

2Pac, Who Do You Believe In?

(Tupac Talking)

Heavenly Father
Hear a nigga down here
Before I go to sleep
Who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in?

(Tupac)

I see mothers in black crying
Brothers in packs dying
Plus everybody's high
Too doped up to ask why
Watching our on downfall, witness the end
It's like we don't believe in God cause we living in sin
I asked my homie on the block why he strapped
He laughed
Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast
It's just another murder
Nobody mourns no more
My teardrops getting bigger
But can't figure what I'm crying for
Is it the miniature caskets?
Little babies
Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy
Maybe its just the drugs
Visions of how the block was
Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us
Perhaps the underlying facts they hide
Explain genocide
It's when we ride on our own kind
What is it we all fear?
Reflections in the mirror
We can't escape fate
The end is getting nearer

(Chorus) 2x

Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God
Blessed and still breathing
And even though it's hard
That's who I believe in
Before I'm leaving
I'm asking the grieving
Who do you believe in?

(Tupac)

Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror
I hate the man in the mirror
Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer
Times of Armageddon
Murder in mass amounts
In this society where only getting the cash counts
I started out as a beginner
Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner
I make my money and vacate, evade prison
Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven
And all the Hennessey and weed, can't hide
The pain I feel inside
You know
It's like I'm living just to die
I fall on my knees and beg for mercy
Not knowing if I'm worthy
Living life thinking no man can hurt me
So I'm asking

Before I lay me down to sleep
Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me
My misery
I rose up from the slums
Made it out the flames
In my search for fame
Will I change?
And I'm asking

(Chorus) x2

(Kadafi)
Faith in Allah, believe in me, and it's plastic
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggas in caskets
With they chest plates stretched like elastic
And what's worse I'm on front line
Holding down camp still mashing
Heard my cousin
One of the old heads from the block
Just came home October of 95
Back in Yardville stuck with a three to five
If he don't act up
Now he realize
If you don't stay wise
Then in this game you fucked
Talk to my baby girl
Give me the word on what she heard
One of the grimmies is snitching
Diming, a stool pigeon
I talked to him
He said he didn't
My man said he did, in fact he sure
Cause he just came home off a bid

(Chorus) x2

Who do you believe in?
Is it Buddah, Jehova
Or Jah? Or Allah?
Is it Jesus? Is it God?
Or is just yourself?
Definitely, not to be imposed
Even a demon
Cause this is the joy of the movement
Men, to believe in yourselves
But for sure, the higher power
Resides only to ride through the heart of the true
From the soul, of the man
For truth never has an alibi
In the poetry or in this round
That's what pulls our words together
Just to understand
That every man is his own man
And only man can satisfy the man
Only the soul of the man
The feelings of the man
The for realness of the man
You can't shake the man when you feel the man
You know the man
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

Tupac over Female Singing

Who do you believe in? (I put my faith in God)
Put my faith in God, and

Blessed and still breathing
Even though it's hard (who do you believe in?)
That's who I believe in (even though it's hard)
Before I'm leaving
I'm asking the grieving (who do you believe in?)
Who do you believe in?
Who do you? (blessed and still breathing)
Oh, blessed (before I'm leaving, I'm asking the grieving)
Oh, blessed (who do you believe in?)