

## 2pac "If I Die 2Nite"

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A coward dies a thousand deaths  
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols  
Plottin' on murderin' motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Picturin' pitiful punk niggaz coppin' please  
Puffin' weed as I position myself to clock G's

My enemies scatter in suicidal situations  
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'  
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches  
Evadin' the playa hatin' tricks while hittin' switches

Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawlin' motherfuckers is  
bold  
But y'all some hoes, the game should be sewed  
I'm sick of psychotic society somebody save me  
Addicted to drama so even mama couldn't raise me

Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach  
me  
I run in the streets and puffin' weed wit my peeps  
I'm duckin' the cop, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my  
glock  
Niggaz is hot when I hit the block, what if I die 2night

If I die 2night, if I die 2night, if I die 2night  
Tonight's the night, I get in some shit

Polishin' pistols prepare for battle pass the pump  
When I get to poppin' niggaz is droppin' then they done  
Callin' the coroner come collect the fuckin' corpse  
He got it by killer, preoccupied with bein' boss

Revenge is the method, whenever steppin' keep a  
weapon close  
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes  
Jealous niggaz and broke bitches equal packed jails  
Hit the block and fill your pockets makin' crack sales

Picture perfection pursuin' paper with a passion  
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted

Runnin' with criminals, individuals with no remorse  
Try to stop me my pistol posse's usin' deadly force

In my brain, all I can think about is fame  
The police know my name, a different game, ain't a  
thing changed  
I'm seein' cemetery photos of my peers  
Conversatin' like they still here, if I die 2night

If I die 2night, if I die tonight, if I die 2night  
Tonight's the night, I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols  
Plottin' on murderin' motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Pray to the heavens three-fifty-sevens to the sky  
And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug Livin' when I die

I wonder if heaven got a ghetto for Thug niggaz  
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers  
Pissin' while practicin' how to pimp and be a playa  
Overdose of a dick, while drinkin' liquor when I lay her

Pistol whippin' these simps, for bein' petrified and lame  
Disrespectin' the game, prayin' for punishment and  
pain  
Goin' insane, never die, live eternal, who shall I fear?  
Don't shed a tear for me nigga I ain't happy hear

I hope they bury me and send me to my rest  
Headlines readin', "Murdered to death", my last breath  
Take a look picture a crook on his last stand  
Motherfuckers don't understand, if I die 2night

If I die 2night, if I die 2night, if I die 2night  
Tonight's the night, I get in some shit

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