

# Rappin' 4-Tay, Off Parole

I wonder why there's so much hatred in this world today  
You know a lotta of us brothers and sisters  
Ain't gone make it to see another day  
At the age of 12 I was on another page  
I wanted to jug upon tha other people were gettin' their pay  
My momma would always tell me about the direction that I was heading  
Like the majority of these kids today, man I was hard headed  
I wanted to know to much a little man is shookin' police  
Imagine a juvenile delinquent waitin' for a release date  
Wait, it's easy for me to blame it on my surroundings  
My folks raised me right, I just wanted to be the first fool pounding  
Up and down tha block, Fleetwood Caddilac  
But take it from me, young G, because that lifestyle ain't all that  
Unless you ready to strap ya gat and serve tha yak and jug the sack  
To get ya bread back, playa, I'm up on all that  
Cause being broke ain't no joke, boost up ya confidence  
There's two options: legal or illegal, you know the consequences

[Chorus:]

Stay strong through all this drama, cause there's a remedy  
This world is so corrupt, jealousy and envy  
To all my folks in tha pen I'm sending this to you, ya know  
Hope you get to hear my rap, try to make it off parole

The streets are full of sadness, dope and geto madness  
Besides your brain and slangin' them thangs the only apparatus  
Be that hot lead, I seen him yesterday but now my homie's dead  
I hope I ain't going crazy, I know I ain't losing my head  
No more obituaries, no more hearse, that shit hurt  
You damn right, but see there's game plus a part of life  
Got so much game to give they label my rap positive  
Why not take advantage of that and give it back to my neighbourhood  
Because them people wit them badges callin' themselves police  
Be them same suckers going home selling hella weed  
Everybody's human we need to live by the constitution  
I ain't no dummy, behind them walls of congress someone's juicin'  
How you think the streets get flooded wit guns and knives and crack  
Us blacks ain't got the type of machinery to deliver that  
And the people that do kick back in mansions, pushing remotes  
I ain't no hater, but man the law can't stand them folks

[Chorus]

Once that crack hit this world a lot of us lost our minds  
Foolz was selling everything in tha house down to the iron  
After Scarface I wanted to be like Tony Montana  
Until the narcs caught me slippin' on tha ...  
They followed me and sweated me as if I was a rich man  
I'm just a playa up out of Frisco tryin' to put my mack hand down  
I be around jsut like tha single  
Twinkle twinkle who's tha star, how I wonder where you are  
Stepped in tha back then test tha mic and break 'em off a proper ...  
That's what I did for representing Cali, you know  
I used to be local but now I'm a nation wide professional  
Once I get home to tha Bay, six days are so boring  
Down to call for my P.O. she wants to test my urine  
Now I'm tryin' to think did I drink or did I smoke too much  
Here I am in her office, I forgot to hide these bucks  
Livin' beyond your means you know that's a violation, bro  
Peace to all my homies across the world, stay off parole

Yeah, Pac, you know Ragtop we got love, man

[Chorus]

