

2 Pac

"Life Is A Traffic Jam Feat. Eighth Mile Road"

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(Eight Mile Road)

Land of the Free, and home of the enslaved
Till the concept of time
6 hours, 22 minutes, and 3 seconds, I've been standing
in this
county line
By the looks of the Gridlock outside
Its gotta be about 3:39
Everybody rushin from place to place
The looks on their faces ain't no different from mine
Both of us look like we just worked a 9-5
See, but when I clock out
I'm not looking for stress, but for the kind share
Since I started this county line shift,
huh did I say shift? I mean this sentence
I've heard nothing but sirens outside the door
How much you want to bet there's an ambulance rushin
a short man,
O.D. man, police abused black man to the hospital?
Now what they rushin for is my intrest?
Rushin through traffic jam to get to emergency room
traffic jam, thats
suspose to be a free clinic
Only to hear if you have or don't have insurance
It ain't nuttin but survivial of the fittest
So what they rushin for?
And damn this man at the window is slow
The concept of time has us all fucked, and on top of
that,
Life ain't nuttin but a traffic jam.

(2pac)

Life is too short, I feel trapped
Hopping I don't get caught, watch my back
Lost in the traffic, heartless and tragic
Don't wanna get my ass kicked
So I walk in this mindless state, and a don't make me
feel this way
I'll tell ya
Life is a traffic jam, I'm stuck

When will you realize your fucked?
Don't try to change my ways, I'm hopeless
Victims to the games we play, stay focused
Wath for the crazy ride, don't lie
High till the day we die
I'ts my life
Tell me if you feel me
I'll tell ya
Life is a traffic jam sincer

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