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