

2Pac, 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
[2Pac] 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 trugger, 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