

2 Pac

"The Streets Are Deathrow"

Visit "[The Streets Are Deathrow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Streets Are Deathrow

Growing up as an inner city brotha
where every other had a pops and a motha
I was tha product of a heated lover
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
and since my pops never knew me
my family didn't know what ta do with me
was I somebody they despise
curious look in they eyes
as if they wonder if i'm dead or alive
poor momma can't control me
quit tryin' ta save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies
a ticken timebomb
can't nobody fade me
packin' a 380
and fiendin' for my mercedes
suckers scatter
but it don't matter i'm a cool shot
punks drop from all tha buckshots tha fools got
i'm tired of being a nice guy
i've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why
so they label me a lunatic
could care less
death or success
is what I quest
cause i'm fearless
now tha streetz R Deathrow

Chorus

(cause i'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
tha streetz R Deathrow
(cause i'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
tha streetz R Deathrow

I just murdered a man, i'm even more stressed
wearin' a vest
hopein' that their aimin' at my chest
much too young to bite tha bullet
hand on tha trigga

I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope I live to be a man
must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in tha
state
penn
counting pennys over tha years
I'd done stacked many
proven wrong those
who swore i'd wouldn't live till twenty
now they gotta cope
since it's tha only thing I know
it's difficult to let it go
i'm startin' to loose my hair cause I worry
hustlin' to keep from gettin'

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