

## 2Pac

### "Words to my first born"

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(2pac)

hahaha

yeah, these r my words to my firstborn

u know what time it is

these r my words to my firstborn

nothin left to give

verse 1

now can ya picture young niggaz in a rush to grow  
to old timers in the pen had to crush his throat  
probably never even saw it comin  
too busy bullshittin, caught him wit his mouth runnin  
ain't this a bitch they got me twisted in this game  
the feds and the punk police pointin pistols at my brain  
i wonder if i'm wrong cause i'm thugged out  
my homies murdered execution style runnin out the  
drug house  
what was supposed to be a easy hit  
now things r changed cause niggaz died over bullshit  
inside my dreams i'm seein pictures of a broken man  
no witnesses only questions of who smoked the man  
young adolescents in our prime livin a life of crime  
though it ain't logical we hobblin through these tryin  
times  
livin blind Lord help me with my troubled soul  
why all my homies had to die before they got to grow  
and right before i put my head on the pillow say a  
prayer  
one love to the thugs in heaven i'll see ya there  
it's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born  
help ya make it through the storm  
my words to my firstborn, feel me

my words to my firstborn

my words to my firstborn

since my very first day on this earth i was cursed  
so i knew that the birth of a child would make my life  
worse

and though it hurt me there was no distortion  
cause wild seeds can't grow we need more abortions  
quiet ya soul, cause ya know what ya had to do  
and so did victims of a world they never came to  
i understand it's a better day comin  
sometimes catch me sleepin on a dead end drivin with  
the car runnin  
blinded  
ain't no love in the hood only hearts torn  
love letters to the innocent and unborn  
all the babies that died up on the table  
cause the family wasn't able  
can't blame em i would do the same  
all i had to give it was my debt and my last name  
cause in the game things change livin up and down  
this hard life got me walkin with my head down  
flashin frowns wasn't meant to be was i wrong  
but i'll never get to know so i carry on  
it's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born  
my words to my first born, feel me

my words to my firstborn  
(my nigga nutso up in this bitch)  
these are my words to my firstborn  
(hey nigga talk to ya boy, talk to ya seed nigga)

(nutso)

i'm just another thug nigga trapped up in this ghetto  
life  
and endless hustle, strugglin tryin to settle right  
and doin dirt ain't savin me  
but the streets is the only thing payin me  
feel me  
runnin with G's stackin G's packin heat  
mob life till this muthafuckas wack me  
stackin greenery thuggin till i die  
pickin up so much drank i'm gettin high  
got the feds on me  
and they label me a bad crook  
thinkin i'm the reason this nigga got his hat took  
on the run, now daddy gotta pack a gun  
cause these niggaz wanna make u the last one  
about these riches and jealous bitches and things u  
gon be sellin through  
and if i die, remember that it's all love and i'm by your  
side every night  
don't be a loser, choose your dreams do your thing  
go solo cause these cold ho's will twist u up like shoe  
strings  
open your eyez don't let these haters get you

roll up and diss you  
my words to my firstborn

(2pac talking)

words to my muthafuckin seed  
you feel me  
nigga don't know what's gonna happen come tomorrow  
or the next day  
muthafucka be here today be gone tomorrow i done  
seen it happen  
muthafucka get two put to his head he no longer existin  
thats what i'm talkin about  
what u gonna tell ya kids nigga, who was u, what was u  
doin, how did u put it  
down  
these r my words to my muthafuckin firstborn  
so he can know, ya know wha i mean  
haha  
ain't nothin buy a muthafuckin ridah  
westside till i die  
thats all it was  
these some crooked ass ??? dealin muthafuckaz  
i just play to win  
muthafucka gotta bet against the odds  
know what i mean, rollin with muthafuckin ???,  
sometimes u hit 7 11,  
sometimes u cramp out,  
thats just a chance a muthafucka take when u a ridah  
though  
these r my words to my muthafuckin firstborn, me and  
my nigga nutso,  
representin thugs all over this muthafucka  
worldwide, you know what time it is  
all the abortion clinics, all the babies that died of  
miscarriage, you know  
what time it is  
we out this bitch

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