

# 2Pac, Soon As I Get Home

(feat. Yaki Kadafi)

[Tupac talking]

Soon as I get home...  
Soon as I get home

[Verse One (Tupac):]

Dear baby it's me again  
Stuck inside this Max' Pen'  
Trying to pay my debt for all my sins  
See  
These penitentiary time's be so heavy on my mind  
At times it's like I'm living just to die  
I'm living in hell  
Stuck in my jail cell  
Stranded in the county jail  
Waiting for my chance to post bail  
I wanna be paid in large stacks  
And mash in fast Jag's  
I blast and wonder how long will I last  
My memories fade when I'm intoxicated  
Busters be shady  
So I'm dumping on cowards crazy whenever faded  
I know I said it all before but now I mean it  
Visions of you and me balling so crystal clear I seen it  
Even though you mad at me you'll be glad to see the strategy  
Of making these chips come so easily  
I max out in the morning baby life is good  
Me and you against the whole hood  
Soon as I come home

[Chorus (Tupac):]

Grab my strap  
Locate my comrades  
Let's get my enemies not knowing I'm coming back  
(As soon as I get home)  
Go get the money out the safe  
It's time to turn the streets to a war zone  
Soon as I get home

[Verse Two (Tupac):]

Sitting here looking at pictures of me and you living  
But now you out in the world  
While I'm twisted in prison  
Love letters come daily, words of affection  
You send me money and news clips, begging for some sex  
Stay wide open keep yours eyes peeled  
And my advice is keep it real or you can die squealing  
Plus I never have to worry about a visit cause your there daily  
Guards trying to get your number you don't dare tell me  
Tongue kissing steady humping  
Trying to touch or something  
Before the co. in the corner jump in  
Frontin'  
Late night reminiscing  
Everybody's quiet, I think something's in the air  
Prepare for the riot  
It's padlocks in my socks, steel from the bed springs  
I touch 'em with thug love, but then let they head's ring  
Started a war but now I'm gone  
Release me to the streets in the morning it's on  
Soon as I get home

[Chorus (Tupac):]  
Grab my Gats  
Locate my comrades  
Let's get my enemies not knowing I'm coming back  
(Soon as I get home)  
Let's get the money out the safe  
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[Verse Three (Kadafi):]  
Since you've been gone my whole life's been like a game of Cee-Lo  
Thinking big like that kid Casino fulfilling my dreams like Nino  
Brown, the whole town be shook up  
And me and momma surviving depends on how many rocks a young nigga cooked up  
Narcotics got drastic, seen them niggas you blasted  
Wanting me in a casket, on the grind coping plastic's  
Yea nigga I heard, Lil Moo gave the word  
You get paroled on the third, it's all love  
Still these herb's, be out here fronting  
Still here but all about nothing  
My double's o's what I'm wanting and I'm trying to see something we ain't never had  
Luxury life's results living bad tricks of the trade shit that should of been taught by dad  
But learnt through the crew, lesson's between me and you  
And once we lock this shit down, there ain't a thing they can do  
Meanwhile I'll stay waiting by the phone  
Hoping I'll get the call telling a nigga that you home

Wuuut?

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A war zone  
(Yeah)