

## 2 Pac "My Block"

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Damn, take a ride, to my block  
My block, that's right! Heh  
F'real on my motherfuckin block

[Verse One]

They got a nigga  
Sheddin tears, reminiscin on my past fears  
Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death, my  
heartless breath  
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed  
And no rest forever weary, my eyes stay teary  
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black on black crime legendary  
But at times unnessecary, I'm gettin worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is  
drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested, but open fire  
Life in the pen ain't for me, cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares, for us niggaz on welfare  
And who cares if we survive  
The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin  
on a four - five  
My neighborhood ain't the same  
Cause all these little babies goin crazy and they  
sufferin in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go  
back  
Hoes show me love, niggaz give me props  
Forever hop cause it don't stop... on my block

[Chorus: a bunch of kids - see the liner notes]

Livin life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we see (on my block)  
Every block is kinda mean  
But on our block we still playyyyyy  
But on our block we still playyyyyy...

[Verse Two]

Now shit's constantly hot, on my block, it never fails to  
be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain, when her son drops  
Black male slippin in hail when will we prevail  
Fearin jail but crack sales got me livin well  
And the system's suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Stayin strapped forever strapped in this drug life  
God help me, cause I'm starvin, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
Till this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star, everywhere I went  
In my heart, I felt alone out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home... on my block

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Verse Three]

And I can't help but wonder why, so many young kids  
had to die  
Caught strays from AK's and the driveby  
Swollen pride and homicide, don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives, mama come inside  
Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community but now we're all  
cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone them crack pipes  
All up and down the block exterminatin black life  
But I can't blame the dealers  
My mama's welfare check has brought the next man  
chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know ya feel, my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hangin out pickin up game, sippin cheap liquor  
Gamin the hoochies hopin I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, stayin strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga livin phat, but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losin focus... on my block

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Verse Four]

And block parties in the projects lastin way past  
daylight  
A young nigga learned to break night  
Used to play fight with my homies but they stuck in the  
pen  
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend, in my mind  
I see the same motherfuckers ballin  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his  
call  
I know the young niggaz understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is  
scandalous  
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes  
Tryin to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is everybod knows my name, swear  
they all know me  
And lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feelin pain  
For all the niggaz that I lost to the game... from my  
block

[Chorus w/ minor variations; kids repeat last line over  
and over]

[2Pac - speaking over Chorus]

Rest in peace to all the muh'fuckers who passed away  
From all the blocks that I'm from  
One - twelve street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown,  
knahmsayin?  
183rd and Walt, my block, that's right  
122nd and Morningside, my block, that's right  
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block, that's right  
In the jungle of Atlantic City, that's my block, that's  
right  
Los Angeles, haha, that's my block too  
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown, that's my block for sure  
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker  
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago  
All y'all niggaz stay kickin up dust  
Represent the motherfuckin block

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