

# 2Pac, My Block

They got a nigga shedding tears, reminiscin on my past fears  
Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death  
My heartless breath, the underlying cause of my arrest  
My life is stressed, and no rest forever weary  
My eyes stay teary for all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black on black crime legendary  
But at times unnessecary, I'm gettin worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested, but open fire  
Life in the pen ain't for me, cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares, for us niggaz on welfare  
And who cares if we survive  
The only time they notice a nigga is when he clutchin on a four-five  
My neighborhood ain't the same  
Cause all these little babies goin crazy and they sufferin in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood it's all good when I go back  
Hoes show me love, niggaz give me props  
Forever hop cause it don't stop... on my block

Now shit's constantly hot, on my block, it never fails to be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain, when her son drops  
Black male slippin in hail when will we prevail  
Fearin jail but crack sales got me livin well  
And the system's suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Stayin strapped forever strapped in this drug life  
God help me, cause I'm starvin, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
Till this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star, everywhere I went  
In my heart, I felt alone out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home... on my block

And I can't help but wonder whhhy, so many young kids had to die  
Caught strays from AK's and the driveby  
Swollen pride and homicide, don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives, mama come inside  
Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community but now we're all cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone them crack pipes  
All up and down the block exterminatin black life  
But I can't blame the dealers  
My mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know ya feel, my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hangin out pickin up game, sippin cheap liquor  
Gamin the hoochies hopin I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, stayin strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga livin phat, but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losin focus... on my block

And block parties in tha projects lastin way past daylight  
A young nigga learned to break nine  
Used to play fight with my homies but they stuck in the pen

I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend, in my mind  
I see the same motherfuckers ballin  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call  
I know the young niggaz understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous  
I reminisce on tha fast times, past crimes  
Tryin to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is that everybody knows my name, swear they all know me  
And lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feelin pain  
For all the niggaz that I lost to the game... from my block