

2Pac, If I Die 2 Night

"A coward dies a thousand deaths, a soldier dies but once"

(Tonight's the night I get in some shit)

(Verse 1)

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power, and pistols
Plottin' on murderin' motherfuckers before they get you
Picturin' pitiful punk niggas coppin' pleas
Puffin' weed as I position myself to clock Gs
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never the witness to wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evadin' the playa-hatin' tricks, while hittin' switches
Bitches is badmouthin', cuz ballin' motherfuckers is bold
but trust me holmes, the game should be sold
Sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffin' weed with my peeps
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block, but if I die tonite

(Chorus)

If I die 2nite
If I die 2nite
(Fuck em)
If I die 2nite
2nite's the night I get in some shit

(Verse 2)

Polishin' pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin', and then they done
Callin' the coroner, come collect the fuckin' corpse
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with bein' boss
Revenge is the method, whenever steppin', keep a weapon close
Adversaries will overdose over deadly notes
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets makin' crack sales
Picture perfection pursuin' paper with a passion
Visions of prison for all the pussies that I'm blasin'
Running with criminal, individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse using deadly force
In my brain, all I can think about is fame
The police know my name, a different game, ain't a thing changed
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers
Conversatin' like they still here, if I die tonite

(Chorus)

If I die 2nite
Scared to die nigga, is ya?
If I die 2nite
Never fear, never will I fear
If I die 2nite
2nite's the night I get in some shit

(Verse 3)

Pussy and paper is poetry, power, and pistols
Plottin' on murderin' motherfuckers before they get you
Pray to the heavens, .357s to the sky

And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug livin when I die
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life, and a spot for drug dealers
Pissin while practicin' how to pimp and be a player
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol-whippin these simps, for bein petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading Murdered to Death, my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook, on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand, if I die tonite

(Chorus)

Nigga
If I die 2nite
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die 2nite
Bury me a motherfuckin G, closed casket, fuck death
If I die 2nite
You know

(Tonight's the night I get in some shit)

Killer, killer, killer
Murder, murder, murder

(Repeat two lines till fade)