

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ Trigga

### "Hold Ya Head"

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[prison in the background while 'Pac speaks]  
Yo Jackson! (8231549)  
Yes (?), come on down  
Hold the doors - let's go!  
8599 (?) close it tight  
Lock it down

[2Pac]  
My homeboys in Clinton and Rikers Island  
All the penitentiaries  
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon  
All the political prisoners  
San Quentin (who can save you).. all the jailhouses  
I'm with you

[2Pac]  
Yeah  
One thug, one thug (How do we keep the music  
playing)  
You're listenin to the sounds of one, thuuug  
One thug, one thug (How do we get ahead)  
You're listenin to the sounds of..

[2Pac]  
I wake up early in the mornin, mindstate so military  
Suckers fantasizin pictures of a young brother buried  
Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead  
If daytime is for suckers then tonight we bleed  
Out for all that, knowin that this world bring drawbacks  
Look how this shit bump once I deliver these raw raps  
Meet me at the cemetery dressed in black  
Tonight we, honor the dead, those who won't be back  
So if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears  
An Outlaw, thug livin in this game for years  
Why worry, hope to God, get me high when I'm buried  
Knowin deep inside only a few love me  
Come rush me to the gates of heaven, let me picture  
for a while  
How I lived for my days as a child; I wonder now  
How do we outlast, always get cash  
Stay strong if we all mash, hold ya head

[Chorus: sung + 2Pac]

How do we keep the music playing (yes, you got to hold ya head)

How do we get ahead.. (hold your head!)

Too many young black brothers are dying (yes, you got to hold ya head)

Livin fast, too fast..

[2Pac]

Hahaha, yo

These felonies be like prophecies beggin me to stop  
Cause these lawyers gettin money everytime they knock us

Snatchin pockets lyrically, suckers flea when they notice

Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game closed

Exposed foes with my hocus pocus flows they froze

Now suckers idolize my, chosen blows

And mo' money mean litigatin, mo' playa hatin

Got a cell at the pen for me waitin - is this my fate?

Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin, me fall back?

Never that, too much tequila drinkin, we all that

Make them understand me, if not I slang my posse

Everyone with me is family, cause everybody's got me

Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin  
got us all meetin up in prison..

Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood

Saying, "Please show a playa love" - hold ya head!

Hold it

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

The weed got me tweakin in my mind, I'm thinkin..

God bless the child that can hold his own

Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome

Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds

Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed

Currency means nothin if you still ain't free

Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me

I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally

Running from authorities 'til they capture me

And my, aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears

Utilalaze lessons learned from my childhood years

Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head

Tradin converstion all night, bless the dead

To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll

Catch a brother at the crossroads..

Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin time pass  
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls, hold ya head!

[Chorus]

[2Pac over Chorus]  
No matter how hard it get, feel me  
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book  
Watch the stars, get some pussy, whatever..

[Chorus repeats to fade]

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