

## 2 Pac "Violent"

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[2Pac]

They claim that I'm violent, just cause I refuse to be  
silent  
These hypocrites are havin fits, cause I'm not buyin it  
Defyin it, envious because I will rebel against  
Any oppressor, and this is known as self defense  
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic  
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get  
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see  
Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to  
be  
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this  
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished  
The underground railroad on an uprising  
This time the truth's gettin told, heard enough lies  
I told em fight back, attack on society  
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be  
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin from  
Look through our history, America's the violent one  
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery  
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me  
They call me militant, racist cause I will resist  
You wanna censor somethin, motherfucker censor this!  
My words are weapons, and I'm steppin to the silent  
Wakin up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

[Chorus:]

[1st occurrence:] as written

[2nd occurrence:] add last three lines again

[3rd occurrence:] repeat first five lines twice

[4th occurrence:] repeat first five lines twice

[5th occurrence:] second to fifth line, first to fifth line

[6th occurrence:] emphasis on second line, whole  
chorus

[7th occurrence:] first three lines only

"They claimin that I'm violent" -> Chuck D [cut and  
scratched]

"Fuck the damn cop!" [cut and scratched]

"Just because we play what the people want.."

"They claimin that I'm violent" -> Chuck D [cut and  
scratched]

"Fuck the damn cop!" [cut and scratched]  
"Just because we play what the people want.."  
"They claimin that I'm violent" -> Chuck D [cut and scratched]  
"Fuck the damn cop!" [cut and scratched]

[2Pac]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me  
Call me a dope man, cause I rock dope beats  
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID  
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin to rob me?"  
He had tha nerve to, say that I had a curfew  
(Do you know what time it is?  
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!)  
"Get out the car... or I'll hurt you"  
So here I go, I better make my mind up  
Pick my nine up, or hit the line-up  
I chose B, stepped into the streets  
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat  
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the  
concrete  
(Ay man.. aiiyo.. ay man just c'mon ?)  
("What you doin man?") They tried to frame me  
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat  
But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend  
My homie panicked ("I'm out") he tried to run  
(Freeze nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun  
My homie dropped so, I hit the cop  
I kept swingin, yo, I couldn't stop  
Before I knew it, I was beatin the cop senseless  
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless  
(? Arrrrggggh, fuck you! Ungggh!)  
Now I'm against this cop who was racist  
Given him a taste, of tradin places  
And all this, cause the peckerwood was tryin this  
Frame up, but I came up  
Now they claimin that I'm violent

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

As I was beatin on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-ohh)  
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit  
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand  
He shot the cop (damn!) now he's a dead man  
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away  
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here)  
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way  
Jumped in the car, and tried to get away quick  
The car wouldn't start (damn!) we in deep shit  
So we jumped out (C'mon let's take the cop's car)

We drove a little ways thinkin that we got far  
But I looked up, and all I saw was blue lights  
If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight  
I grabed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge  
Load em up quick, it's time for us to spray  
We'll shoot em up with they own fuckin weapons  
And when we through sprayin (audi) then we steppin  
This is a lesson, to the rednecks and crooked cops  
You fuck with real niggaz, get ya fuckin ass dropped  
So here we go, the police against us  
Dark as dusk, waitin for the guns to bust (What's next  
man?)  
What's next, I don't know and I don't care  
One things fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here  
But if I go, I'm takin all these punks with me  
Pass me a clip G, now come and get me  
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent  
Givin them a reason, (a reason) to claim that I'm  
violent...

[Chorus (3)]

[Chorus (4)]

[Chorus (5)]

[Chorus (6)]

[Chorus (7)]

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