

## 2pac "Starin' Through My Rear View"

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Staring at the world through my rearview  
Just looking back at the world, from another level  
yaknowwhatImean?  
Starin  
Multiple gunshots fill the block, the fun stops  
Niggaz is callin cops, people shot, nobody stop  
I wonder when the world stopped caring last night  
Two kids shot while the whole block staring  
I will never understand this society, first they try  
To murder me, then they lie to me, product of a dying  
breed  
All my homies trying weed, now the little baby's  
Crazed raised off Hennesey, tell me will my enemies  
Flee when they see me, believe me  
Even Thugs gotta learn to take it easy, listen  
Through the intermissions search your heart for a plan  
And we turnin Bad Boys to grown men, it's on again  
I give a holla to my niggaz in the darkest corners  
Roll a perfect blunt, and let me spark it for ya  
One love from a thug nigga rollin with a posse  
Full of paranoid drug dealers, to the end my friend

I'm seein nuttin but my dreams comin true  
While I'm starin at the world through my rearview (see)  
I'm seein nuttin but my dreams comin true  
While I'm starin at the world through my rearview (see)  
(They got me) starin at the world through my rearview  
Go on baby scream to God, he can't hear you  
I can feel your heart beatin fast cause it's time to die  
(we)  
Gettin high, watchin time fly, and all my motherfuckers  
(They got me) starin at the world through my rearview  
Go on baby scream to God, he can't hear you  
I can feel your heart beatin fast cause it's time to die  
(we)  
Gettin high, watchin time fly, and all my motherfuckers

Now you see him, now you don't, some niggaz  
Be here for the moment, and then they gone, what  
happened to em?  
Well let's see, it seems to be a mystery  
But all I know I never let the money get to me

Stay down like the, truest  
Thug Life until I check out this bitch, I thought you knew  
this  
Who is, gonna catch me when I fall or even care to  
While you thinkin I see you lost up in my rearview  
Half you, is down with them Outlawz  
Outcast, left far, I'm through like southpaws  
But still we keep mashin til our dreams come through  
Starin at the world through my rearview

Now I was raised as a young black male  
In order to get paid, forced to make crack sales  
Caught a nigga so they send me to these overpacked  
jails  
In the cell, countin days in this livin black Hell, do you  
feel me?  
Keys to ignition, use at your discretion  
Roll with a twelve gauge pump for protection  
Niggaz hate me in the section from years of chin  
checkin  
Turn to Smith and Wesson war weapons  
Heavenly Father I'm a soldier, I'm gettin hotter  
Cause the world's gettin colder, baby let me hold ya  
Talk to my guns like they fly bitches  
All you bustas best to run look at my bitches

Now I know the answers to the question, do dreams  
come true  
Still starin at the world through my rearview (I say)  
Now I know the answers to the question, do dreams  
come true  
Still starin at the world through my rearview (I say)  
(They got me) starin at the world through my rearview  
Go on baby scream to God, he can't hear you  
I can feel your heart beatin fast cause it's time to die  
Gettin high, watchin time fly -  
And all my motherfuckers/nigga can die  
(They got me) starin at the world through my rearview  
Go on baby scream to God, he can't hear you  
I can feel your heart beatin fast cause it's time to die  
Gettin high, watchin time fly -  
And all my motherfuckers/nigga can die

Back in the days we hustled for sneakers and beepers  
Nine-six for glocks cause fiends hittin up blocks with  
street sweepers  
Bless myself when knowin rules to these streets,  
somethin I learned  
In school, on some Million Man March shit for the  
piece/peace  
True that, only one life to lead, a fast life of greed

Criminally addicted, infested since a seed  
We all die, breed bleed like humans, towns run  
By young guns, Outlawz and truants, shit's deep  
Turn eighteen, burn my will when I go  
Burnt my body with my shotty, or chosin my dough  
So while you reminiscin all nights out with the crew  
Smoke a blunt for me too, I'm starin through your  
rearview

Hahahaha, you ain't knowin what we mean by starin  
through the rearview  
So since you ain't knowin what we mean let me break  
down understandin  
The world, the world is behind us  
Once a motherfucker get an understanding on the  
game  
And what the levels and the rules of the game is  
Then the world ain't no trick no more  
The world is a game to be played  
So now we lookin at the world, from like, behind us  
Niggaz know what we gotta do, just gotta put our mind  
to it and do it  
It's all about the papers, money rule the world  
Bitches make the world go round  
Real niggaz do they wanna do, bitch niggaz do what  
they can't

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Go on baby scream to God, he can't hear you  
I can feel your heart beatin fast cause it's time to die  
Gettin high, watchin time fly, ya know/and we'll be

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