

2Pac, Slippin' Into Darkness

yeah! ha ha yeah.... thats right!
the F.A's comin striaght from the wild wild west

look at baby girl born in 19-7-deuce
Pop's on his fix, Mom's stuck on that crazy juice
went to school, It's all cool but in Junior Hiiigh
Little hooker in the bathroom getting hiiigh
What she doing and what she smoking, nobody knows
Is she addicted or just slipping into melbose
A bad ass broad running with the girl gang
just got some tat's, Talking all that girl slang.
first one to slap, because La vida dont matter
Wip out a cuete watch your brains get splattered
Selling them doves, hanging with thugs and all that
Beating up fools with a baseball bat
Started having sex at only 14
Imagine O.G. wears his clothes all crisp and clean
Got pregnant had a baby in December
she wont see the daddy till next September
Mom's and Pop's gave her the boot
Kicked her out La Casa, Now what Raza
with the money she got, She bought a spot of the block
Started paying the rent by slingin' phat ass coca rocks
Now shes 23 her four kids all alone, and loc'ed out
and plus shes all smoked out, the base face
You could see it in her eyes, it could also tell the tears
of a life long cries.
They was headed for self destruction
Conjunction Junction, (hey Yo!) Whats your Function?
Her own kids gotta healp, 'cause they knew she was slippin'
took the devil away homegiirl, You was Slippin'.

CHORUS:

Slipping into Darkness
When you slip you trip and fall
Slipping into Darkness
Ain't no sense to give ya'll no love at all

They say we're slipping, as a whole one race
So, what we gonna choose, Don't want the blues
I turn to the news and what do I see
(merciless) "Everybody in the world ready to D. I. E."
We got blacks against blacks, browns against browns
whites against whites, from governments to undergrounds
So, Peep the sound as it bumps through your stereo
Ear to your brain now check out the scenerio
Cali got quakes, Mudslides, and Floods
Pesadillas (nightmares) Crips and Bloods
Hustlas, Pimps, Shot Callers, and Killas
O.G. , Macks, and the big Coca Dealers
We got homeboys who just like kicking it
and Vato's like me who grab the mic and start splitting it
(merciless) "You're in for a phat treat trip into a phat beat"
So get closer to the funk and slip into the backseat.

CHORUS X2

They wanna band me cause a brothas makin noise a lot
ill shoot they ass in a sec wit a poisin dart
they got me runnin down the street gettin hotter
runnin from the cops as i try to clock my glock
the war wont stop
thats why they wanna band the music
you ever notcie how the cops cant stand the music

see a black man coolin wit a mexican
we can all have peace, the sun sets again
they try to shove us in the pen
but we clown and we frown every time we hit the top ten
once again, its your friend outta oakland,hopin
to keep the hip hop clubs open
now we can lay back and let them close'm
or we can have beef and show that we control'em
now aint nobody gettin paid, its a damn shame
why gang bang brothas in the same gang?
they say securitys to blame, cause they lettin it off
brothas come to have fun but they settin it off
one time, make it worse when they sweat us
send an army of pigs to come get us
now im runnin outta time and im cool down with the aztecs
this is sorta like soul food