

2 Pac "Dedication"

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Chorus

The lord has taken you away

To see a brighter day

You know we miss you Tupac.

Repeat Chorus 3 more times

Dear God I wonder can you save me

The ghetto's got me losing my mind I'm going crazy.

From shootouts with suckas my opposition collapses

They got me rolling dice with my eleven I don't want a
crap.

With black fools gonna attack those and I hit their ass
first

Cause in the sea and in a squeeze got me feeling like
I'm cursed

Have you forsaken either way got me actin like a villian

With a million dollar dream, kill the sceam and
scandelous ass women

Im bending blocks and toting glocks on a daily
operation

And facing death around the corner if I let these
suckas take me

But I'm a ridah so im a ride 'til the wheels fall off

And shove these bastards in the caskets, haul they
asses off

Though we barried ghetto soldiers who lie close at
heart

And separate from family members in the tears of
support

Wash your tears through the years knowing our love
aint gonna cease

Increase gun rates and poverty got us stuck on our
knees

Beggin the lord why have you cursed men with white
collar and gun play

About the projects with no money, still stuck on this one
way

Streets with no peace with myself let alone somebody
else

Savagely livin for the cabbage pulling AK's off my
shelf.

Its jealousy and envy that got Pac licked

Most definitely Mr. Makaveli going be missed

All eyes on a ridah, with ambitions that aint hard to find
Got around and made a 5 out of a nickel and a dime
And now the lord they love to shoot cops instead of
niggas
Hollar thug life and pour out a little liquor
Well here's a jug of the thug passion just for you
R and P, Killuminati, 21 gun salute.
Chorus 3x
Life is living hell busterated and jail cells
Back against the world colliding heads with white
males
From state to Cali jail, why surrender if no bail
You're zipping your lips because you fail if you tell
Packing the shit on your side because you're too
scared to die
You want peace on the streets but instead you're
strappin the nine
Dead brothers fallin behind got a cemetery and line
He's getting barried for dying, for a minute I was
worried and crying
You're lying flat on your back, it was a stream of a
blood bath
Escape from my thug staff, and ventured the wrong
path
Die in the bay, but I still got props for LA
Rest in peace Makaveli meet you at the front gate
Even though we never kicked it, god lift it, man you was
hella gifted
In this rap game, aint it a shame, but I bet we wont
forget your name
You remain to be the most influential, on top of
instrumentals
Stories so real but so resentful,
To the hard times, the hard crimes, was the death of
Makaveli
And hunger aint the pain I'm feeling up in my belly right
now
My stomach keeps turning, visions of murder got my
blood burning
And best believe them suckas gonna get what they
deserving
Makaveli, AKA Tupacalysa, I reminisca, you carrying a
clips and talkin shit a
Keepin up with the bad boy, in a bad boy, but a bad
boy,
Carrying all them feelings towards us, was always
ready to go to war
I never knew ya, but in my heart I wanted to meet cha
Sort of like a teacher, guys will preacha, watch you be
the reaker
I miss your video the way you spit the realest lyrics

I also feel it when I hear it makes my mic go wicked
I cannot fix it, the love that you brought to a nation
Keepin' it real with the reputation, fire up the insulation
Don't ask any questions, I'm gonna keep your mind
steady guessin
Is that another hardcore rapper trying to start some
messin
I'm not affiliated with the drama on the streets
I'm only a G when you messing with my family
One love goes out to the deceased who die by my
peace a
We all will miss a, the man they call Tupacalysa
The lord has taken you away
Such a gloomy day in this game
I guess ill see you next lifetime, yeah
Cause life goes on
Chorus 2x (w/ male)
Chorus 3x (fade out on 3rd time)

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