

# Tupac, Life Is A Traffic Jam

(Eight Mile Road)

Land of the Free, and home of the enslaved  
Till the concept of time  
6 hours, 22 minutes, and 3 seconds, I've been standing in this  
county line  
By the looks of the Gridlock outside  
Its gotta be about 3:39  
Everybody rushin from place to place  
The looks on their faces ain't no different from mine  
Both of us look like we just worked a 9-5  
See, but when I clock out  
I'm not looking for stress, but for the kind share  
Since I started this county line shift,  
huh did I say shift? I mean this sentence  
I've heard nothing but sirens outside the door  
How much you want to bet there's an ambulance rushin a short man,  
O.D. man, police abused black man to the hospital?  
Now what they rushin for is my intrest?  
Rushin through traffic jam to get to emergency room traffic jam, thats  
suspose to be a free clinic  
Only to hear if you have or don't have insurance  
It ain't nuttin but survival of the fittest  
So what they rushin for?  
And damn this man at the window is slow  
The concept of time has us all fucked, and on top of that,  
Life ain't nuttin but a traffic jam.

(2pac)

Life is too short, I feel trapped  
Hopping I don't get caught, watch my back  
Lost in the traffic, heartless and tragic  
Don't wanna get my ass kicked  
So I walk in this mindless state, and a don't make me feel this way  
I'll tell ya  
Life is a traffic jam, I'm stuck  
When will you realize your fucked?  
Don't try to change my ways, I'm hopeless  
Victims to the games we play, stay focused  
Wath for the crazy ride, don't lie  
High till the day we die  
I'ts my life  
Tell me if you feel me  
I'll tell ya  
Life is a traffic jam sincerely  
Stretch your mind, spoon feed your soul  
3 voices you can't control  
Remember life is a traffic jam  
Life is a traffic jam (x4)