

# Tupac, Cradle To The Grave

[Chorus]

From tha Cradle to the Grave, life ain't never been easy  
Living in the ghetto.

From the cradle to the grave, life ain't never been easy  
Living in the ghetto.

June 16, 1971  
Mama gave birth  
to a hell raisin' heavenly son.  
See the doctor tried to smack me  
but I smacked him back,  
My first words were "thug for life"  
and "Papa pass the Mac."  
I'm bustin' on these motha fuckas ballin'  
Listen you can hear my mini 14 callin'.  
From out the window of my drop top  
I got my glock cocked  
bustin' at niggas  
when will it stop ?  
Now tell me are you scared of the dark?  
Can't close my eyes I see visions  
And even with this thug livin'  
will I escape in prison ?  
Penitentiary chances was an all day thang  
The only way to advance  
and if you slang  
Then you'd better have your nikes on  
Cause when we fight  
it's in the middle of the night with no lights on.  
Hey!!  
There must be a God cause I feel lucky,  
Paranoid out my mind  
this motha fuckas tryin' to rush me.  
Am I goin' to jail?  
Look at me bailin'  
Commin' out the court house  
all about mail and bank  
Never die  
be a hustler mothafuckas  
And makin' thugs out you suckas.  
From the cradle to the grave.

[Chorus]

From the cradle to the grave, life ain't never been easy  
Living in the ghetto. easy

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Living in the ghetto.

From the cradle to the grave  
since a little bitty child  
I've been known to get ill and kinda buck wild.  
Pop pop!  
just like the part that's in my walk with street talk  
I'm runnin' up the block in the dark with less spark.  
Survalience on a nigga every day,  
Waitin' on my daddy just to take his ass away.  
Now Mama always workin' tryin' to make ends meet.  
So now a young niggas bein' raised by the streets.  
And then the on other one that ever showed me love  
Was my dope fiend uncle strung out on drugs

a striaght thug.  
Just me, my mama out here on our own  
So I got two gatts  
one black and one of chrome.  
Now I don't wanna hurt nobody but I must defend mine!  
It's all the fuck I got  
so stop and walk a thin line.  
Young niggas be brave  
and keep on thuggin' from the cradle to the grave,  
From the cradle to the grave.

[Chorus]

From the cradle to the grave, life ain't never been easy  
Living in the ghetto.

From the cradle to the grave, I'm glad to say  
I made it this far.  
Many G's died hard  
and all they got was their name here up on a wall.  
It's sad thinkin' about the times  
Life goes on, I'm steady lost in this land...  
as the warzone I got no home  
don't have no friends neither.  
It's just me by my lonely so I married my nina.  
I keeps her wherever I go,  
I love my ho.  
Never leave home with out my sugar.  
I'm hafta plug a nigga.  
Mama told me not to trust no punks,  
And kick his ass if he lay a hand on me.  
Since then I been known.  
Sometimes I think my own self stupid  
Cause I stay shootin' at marks,  
Get twisted up in police reports.  
Since the cradle, I've been ungreatful.  
My first toy was a gun  
I got sprung and learn to love weapons.  
But now I'm through with money  
and through with street fame.  
Somebody peeled my cap and put me in my grave.

[Chorus]

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March 18th  
a rainy day my mama gave birth  
To a baby boy trapped in hell on Earth.  
From day one it wasn't fun I never had a crumb.  
Daddy worked two jobs and Mama won't stop drinkin' rum.  
I tried to cope loc  
but my family's broke  
And my pocket's short  
so now I gotta sling dope.  
In a game filled with pain it's a fuckin' shame,  
The white man got a motha fucka slingin' cane.  
So now it's on from dusk to dawn I get my serve on.  
Always in the spot with my glock slingin' rocks at the rocks.  
Shit don't stop I'm steady dodgin' cops.  
I never flip flop

hear my glock cock  
thug till I drop.  
And if I hit the pen I gotta do my time  
Sittin' on my bunk reminiscing about the good times.  
It's fucked up a nigga gotta grow up doing dirt,  
But from the cradle to the grave I'ma put in work.

[Chorus]

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Time's movin' fast  
will I last another day?  
So I pray and I lay with my A-K.  
Did I sell my soul as a young kid?  
All the things I did  
Wishin' someone held me  
but they never did.  
I can't take it  
will I make it to my older age?  
Before I'm shot up or locked up in a fuckin' cage.  
Lord help me, guide me, save me!  
Cause that's the way that Daddy raised me  
crazy.  
Do or die. Nigga pull the trigger don't give a fuck.  
You'd rather be in jail than get your ass bucked.  
Nobody cares, it's me against the world.  
Keepin' murder on my mind and my tech-9.  
I got nothin' to lose, payin' dues, nigga you wanna die?  
I get high  
then my mission is a walk-by.  
You'd better jet when I hit your set cause I'm commin'.  
Start runnin' yellin' "evil mind" as I'm gunnin'.  
One in the chamber for the anger that I build inside,  
For the mothers that cried, for my homies that died.  
The begining is an ending, am I just a slave?  
So I got to be brave from the cradle to the grave.

[Chorus til fade]