

# 2Pac, Life Goes On

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz  
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'  
be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death  
my niggas, we tha last ones left  
but life goes on.....

[Verse One:]

As I bail through tha empty halls  
breath stinkin'  
in my jaws  
ring, ring, ring  
quiet y'all  
incoming call  
plus this my homie from high school  
he's getting bye  
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry  
life as a baller  
alchol and booty calls  
we usta do them as adolecents  
do you recall?  
raised as G's  
loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
get on tha roof  
let's get smoked out  
and blaze with me  
2 in tha morning  
and we still high assed out  
screamin' 'thug till I die'  
before I passed out  
but now that your gone  
i'm in tha zone  
thinkin'  
'I don't wanna die all alone'  
but now ya gone  
and all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death  
i'm drinkin' Hennessy  
while tryin' ta make it last  
I drank a 5th for that ass  
when you passed....  
cause life goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

Yeah nigga  
I got tha word as hell  
ya blew trial and tha judge gave you  
25 with an L  
time to prepare to do fed time  
won't see parole  
imagine life as a convict  
that's gotten' old  
plus with tha drama  
we're lookin out for your babies mama  
taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...  
life in tha hood...  
is all good for nobody  
remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties  
Me and you

No true a two  
while scheming on hits  
and gettin tricks  
that maybe we can slide into  
but now you burried  
rest nigga  
cause I ain't worried  
eyes blurred  
sayin' goodbye at the cemetary  
tho' memories fade  
I got your name tated on my arm  
so we both ball till' my dying days  
before I say goodbye  
Kato and Mental rest in peace  
Thug till I die

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Bury me smilin'  
with G's in my pocket  
have a party at my funeral  
let every rapper rock it  
let tha hoes that I usta know  
from way before  
kiss me from my head to my toe  
give me a paper and a pen  
so I can write about my life of sin  
a couple bottles of Gin  
incase I don't get in  
tell all my people i'm a Ridah  
nobody cries when we die  
we outlaws  
let me ride  
until I get free  
I live my life in tha fast lane  
got police chasen me  
to my niggas from old blocks  
from old crews  
niggas that guided me through  
back in tha old school  
pour out some liquor  
have a toast for tha homies  
see we both gotta die  
but ya chose to go before me  
and brothas miss ya while your gone  
you left your nigga on his own  
how long we mourn  
life goes on...

[Chorus repeats to end]

[sung overtop repeating chorus]

Life goes on homie  
gone on, cause they passed away  
Niggas doin' life  
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit  
I feel ya nigga, trust me  
I feel ya  
You know what I mean  
last year  
we poured out liquor for ya  
this year nigga, life goes on  
we're gonna clock now

get money  
evade bitches  
evade tricks  
give players plenty space  
and basicaly just represent for you baby  
next time you see your niggas  
your gonna be on top nigga  
their gonna be like,  
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'  
that's right baby  
life goes on....  
and we up out this bitch  
hey Kato, Mental  
y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there  
don't front.