

## 2 Pac "Hold Ya Head"

Visit "[Hold Ya Head](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island  
Mumia Atumie, Gerino Pratt,  
All the political Prisoners  
San Quiton

"Can you see him?"  
"I See Him"

[2Pac:] "I'm Alive"

Yeah  
One Thug, One Thug

How do we keep the music playing

One Thug, One Thug

I wake up early in the morning  
My state so Military  
Suckas Fantasize, Pictures of a  
Young Brother Buried  
Was it me, The Weed, Or this life I lead  
If daytime is for suckas then  
Tonight we Bleed  
Out for all that  
Knowing that this world brings drawbacks  
Look how this shit bumps  
Once I deliver these war raps  
Meet me at the cemetary  
Dressed in Black  
Tonight we  
Follow the dead  
And those who won't be back  
So if I die  
To the same for me  
Shed no tear  
An Outlaw, thug living in this game,  
For years  
Why worry,  
Hope to god  
Get me high  
When I'm burried

Knowing deep inside me  
Only if yah love  
Come rush me to the gates of heaven  
Let me picture for a while  
How I live for my days, as a child  
I wonder now  
How do we outlast, always get cash  
Stay strong if we all mash  
Hold Your head

[Chorus]

How do we keep the music playing  
How do we get ahead  
To many young black brothers are dying  
Living Fast, too fast

These felonies be like prophecies  
Begging me to stop  
Cuz These lawyers getting money  
Everytime they knock us  
Slashing pockets lyrically  
Suckas fled when they notice  
Switched my name to Makaveli  
Had the rap game closed  
Expose foes, with my hocus pocus flows  
They froze  
Now suckas idealize my choosen Blows  
More money mean litigating  
More Playa hating  
Got a cell at the penn for me waiting  
Is this my fate  
Miss me with that mistermeaner thinking  
Me fall back  
Never That  
Too much Tequilla drinking  
We all that  
Make them understand me  
Hey I'll stay all night out with my Posse  
Everyone roll with me is family  
Cuz everybodies got me  
Watch me paint a perfect vision  
This life we living  
Got us all meeting up in Prison  
Last week I got a letter from my road dog  
Written in Blood  
Saying, "Please show a young playa love"  
Hold your head  
Hold it

[Chorus]

How do we keep the music playing  
How do we get ahead  
To many young black brothers are dying  
Living Fast, too fast

God bless the child that can hold is own  
Indeed  
Enemies Bleed when I hold my chrome  
Let these words be to last  
To my unborn seeds  
Hope to raise my young nation  
In this world of greed  
Currency means nothing 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  
Till they capture me  
And my AIM is to spread more smiles than tears  
Utilalze lessons learned from my childhood years  
Maybe Mama had it all right  
Rest your head  
Straight converstion all night  
Bless the dead  
To the homies that I usta have  
That no longer roll  
Catch a brother at the crossroads  
Plus nobody knows my soul  
Watching time pass  
Through the glass of my drop top  
Hold your head

[Chorus]

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.