

# Tupac, Hellrazor

(feat. Stretch)

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 hellraizor, 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, unhh

[Chorus: Stretch]

Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin major  
Lord be my savior, unnh  
[Repeat 4X]  
Mama raised a hellrazor  
[Tupac] Dear Lord can ya feel me  
Stress gettin major, unnh  
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 niggaz  
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 niggaz burn  
Every nigga that I know's 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, uhh, yeah  
C'mon, uhh, mama raised a hellrazor  
Uhh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin major  
(Lord be my savior, unnh)

[Chorus: Stretch]

Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
[repeat 2X]  
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin major

Dear Lord can ya hear me, it's just me  
A young nigga tryin to make it on these rough streets  
I'm on my knees beggin please come and SAVE ME  
THE WHOLE WORLD done made a nigga crazy!  
I got my three-five-seven can't control it  
Screamin die motherfucker and he's loaded  
Everybody run for cover, I cause shit  
Thug Life motherfucker, duck quick  
Now am I wrong if I am don't worry me  
Cause do or die gettin high til the bury me  
Dear Lord if ya hear me, tell me why  
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die  
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot  
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped  
And when I saw it on the news I see busta girl killin 'Tasha  
Now I'm screamin fuck the world, in the end  
it's my friends, that flip-flop  
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop  
Thug Life motherfucker I lick shots  
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops  
Dear Lord can ya hear me, when I die  
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up, and high  
with my hands on the trigger, Thug nigga  
Stressin like a motherfuckin drug dealer  
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a Thug for Life  
I got the heart to fight now  
Mama raised a hellraiser why cry  
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die