

2 Pac

"Staring Through My Rear View"

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Starin' at the world through my rearview
Just looking back at the world
From another level you know what I mean?
Starin'

Multiple gunshots fill the block, the fun stops
Niggaz is callin' cops, people shot, nobody stop
I wonder when the world stopped carin' last night
Two kids shot while the whole block staring

I will never understand this society
First they try to murder me, then they lie to me
Product of a dying breed, all my homies trying weed
Now the little baby's crazed raised off Hennessey

Tell me will my enemies flee when they see me
Believe me even thugs gotta learn to take it easy, listen
Through the intermissions search your heart for a plan
And we turnin' Bad Boys to grown men, it's on again

I give a holla to my niggaz in the darkest corners
Roll a perfect blunt, and let me spark it for ya
One love from a thug nigga rollin' with a posse
Full of paranoid drug dealers, to the end my friend

I'm seein' nuttin' but my dreams comin' true
While I'm starin' at the world through my rearview, see
I'm seein' nuttin' but my dreams comin' true
While I'm starin' at the world through my rearview

They got me starin' at the world through my rearview
Go on baby, scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin fast 'cause it's time to die
We gettin' high, watchin' time fly and all my
motherfuckers

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motherfuckers

Now you see him, now you don't
Some niggaz be here for the moment
And then they gone, what happened to em?
Well, let's see, it seems to be a mystery
But all I know I never let the money get to me

Stay down like the truest thug life
Until I check out this bitch, I thought you knew this
Who is gonna catch me when I fall or even care to
While you thinkin' I see you lost up in my rearview

Half you is down with them Outlawz
Outcast, left far, I'm through like southpaws
But still we keep mashin' 'til our dreams come through
Starin' at the world through my rearview

Now I was raised as a young black male
In order to get paid, forced to make crack sales
Caught a nigga so they send me to these over packed
jails
In the cell, countin' days in this livin' black Hell, do you
feel me?

Keys to ignition, use at your discretion
Roll with a twelve gauge pump for protection
Niggaz hate me in the section from years of chin
checkin'
Turn to Smith and Wesson war weapons

Heavenly Father, I'm a soldier, I'm gettin' hotter
Cause the world's gettin' colder, baby let me hold ya
Talk to my guns like they fly bitches
All you bustas best to run look at my bitches

Now I know the answers to the question, do dreams
come true?
Still starin' at the world through my rearview, I say
Now I know the answers to the question, do dreams
come true?
Still starin' at the world through my rearview

They got me starin' at the world through my rearview
Go on baby, scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin' fast 'cause it's time to die
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly

And all my motherfuckers
Got me starin' at the world through my rearview
Go on baby, scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin' fast 'cause it's time to die

Gettin' high, watchin' time fly, nigga can die

Back in the days we hustled for sneakers and beepers
Nine-six for glocks 'cause fiends hittin' up blocks with
street sweepers
Bless myself when knowin' rules to these streets,
somethin' I learned
In school, on some Million Man March shit for the peace

True that, only one life to lead, a fast life of greed
Criminally addicted, infested since a seed
We all die, breed bleed like humans, towns run
By young guns, Outlawz and truants, shit's deep

Turn eighteen, burn my will when I go
Burnt my body with my shotty or chosin' my dough
So while you reminiscin' all nights out with the crew
Smoke a blunt for me too, I'm starin' through your
rearview

You ain't knowin' what we mean by starin' through the
rearview
So since you ain't knowin' what we mean
Let me break down understandin' the world, the world
is behind us
Once a motherfucker get an understanding on the
game
And what the levels and the rules of the game is
Then the world ain't no trick no more

The world is a game to be played
So now we lookin' at the world from like behind us
Niggaz know what we gotta do, just gotta put our mind
to it
And do it, it's all about the papers, money rule the
world
Bitches make the world go 'round
Real niggaz do they wanna do, bitch niggaz, do what
they can't

Starin' at the world through my rearview
Go on baby scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin' fast 'cause it's time to die
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly

Ya know, starin' at the world through my rearview
Go on baby scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin' fast 'cause it's time to die
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly

And we be starin' at the world through my rearview

Go on baby scream to God, He can't hear you
I can feel your heart beatin' fast 'cause it's time to die
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly

Starin' at the world through my rearview
Scream to God, He can't hear you
Heart beatin' fast, time to die
Watchin' time fly

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Scream to God, He can't hear you
Heart beatin' fast, time to die
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