

2 Pac "If I Die Tonight"

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A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols
Plottin' on murderin' motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturin' pitiful punk niggaz coppin' pleas
Puffin' weed as I position myself to clock G's

My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evadin' the playa hatin' tricks, while hittin' switches

Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawlin' motherfuckers is
bold
But y'all some hoes, the game should be sewed
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me

Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach
me
I run in the streets and puffin' weed wit my peeps
I'm duckin' the cop, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my
Glock
Niggaz is hot when I hit the block, what if I die tonight

If I die tonight, if I die tonight, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polishin' pistols prepare for battle pass the pump
When I get to poppin' niggaz is droppin' then they done
Callin' the coroner come collect the fuckin' corpse
He got it by killer, preoccupied with bein' boss

Revenge is the method, whenever steppin' keep a
weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggaz and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets makin' crack sales

Picture perfection pursuin' paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted

Runnin' with criminals individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's usin' deadly force

In my brain, all I can think about is fame
The police know my name, a different game, ain't a
thing changed
I'm seein' cometary photos of my peers
Conversatin' like they still here, if I die tonight

If I die tonight, if I die tonight, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols
Plottin' on murderin motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the heavens three-fifty-sevens to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug Livin' when I die
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto for Thug niggaz

A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissin' while practicin' how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick, while drinkin' liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for bein' petrified and lame

Disrespectin' the game, prayin' for punishment and
pain
Goin' insane, never die, live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga I ain't happy hear
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest

Headlines readin', 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand, if I die tonight

If I die tonight, if I die tonight, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

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