

Terror Squad, Pass Away

[Armageddon talking]

To all my, to all my, to all my, to all my

To all my peoples that passed away

Uh huh

To all my peoples that passed away, to all my, to all my

To to to, Free sanity and wings as they cast away

[Verse 1: Armageddon]

Sometimes I envious on peoples that past away

They so synonm, there wings being cast away

I dream so vivid, the scene shakes me fast awake

I keep thinking maybe somethings tryna show me how to master my faith

They say I'm deep and too complex for rap

But yo, I grew to learn theres more to life then cars and gats

So I chose to share the light and write my bars with that

But niggaz scared to grow so they tend to hold you back

They take this shit that they don't understand and call it wack

Tell you that ain't the way it goes son, thats conscience rap

But y'all running in circles working the same old act

And I done reaching at a level, but I'm wrong for that

And I ain't bitching, I'm just tryna let you know where I'm at

I'm getting old, as my son grows, so do my raps

I feel your misery, you living off the next mans life

He just as bad, cuz he dreams you can strengthen his light

I wanna shout out all the two time fellas holding guns for weak thugs

Risking their freedom, for short money and weak love

85 is tryna earn respect from them young boys

Catching temper tantroms, having fits like young boys

And bitches do it too, get deffensive and peranoid

See everybody wanna have some power to exploit

Now maybe you can tell me whos the problem at this point

Me or you homes, I hope you following this joint

[Hook: Tony Sunshine]

Stress free, people holla day

Just another me, to see another day

So let the slugs breathe

Easy for a day, I feel all alone while the clouds keep ??

[2pac Talking]

All my mother fucking niggaz at? my niggaz who down to body a nigga in this motherfucker

All my riders, all my killers, all my motherfuckers, holla at me man, let me know whatsup niggaz

[2nd Verse: Armageddon]

Niggaz tryna please the crowd when they creating their rhymes

I just be thinking out loud, y'all ain't gonna pay me no mind

Maybe I'm living in the clouds, or just ahead of my time

I got books of all the shit I wrote between all the crimes

Looking back, tryna trace tracks just to see what I find

Nothing but evidence, back to fact the world is mine

And I ain't irrogant, I'm just Intellectually pompous

Cuz I can super seed anything you accomplish

This nigga dry snitching like he looking for sympathy

Nobody give a fuck about you or your history

Do you nigga? Make some shit shop a deal

Cuz that hot shit you talkin could get you popped forreal

Take my advice, I sugested like a cotton a meal

If not, fuck it, you can starve and keep your eyes pealed

But, don't get me involved, I don't owe you shit

The same goes for that little bitch thats all on my dick

Your all just a bunch of misserable fucks

Broke, mad, drunk , high and gangsta'ed up

It's so sad, I wish that I could cry for him and her
I'm busy mastering this ?? tryna stay up
And their ain't no looking back, I got my crazy mind made up
My nigga L home just in time to witness me bust
Niggaz say and speak the truth, getty thats whatsup
Go in the booth, produce the proof, show these niggaz how to really give up

[Hook]

[2pac Talking]

All my real ass niggaz at?
All my motherfucking riders, all my bitches in this motherfucker
All the niggaz wit money, the niggaz who ain't afraid to kill a nigga, holla
at a nigga, let me know where you niggaz at nigga