

# Tupac, Slippin' Into Darkness

yeah! ha ha yeah.... thats right!  
the F.A's comin striaght from the wild wild west

look at baby girl born in 19-7-deuce  
Pop's on his fix, Mom's stuck on that crazy juice  
went to school, It's all cool but in Junior Hiiigh  
Little hooker in the bathroom getting hiiigh  
What she doing and what she smoking, nobody knows  
Is she addicted or just slipping into melbose  
A bad ass broad running with the girl gang  
just got some tat's, Talking all that girl slang.  
first one to slap, because La vida dont matter  
Wip out a cuete watch your brains get splattered  
Selling them doves, hanging with thugs and all that  
Beating up fools with a baseball bat  
Started having sex at only 14  
Imagine O.G. wears his clothes all crisp and clean  
Got pregnant had a baby in December  
she wont see the daddy till next September  
Mom's and Pop's gave her the boot  
Kicked her out La Casa, Now what Raza  
with the money she got, She bought a spot of the block  
Started paying the rent by slangin' phat ass coca rocks  
Now shes 23 her four kids all alone, and loc'ed out  
and plus shes all smoked out, the base face  
You could see it in her eyes, it could also tell the tears  
of a life long cries.  
They was headed for self destruction  
Conjunction Junction, (hey Yo!) Whats your Function?  
Her own kids gotta healp, 'cause they knew she was slippin'  
took the devil away homegiirl, You was Slippin'.

## CHORUS:

Slipping into Darkness  
When you slip you trip and fall  
Slipping into Darkness  
Ain't no sense to give ya'll no love at all

They say we're slipping, as a whole one race  
So, what we gonna choose, Don't want the blues  
I turn to the news and what do I see  
(merciless) "Everybody in the world ready to D. I. E."  
We got blacks against blacks, browns against browns  
whites against whites, from governments to undergrounds  
So, Peep the sound as it bumps through your stereo  
Ear to your brain now check out the scenerio  
Cali got quakes, Mudslides, and Floods  
Pesadillas (nightmares) Crips and Bloods  
Hustlas, Pimps, Shot Callers, and Killas  
O.G. , Macks, and the big Coca Dealers  
We got homeboys who just like kicking it  
and Vato's like me who grab the mic and start splitting it  
(merciless) "You're in for a phat treat trip into a phat beat"  
So get closer to the funk and slip into the backseat.

## CHORUS X2

They wanna band me cause a brothas makin noise a lot  
ill shoot they ass in a sec wit a poisin dart  
they got me runnin down the street gettin hotter  
runnin from the cops as i try to clock my glock  
the war wont stop  
thats why they wanna band the music  
you ever notcie how the cops cant stand the music

see a black man coolin wit a mexican  
we can all have peace, the sun sets again  
they try to shove us in the pen  
but we clown and we frown every time we hit the top ten  
once again, its your friend outta oakland,hopin  
to keep the hip hop clubs open  
now we can lay back and let them close'm  
or we can have beef and show that we control'em  
now aint nobody gettin paid, its a damn shame  
why gang bang brothas in the same gang?  
they say securitys to blame, cause they lettin it off  
brothas come to have fun but they settin it off  
one time, make it worse when they sweat us  
send an army of pigs to come get us  
now im runnin outta time and im cool down with the aztecs  
this is sorta like soul food