

2Pac

"2Pac + Outlawz---U Can Be Touched"

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(Napoleon Talking)

Life...

What the fuck is life for niggaz like us?

Been waking up to another muthafuckin' day

I'm the type of soldier,

A nigga that seen

Everything in my muthafuckin eyes

I seen my parents get killed

To my muthafuckin eyes

I seen my brother kill his-self in my eyes

I seen Pac.. Yak.. die in the struggle in my eyes

So I know anybody can be touched

You know what I mean?

(Napoleon)

Oh God forgive me

Somebody please say a prayer for me

Needed my parents

But they was never there for me

Believing everything they feed me

I'm seeing demons

I wake up screaming

Who believe me or was I dreaming?

Five fingers on the .45 chrome

Dead aim at my brain, infared with no lights on

I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this

I'm living blind writing rhymes

Til they capture this

And if we die let the world understand why

Soldier my eyes hate to see a young thug cry

They seeing us inside a casket

That's how they see us

Oh God forgive us ghetto bastards

We human beings

They leaving us inside this hell-hole

Just waiting to fail so then they tell us

That's what jail for

Adolescent young teens turned violent

It's floating, in a world turned silent

Cause you could be touched

(Chorus Makaveli)

Young niggaz in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile still live a child life
Thinking he can make his pay
Too in a rush, niggaz better slow down
Cause you can be touched

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(E.D.I)

I live life High Speed
Moving a million miles per hour
Towards my destiny
Making decisions carelessly
Yeah it's me, yo nigga man child
Bomb first stand proud
Ain't looking for hand-outs
Twenty-five years up in this bitch
And I'll be damned if I ain't leaving rich
And leave my kids a grip
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit
You can be touched if, I catch you slippin' while I'm on a
money mission
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock
Try to get mo' so my shit don't flock
I lick off shots for everything they owe me
And when it's my time to go
I pray the Lord hold me
(U can be touched)

(Kastro)

I was born in the city that never sleeps
Schooled by the realest of the real niggaz
That ever breathed
And I was big when I was young
And now I see that I was dumb
My nigga.. Lonnie just got hit with 10... 10 years
For trusting a friend
They left him stuck in the Penn
I love him, we all here just to die here, plus
Nobody cares what got here
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Y'all praise the thug ways
So forever it's on.. baby

(Chorus Makaveli)

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(Young Noble)

Why grieve this life
Blinded by the fiends and pipes
Green lights so
I'm seeing-seeing everything twice
Pretty much of nothing nice
(naw) we sucking it up
Even when we get a job, we fucking it up
Like it can't happen to us
I could never be a bum
Yeah right, you wound up one
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep living it up
Look and learn
Next it could be your turn... word

(Kadafi)

Yes this a felonies' hobby
That got me here thinking robbery
Day to day all year long
Teflon protects my body
Essential and important in this criminal cartel
I'm caught and supporting me
So in these streets of hockey
I play the goalie,
Secretz to war licks, and score shit
Share between clients and homies
Remember what Patcino told me
Before he past
Watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely
And I'm point like a thong
And it's survival of the strong
Living outside the laws of this crooked world
I was born touched

(Chorus Makaveli)

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