

2Pac "My Block"

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Damn, take a ride to my block
My block, that's right heh
[Incomprehensible] on my motherfuckin' block

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my
past fears
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my
heartless breath
The underlyin' cause of my arrest, my life is stressed
And no rest forever weary, my eyes stay teary
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black on black crime legendary
But at times unnecessary, I'm gettin' worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is
drastic
And certain death for us, ghetto bastards

What can we do when we're arrested, but open fire?
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares, for us niggaz on welfare
And who cares if we survive
The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin'
on a four five
My neighborhood ain't the same
'Cause all these little babies goin' crazy
And they sufferin' in the game and I swear it's like a
trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go
back
Hoes show me love, niggaz give me props
Forever hope 'cause it don't stop on my block

Livin' life is but a dream
Hard times is all we see
On my block
Every block is kinda mean
But on our block we still play
But on our block we still play

Now shits constantly hot, on my block, it never fails to

be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain, when her son drops
Black male slippin' in hail, when will we prevail?
Fearin' jail but crack sales got me livin' well
And the system's suicidal with this thug's life
Stayin' strapped forever strapped in this drug life
God help me, 'cause I'm starvin' can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies my life is hard
Can't sleep 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt

Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
Till this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit the bullshit make me represent
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went
In my heart, I felt alone out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home on my block

Livin' life is but a dream
Hard times is all we see
On my block
Every block is kinda mean
But on our block we still play
But on our block we still play

And I can't help but wonder why, so many young kids
had to die
Caught strays from A.K's in the drive by
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives, mama come inside
'Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community but now we're all
cold strangers
Time changes us to stone them crack pipes
All up and down the block exterminatin' black life
But I can't blame the dealers

My mama's welfare check has brought the next man
chrome wheels
Shits real, I know you feel, my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hangin' out pickin' up game, sippin' cheap liquor
Gamin' the hooches, hopin' I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, stayin' strapped
Fantasies of a nigga livin' phat, but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losin' focus on my block

Livin' life is but a dream

Hard times is all we see
On my block
Every block is kinda mean
But on our block we still play
But on our block we still play

And block parties in the projects lastin' way past
daylight
A young nigga learned to break night
Used to play fight with my homies but they stuck in the
pen
I send 'em ends, but it's tough on a friend
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his
call
I know the young niggaz understand this
Growin' up in this world where everythin' is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes

Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybody knows my name
Swear they all know me
And lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feelin' pain
For all the niggaz that I lost to the game from my block
That's right

Livin' life is but a dream
Hard times is all we see
Rest in peace to all the muh'fuckers who passed away
Every block is kinda mean
From all the blocks that I'm from
But on our block we still play

One twelve street, Seventh Avenue, New York, Uptown
Know what I'm sayin?
But on our block we still play
183rd and Walt, my block, that's right
But on our block we still play
122nd and Morningside, my block, that's right
But on our block we still play

Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block, that's right
But on our block we still play
In the jungle of Atlantic city, that's my block, that's right
But on our block we still play

Los Angeles, aha, that's my block too
But on our block we still play

Oakland, can't forget Oaktown, that's my block for sure
But on our block we still play

And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggaz stay kickin' up dust
Representin' motherfuckin' block

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