

2Pac "Welcome 2 Death Row"

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Let us pray

Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here

Before I go to sleep

Tell me, who do you believe in?

Who do you believe in?

[Verse One: 2Pac]

I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin

Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why

Watchin our own downfall, witness the end

It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin

I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he
laughed

Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast

It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more

My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm
cryin for

Is it the miniature caskets, little babies

Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy

Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was

Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us

Perhaps the underlyin fact stay high explain genocide

It's when we ride on our own kind

What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror

We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]

Who do you believe in?

I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in

Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror

I hate the man in the mirror

Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer

Times of Armageddeon, murder in mass amounts

In this society where only gettin the cash counts

I started out as a beginner

Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner

I make my money and vacate, evade prison

Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven

And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside

You know, it's like I'm livin just to die

I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy

Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me

So I'm askin - before I lay me down to sleep

Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery

I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames

In my search for fame will I change?I'm askin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Kadafi]

Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic

Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in
caskets

With they chest plates stretched like elastic

And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp,
still mashin

Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block

Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck

with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize

If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked

Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she
heard

One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool
pigeon I talked to him

He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure

Cause he just came home off of bail

[2Pac] Now tell me

[Chorus]

[Outro: spoken word]

Who do you believe in?

Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah?Or Allah?

Is it Jesus?Is it God?Or is just yourself?

Definatly not to be imposed, being a demon

Because this is the joy of believing!

Men, to believe in yourselves
But for sure, the higher power
Resides only to ride in the heart of the true
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi
In the poetry, or in it's realm
That's what pulls all words together
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man
And only man can satisfy the man
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man
The for realness of the man
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you
know the man
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

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