

2Pac, Stop The Gun Fight

Check it
I grew up a fucking screwup
Got introduced to the game
Got a ounce and fucking blew up

Chopping rocks overnight
The nigga Biggie Smalls trying
Ta turn into the black Frank White

It's a red light
How many homies gotta die tonight
Oh, yeah, stop the gunfight
I can feel it
Somebody's trying to start up a fight

Come on and keep game, uh oh
But you cannot cease the blame
And if you ask me, it's a damn shame
We be taking lives that we can't replace

Over B.S. that don't make sense
We gotta get better than this
We study fighting at our own risk
It was something we could resist
It's a red light

We had to grow dreads
To change our description
Two cops on the milk box missing

Show they toes
You know they got stepped on
A fist full of bullets
A chest full of Teflon

Run from the police, picture that
Nigga I'm too fat
I fuck around and
Catch a asthma attack

That's why I bust back
It don't phase me
When he drop, take his glock
And I'm Swayze

Summer break, my escape
Sold the glock, bought some weight
Laid back, I got some money to make
Motherfucker

From the five-oh
Ducking and dodging in my survival
The Benzo and I let off with my nine

I'm moving swifter
Than the next nigga
No time for sex
'Cause in my mind
All I wonder is who's next

Nigga, my homey slipped
And now he pays the price
He did a drive-by, sixteen
Now he's doin' triple life

Tell me is it me or my upbringing
I split that dove shit
Nigga motherfuck singing

I hope you got your
Timberlands on tight
'Cause I ain't givin' up
I'd rather duck these
Motherfuckers all night

I'm running through
The projects, beyotch
They'll never catch me
Cause I'm loc'd and trigger happy
On the sneotch

Don't say you never heard of me
Till they murder me, I'm a legend
Do Thug Niggas go to heaven

I'm rolling with the thorough heads
We getting ghost on them hoes and yo
I got no love for the five-oh
I'm running from the police

Stop the gunfight
I can feel it
Somebody's trying to
Start up a fight

Come on and keep game, uh oh
But you cannot cease the blame
And if you ask me, it's a damn shame
We be taking lives that we can't replace

You got swishes in your system
Juice up in you
Now you're ready to get loose
Over what he said
Over what she said
Now somebody gotta end up dead