-5

See, but when I clock out

I'm not looking for stress, but for the kind share

Since I started this county line shift,

huh did I say shift? I mean this sentence

I've heard nothing but sirens outside the door

How much you want to bet there's an ambulance rushin a short man,

O.D. man, police abused black man to the hospital?

Now what they rushin for is my intrest?

Rushin through traffic jam to get to emergency room traffic jam, thats susppose to be a free clinic

Only to hear if you have or don't have insurance

It ain't nuttin but survival of the fittest

So what they rushin for?

And damn this man at the window is slow

The concept of time has us all fucked, and on top of that,

Life ain't nuttin but a traffic jam.

(2pac)

Life is too short, I feel trapped

Hopping I don't get caught, watch my back

Lost in the traffic, heartless and tragic

Don't wanna get my ass kicked

So I walk in this mindless state, and a don't make me feel this way

I'll tell ya

Life is a traffic jam, I'm stuck

When will you realize your fucked?

Don't try to change my ways, I'm hopeless

Victims to the games we play, stay focused

Wath for the crazy ride, don't lie

High till the day we die

I'ts my life

Tell me if you feel me

I'll tell ya

Life is a traffic jam sincerely

Stretch your mind, spoon feed your soul

3 voices you can't control

Remember life is a traffic jam

Life is a traffic jam (x4)