

# Rappin' 4-Tay, Playaz Dedication

(feat. 2Pac)

[Intro: Sway Of Kmel interviewing 2Pac]

[Sway (2Pac)]

A yo Pac, you work, you gave a lot of love back to uh, some Bay Area artists  
Like E-40, 4-Tay (yup), you know, Dru Down, and the whole crew  
Talk about what made you decide to work with them

[2Pac]

Because I can't always be in the Bay  
And I know how the Bay is  
The Bay is tight people, man  
If you ain't there, they gone talk about you  
So I want them to know, I love you, I feel you, I'm representing for you  
So I know I got a certain amount of acclaim and everything  
So I bring the Bay with me, and 4-Tay, he always been raw to me  
And I like his style, when I was in jail, I used to listen to his stuff  
So when I got out, we clicked, we did the song  
Now he in jail, now I got to do what he did for me  
When I was in jail, he used to send out shout outs  
And say how he support me and everything  
Now I support 4-Tay, everybody pray for him and send letters  
I hope the brother get out of jail soon as possible and get back to his shit  
Because you know it's a struggle for every young black man  
4-Tay, you know how it is, only God can judge

[Verse 1: Rappin' 4-Tay]

I ain't trying to make you feel all down and bitter  
This is for my dog, about to pour me out a little liquor  
Could of swam in the tears shedded in the Bay  
Try to hold it in, couldn't help but cry all day  
I'm stressing, please with my rap, hopefully it's working  
Because when your folks leave this earth, man, that shit be hurting  
Emotional traumas, enough to make you lose your ground  
No matter what happen, just represent and put it down  
I feel I owe this to the real g's across the nation  
Not just the R.I.P., a player's type of dedication  
What's rap without the game, gangsters, and villains  
My fears of this calls me on got to make a killing  
Because my voices is saying things that I ain't ever heard of  
And just because of that, a nigga wants to plot a murder?  
But I got something for them suckers who intend to rush me  
Part two, and only God can judge me

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay]

From the ghetto to the pen, can you comprehend?  
And all the real players, pour out some Hen  
This my dedication to a million soldiers  
May you rest in peace, this coming from the Forte  
From the ghetto to the pen, can you comprehend?  
And all the real players, pour out some Hen  
This my dedication, my nigga 2Pac  
And you can best believe - that it wont stop, uh

[Verse 2: Rappin' 4-Tay]

You should've known that I'd be coming back, especially after  
All the drama that done happened, got to holler at you  
Coolio hot and the Together Brothers kicked the game  
But things done got so out of hand that we can't even sing  
This ain't a sad song, man this some real shit  
Go to clubs and chop up game, who pump that rough shit?  
Wish I could bring you all back from heaven but I can't  
Sometimes I reminisce and down a whole fifth of drink

But the least I could do is stay on the hit list  
Despite the controversy, put it down and shift the gift  
Life goes on just like a show goes on  
The player haters roll on, but man we oh so strong  
Wish I could bring you back through the time  
So we could spit some rhymes, and show them busters how players recline  
So took the deepest feelings in the heart, and when the drama starts  
Just ask yourself who was down from the very start

[Chorus: Rappin' 4-Tay]

[Verse 3: Rappin' 4-Tay]

Things just ain't the way they used to be  
It seems the more money you stack, the more retracted enemies  
First round draft pick, millions for baskets  
Jealousy and envy results to nothing but caskets  
And it's a cold thing for a black man  
He clocking more than you clock, so you let that 9' rain?  
True enough there's a lot of drama in a ghetto story  
And a lot of tears, but that comes with the territory  
That's why you got to keep the game on the shelf  
And by all means, look out for your legitimate work  
So let me put you up on the scoop, because suckers like to swoop  
Before you know it you got caught up in the pimping  
And ain't nothing you can do to pay the price  
Like innocent people I know with 25 to life  
It's got me caught up, stuck, trapped in a corner  
But it's Westside for life, I'm representing California

[Chorus x3: Rappin' 4-Tay w/ minor variations]

[Outro: Rappin' 4-Tay]

And anybody who lost a loved one  
Rappin' 4-Tay and Rag Top  
We too willing not to feel you  
May you rest in peace  
My dedication