

2Pac, Everything They Owe

Imagine if we could go back
Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)
I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships
(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]

We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed
cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess
But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right
Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right
Pardon, not disregardin what you thinkin but you musta been the ship
cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin
Supreme ideology, you claim to hold
Claimin that we all drug dealers with empty souls
That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence
In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent
Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw
It remains in your brain then of course it grows
Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise
Picture a life where black babies can survive past five
But we must have hope, quotin the reverend from the pulpit
Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit
Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode
but supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow
This ain't bout talkin bout problems, I bring solutions
Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution
You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights
Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed
And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow
We comin back, for everything you owe

[Chorus: sung]

I'm comin collectin the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin and duckin
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin

[2Pac over Chorus]

How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?
How do I plead?
Yes sir, how do you plead?
Shit, you know how I plead
C'mon!!
Psssh

[2Pac]

Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me
Bustin at my innocent family, say they lookin for ki's
I was home alone, blind to the prelude
Bust in, talkin bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?
Where in the hell is the search warrant?
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"
Dropped me to my knees I proceed to bleed
Sufferin a rain of blows to my hands and knees
Will I survive, is God watchin?
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option, God damn
Now they got me goin to the county jail
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal
move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen

So I'm bumpin this in federal prison, givin everything I owe

[Chorus - 2X]