

## 2Pac "Cradle To The Grave"

Visit "[Cradle To The Grave](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy living in the ghetto  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy

June 16, 1971, mama gave birth  
To a hell raisin' heavenly son  
See the doctor tried to smack me  
But I smacked him back

My first words were  
"Thug for life" and "Papa pass the Mac"  
I'm bustin' on these mothafuckas ballin'  
Listen you can hear my mini 14 callin'

From out the window of my drop top  
I got my glock cocked  
Bustin' at niggas when will it stop?  
Now tell me are you scared of the dark?

Can't close my eyes I see visions  
And even with this thug livin', will I escape prison ?  
Penitentiary chances was an all day thang  
The only way to advance and if you slang

Better have your Nikes on 'cause when we fight  
It's in the middle of the night with no lights on  
Hey, there must be a God 'cause I feel lucky  
Paranoid out my mind, this mothafucka's tryin' to rush  
me

Am I goin' to jail? Look at me bailin'  
Commin' out the court house all about my mail and  
bank  
Never die, be a hustler mothafuckas and makin' thugs  
out you suckas  
From the cradle to the grave

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto

From the cradle to the grave, since a little bitty child

I've been known to get ill and kinda buck wild  
Pop, pop, just like the part that's in my walk with street  
talk  
Go runnin' up the block in the dark with less spark

Surveillance on a nigga every day  
Waitin' on my daddy just to take his ass away  
Now Mama always workin', tryin' to make ends meet  
So now a young niggas bein' raised by the streets

And then the only other one that ever showed me love  
Was my dope fiend uncle strung out on drugs  
A straight thug, just me, my mama out here on our own  
So I got two gatts, one black and one of chrome

Now I don't wanna hurt nobody but I must defend mine  
It's all the fuck I got, so stop and walk a thin line  
Young niggas be brave and keep on thuggin'  
From the cradle to the grave, from the cradle to the  
grave

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto

From the cradle to the grave, I'm glad to say  
I made it this far, many G's died hard  
They know that got was their name here up on a wall  
It's sad thinkin' about the times

Life goes on, I'm steady lost in this land  
As the war zone I got no home  
Don't have no friends neither  
It's just me by my lonely so I married my Nina

I keeps her wherever I go, I love my ho  
Never leave home with out my sugar  
I'm hafta plug a nigga  
Mama told me not to trust no punks  
And kick his ass if he lay a hand on me  
Since then I been known  
Sometimes I think my own self stupid  
'Cause I stay shootin' at marks  
Get twisted up in police reports

Since the cradle, I've been ungrateful  
My first toy was a gun  
I got sprung and learn to love weapons

But now I'm through with money  
And through with street fame  
Somebody peeled my cap

And put me in my grave

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto

March 18th, that rainy day, my mama gave birth  
To a baby boy, trapped in hell on earth  
From day one it wasn't fun I never had a crumb  
Daddy worked two jobs and Mama won't stop drinkin'  
rum

I tried to cope loc but my family's broke  
And my pocket's short so now I gotta sling dope  
In a game filled with pain, it's a fuckin' shame  
The white man got a mothafucka slingin' cane

So now it's on from dusk to dawn I get my serve on  
Always in the spot with my glock slingin' rocks at the  
rocks  
The shit don't stop I'm steady dodgin' cops  
I never flip flop, hear my glock cock thug till I drop

And if I hit the pen I gotta do my time  
Sittin' on my bunk reminiscing about the good times  
It's fucked up a nigga gotta grow up doing dirt  
But from the cradle to the grave I'ma put in work

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto

Time's movin' fast, will I last another day?  
So I pray and I lay with my A-K  
Did I sell my soul as a young kid?  
All the things I did wishin' someone held me  
But they never did

I can't take it, will I make it to my older age?  
Before I'm shot up or locked up in a fuckin' cage  
Lord, help me, guide me, save me  
'Cause that's the way that Daddy raised me crazy

Do or die, nigga, pull the trigger don't give a fuck  
You'd rather be in jail than get your ass bucked  
Nobody cares, it's me against the world  
Keepin' murder on my mind and my Tech-9

I got nothin' to lose, payin' dues, nigga you wanna die?

I get high then my mission is a walk-by  
You'd better jet when I hit your set 'cause I'm commin'  
Start runnin', yellin', "Evil mind", as I'm gunnin'

One in the chamber for the anger that I build inside  
For the mothers that cried, for my homies that died  
The beginning is an ending, am I just a slave  
So I got to be brave from the cradle to the grave

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.