

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