

## 2Pac "I'm Losin It"

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Straight out the motherfucking bay  
Here we go

Lord help me, save me, Mama, keep praying  
For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave  
In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes  
Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies

Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack  
He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot  
Like a motherfucking thug disease  
Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me,  
hey

What's up with bitches trying to screw me?  
Do me 'coz I did a movie  
Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me  
Rather die than let ya play me for a buster

And with my glock  
I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh  
Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya  
Screaming, ?Thug life?, nigga when I do ya

I'm going crazy, getting dizzy  
And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather  
Bring me back  
I'm telling ya, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind  
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Losing my mind

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Losing my mind

I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me  
On the real, I kill when I step to ya fucking grill  
So let me kick it, let me flip it, let me get wicked

I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets

I hang with G's, flipping keys and smoking weed  
I get the cash and dash and never learn to read  
So fuck a bitch, fuck a hoe and I let ya know  
Because they come and go like the wind blows

What am I giving, how I'm living, what I'm giving up  
You can take my life and I don't give a fuck  
'Coz I'm the trouble, most coming from the west coast  
Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose

Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics  
Nobody knows what makes my mind click  
Is it the demons screaming inside of me?  
Hell no, it's just the thug life mentality

I'm going crazy, shit don't phase me  
I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me  
Death is on the trigga, so pull it  
I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

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Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire  
The bullet told me, shoot that motherfucker, he's a liar  
I talked to my 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll  
When my niggas try to dig me a whole of a  
[Incomprehensible]

Nigga, I can't be fucked in this game, I'm a psychopath  
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass  
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer  
He's one of my best friends, bitch ass nigga eater

And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk  
You know that old school bitch, she like to get it fucked  
And splitting motherfuckers by the seams  
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15

But the evil motherfucker  
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting  
cluckers

Said he was my only family  
Shoot straight and please don't jam me

Got in a fight at the club, my gat started talking  
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking  
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang  
I'm going nuts man, shit was talking to me

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