

## 2 Minutos

### "2Pac + Outlawz F/ Ta'He---Still I Rise"

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Dear Lord

As we down here, struggle for as long as we know  
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)  
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only  
place to go

The only place for us

I know, try to make the best of bad situations

Seems to be my life's story

Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain

And can't nobody live this life for me

It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]

Somebody break me I'm dreamin, I started as a seed  
the semen

Swimmin upstream, planted in the womb while  
screamin

on the top, was my pops, my momma screamin stop

From a single drop, this is what they got

Not to disrespect my peoples but my poppa was a loser

Only plan he had for momma was to fuck her and  
abuse her

Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me

Stranded on welfare, another broken family

Now what was I to be, a product of this heated passion

Momma got pregnant, and poppa got a piece of ass

Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me

Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me

How can I survive? Got me askin white Jesus

will a nigga live or die, cause the Lord can't see us

in the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no  
sunshine

No sunny days and we only play sometimes

When everybody's sleepin

I open my window jump to the streets and get to  
creepin

I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone

I'm only 19, I'm tryin to hustle on my own

on the spot where everybody and they pops tryin to  
slang rocks

I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game  
stops

Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to  
dawn  
You can buy rocks glocks or a herringbone  
You can ask my man Ishmael Reed  
Keep my nine heated all the time this is how we grind  
Meet up at the cemetary then get smoked out, pass the  
weed nigga  
That Hennessey'll keep me keyed nigga  
Everywhere I go niggaz holla at me, "Keep it real G"  
And my reply til they kill me  
Act up if you feel me, I was born not to make it but I did  
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise  
[Ta'He]  
Still I (still I) I rise (I rise)  
Please give me to the sky (the sky)  
And if (and if) I die (I die)  
I don't want you to cry  
[Yaki Khadafi]  
I stay sharp as always  
Runnin ya bricks with blitz, through ya project hallways  
Dumpin crews like two's, nigga all day  
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst  
A life that's lavish full of cabbage or a life that's in a  
hearse  
But now my dreams it seeems though, be placin triple  
beams and things bro  
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin out my jeans  
[Napoleon]  
Now I plan to keep my glock cocked  
If trouble was searchin for me then why not?  
Show em what I'm made of plus raised on, on my block  
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street, thugs  
snatchin bags  
We out for power, makin cash it wasn't fast it'll make  
me mad  
I'm just like, pimpin  
My homey on the corner with his gat tucked, in  
Youngest they buckin somethin the life he leads  
the life he don't need, don't we all know  
He tryin to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise  
[Young Noble]  
Dreams of lost hope  
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke  
and still I rise now I float cowards ghost  
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin down  
clutchin a pound, live as sirens, duckin the sound  
I used to hustle with my moms til the sun came  
My homey Harm doin time from this drug game  
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw  
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars  
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block

Crackheads only ten learn to duck cops  
[Khadafi]  
In ninety-six my glock's my plastic, passion for blastin  
bastards  
No faces for open caskets, peelin ya cap backwards  
Ya cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice  
I send my missiles through your mattress  
Leavin holes in your body like a cactus  
While me and my crew be boppin more greens than  
topic  
and loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin jeans  
poppin  
Leavin ya spleen to pick up  
Half of you niggaz is softer than a Snicker  
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker  
and still I rise, and still I rise...  
[Ta'He]  
Still I (still I) I rise (I rise)  
Please give me to the sky (the sky)  
And if (and if) I die (I die)  
I don't want you to cry  
Still I (still I) I rise (I rise)  
Please give me to the sky (the sky)  
And if (and if) I die (I die)  
I don't want you to cry  
[some little kid]  
Y'all niggaz fake  
All day everyday  
So now I got roller blades, bitch  
Thought you knew  
Your mouth is rich

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