

## 2Pac "Young Niggaz"

Visit "[Young Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy'  
Sanderford  
and all other lil' young niggaz that's in a rush to be  
gangstas

As a young nigga, I'm almost ?swellin? in the wind  
Give anythang, to be that innocent again, when I was  
ten  
I didn't bang but I was hangin with the homies  
tell them niggaz started slangin that they don't know  
me  
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay  
me  
Lately I've been tryin to make a bill-ion, can you play  
me  
with that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat  
me  
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and  
even I  
someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride  
Put down the top, now we flossin  
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window  
Workin with a twenty sack of indo, feelin good  
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs  
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung  
drugs, know it's bad  
but all we had was our hopes and dreams  
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends  
as young niggaz

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
As a young nigga  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
My memories as a young nigga  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
Young nigga  
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin by,  
when daddy died  
That's when my momma started gettin high  
My neighborhood was full of drivebys, couldn't survive

All our homies livin short lives, I couldn't cry  
Told my mamma if I did die, just put a blunt in my  
casket  
let me get my dead homies high  
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just  
\_Me Against the World\_ stuck in misery; as a young  
nigga  
My only thing was to be paid  
Life full of riches avoid snitched cause they shady,  
back in the days  
We always found the time to play,  
but that's before they taught them gangbangers how to  
spray  
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St.  
Louis  
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?  
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga  
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
As a young nigga  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
My memories as a young nigga  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
Young nigga  
He's the downest G I've ever known

I'm tellin you..  
.. to be young, have your brains and have every ? and  
all that  
Yo, y'all niggaz don't know how good you really do got  
it

Muh'fuckers need to just calm down  
and peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of  
the life  
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life  
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein somethin  
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin nuttin  
Tryin to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real  
and I will even if it kills me, my young niggaz  
break away from these dumb niggaz  
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll  
come nigga  
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin  
puttin niggaz in a casket, murdered for hangin  
at the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin  
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day  
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse

the epidemic and diseases, what is the future?  
The projects lookin hopeless, where  
more and more borhters givin up and don't care  
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed  
and I proceed to blow the track up, for young niggaz

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
For these young niggaz  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
My memories as a young nigga  
He always got it blown like Al Capone  
Take it slow nigga, it's for the young niggaz  
He's the downest G I've ever known  
As a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
Memories as a young nigga  
He always got it blown like Al Capone  
He's the downest G I've ever known  
*[Pac talking overlaps singing last four lines]*  
This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you  
know)  
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)  
Them niggaz that's thirteen and fourteen  
Drivin Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)  
Young motherfuckin hustlers (make that money boy)  
Stay strong nigga  
You could be a fuckin accountant, not a dope dealer  
youknowhatl'msayin? (Go to school nigga, go to  
school)  
Fuck around and, you pimpin out here  
You could be a lawyer (really doe)  
Niggaz gotta get they priorities straight  
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)  
Really doe.. young niggaz.. little RahRah  
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no  
dumb guy  
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, young niggaz)

*[singers freestyle and skat to the end of the song]*

Visit [2Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.