

Tupac, Soon As I Get Home

(feat. Yaki Kadafi)

[Tupac talking]

Soon as I get home...
Soon as I get home

[Verse One (Tupac):]

Dear baby it's me again
Stuck inside this Max' Pen'
Trying to pay my debt for all my sins
See
These penitentiary time's be so heavy on my mind
At times it's like I'm living just to die
I'm living in hell
Stuck in my jail cell
Stranded in the county jail
Waiting for my chance to post bail
I wanna be paid in large stacks
And mash in fast Jag's
I blast and wonder how long will I last
My memories fade when I'm intoxicated
Busters be shady
So I'm dumping on cowards crazy whenever faded
I know I said it all before but now I mean it
Visions of you and me balling so crystal clear I seen it
Even though you mad at me you'll be glad to see the strategy
Of making these chips come so easily
I max out in the morning baby life is good
Me and you against the whole hood
Soon as I come home

[Chorus (Tupac):]

Grab my strap
Locate my comrades
Let's get my enemies not knowing I'm coming back
(As soon as I get home)
Go get the money out the safe
It's time to turn the streets to a war zone
Soon as I get home

[Verse Two (Tupac):]

Sitting here looking at pictures of me and you living
But now you out in the world
While I'm twisted in prison
Love letters come daily, words of affection
You send me money and news clips, begging for some sex
Stay wide open keep yours eyes peeled
And my advice is keep it real or you can die squealing
Plus I never have to worry about a visit cause your there daily
Guards trying to get your number you don't dare tell me
Tongue kissing steady humping
Trying to touch or something
Before the co. in the corner jump in
Frontin'
Late night reminiscing
Everybody's quiet, I think something's in the air
Prepare for the riot
It's padlocks in my socks, steel from the bed springs
I touch 'em with thug love, but then let they head's ring
Started a war but now I'm gone
Release me to the streets in the morning it's on
Soon as I get home

[Chorus (Tupac):]
Grab my Gats
Locate my comrades
Let's get my enemies not knowing I'm coming back
(Soon as I get home)
Let's get the money out the safe
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[Verse Three (Kadafi):]
Since you've been gone my whole life's been like a game of Cee-Lo
Thinking big like that kid Casino fulfilling my dreams like Nino
Brown, the whole town be shook up
And me and momma surviving depends on how many rocks a young nigga cooked up
Narcotics got drastic, seen them niggas you blasted
Wanting me in a casket, on the grind coping plastic's
Yea nigga I heard, Lil Moo gave the word
You get paroled on the third, it's all love
Still these herb's, be out here fronting
Still here but all about nothing
My double's o's what I'm wanting and I'm trying to see something we ain't never had
Luxury life's results living bad tricks of the trade shit that should of been taught by dad
But learnt through the crew, lesson's between me and you
And once we lock this shit down, there ain't a thing they can do
Meanwhile I'll stay waiting by the phone
Hoping I'll get the call telling a nigga that you home

Wuuut?

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A war zone
(Yeah)