

2Pac "Everywhere I Go"

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[My pain?]It runs deep
Share it with me!

[Verse 1: 2Pac:]They'll never take me alive
I'm gettin' high with my four-five
Cocked on these suckas, time to die
Even as a youngster causin' ruckus on the back of the
bus
I was a fool all through high school kickin' up dust
But now I'm labelled as a trouble maker who can you
blame?
Smokin' weed helped me take away the pain
So I'm hopeless
Rollin' down the freeway swervin, don't worry
I'm about to crash up on the curb, cause my visions
blurry
Maybe if they tried to understand me
What should I do?
I had to feed my fuckin' family
What else could I do?
But be a thug
Out slangin' with the homies
Fuck hangin' with them phonies in the clubs
Got my mind on danger
Never been a stranger to homicide
My city's full of gang bangers and drive-bys
Why do we die at an early age?
He was so young
But still a victim of the 12 gauge
My memories of a corpse
Mind full of sick thoughts
And I ain't goin' back to court
So fuck what you thought
I'm drinkin' hennessey
Runnin from my enemies
Will I live to be 23?
There's so much pain

[Hook]Everywhere I go
I see the darkness
Covering skys
Everywhere I go

Everywhere I go
Trouble seems to find me
Blood in my eyes
Everywhere I go

[Verse 2: Game]What would you do, if you couldn't
make it to the NBA?
What would you do, if you couldn't sing, like a Mary J?
What would you do, if you couldn't hit a white ball, like
Tyga?
If you wanted to model, but you wasn't skinny like Tyra?

What if you wanted to be Eminem
But the closet thing to him, was a pack of M&M's?
You can be Eminem, and I got proof
Or you could be Obama, and bring back troops
Or you could be Osama, and tear off roofs
Or be Corporate America, and reject all youth
Be the fly on the woodgrain, inside my Coop
Or be the sole, inside my shoe
So you can see where I walk, you can see where I been
See my father raping my sister when she was just ten
9, 8, 7, 6, NASA take me away, life's a bitch

[Hook 2]Everywhere I go
Trouble seems to find me
Blood in my eyes
Everywhere I go

[Verse 3: 2Pac]They got me mobbin' like I'm
Loc'ed and ready to get my slug on
I load my clip and slip my motherfuckin' gloves on
I ain't scared to blast on these suckas if they test me
Trust, I got my Glock cocked playa if they press me
Bust on motherfuckers with a - paaassion
Better duck cause I ain't lookin when I'm - blaaastin'
I'm a nuttin, drinkin' Hennessey and gettin' high
On the lookout for my enemies
Don't wanna die
Tell me why cause this stress is gettin' major
A buck-fifty across the face with my razor
What can I do but be a thug until I'm dead and gone
Keep my brain on the game and stay head strong
These sorry bastards
Want to kill me in my sleep but will they can I see
And everyday it's just a struggle
Steady thuggin' on the streets
And I'll be ballin' loc
Don't let 'em make you worry
Keep swingin' at these suckas till you buried
I was born to raise hell

A nigga from the gutta
Word to mutha I'm tough
I'm kickin dust up
Ready to bust
I'm on the scene steady muggin' mean
Until they kill me
I'll be livin this life
I know you feel me
There's so much pain

[Hook] X2

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