

2Pac**"Starin'Thru My Rearview"**

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Artist: 2Pac f/ Outlawz

Album: Gang Related soundtrack

Song: Staring Through My Rearview

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[Tupac]

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)

[repeat 2X]

(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

[repeat 2X]

[E.D.I.]

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

[Tupac]

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)
[repeat 2X]

(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
[repeat 2X]

[Khadafi]

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 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

[Tupac]

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 (??)

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, ya know/and we'll be
[repeat 4X with vocal fade]

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