

## **2Pac Feat. Scarface**

### **"On My Block"**

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[2Pac]

Damn, take a ride, to my block  
My block, that's right! Heh  
F'real on my motherfucking block

[Verse One]

They got a nigga  
Shedding tears, reminiscing on my past fears  
Cause shit was hectic for me last year  
It appears that I've been marked for death, my  
heartless breath  
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed  
And no rest forever weary, my eyes stay teary  
for all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery  
Shit is scary, how black on black crime legendary  
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried  
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is  
drastic  
And certain death for us ghetto bastards  
What can we do when we're arrested, but open fire  
Life in the pen ain't for me, cause I'd rather die  
But don't cry through your despair  
I wonder if the Lord still cares, for us niggas on welfare  
And who cares if we survive  
The only time they notice a nigga is when he's  
clutching on a four-five  
My neighborhood ain't the same  
Cause all these little babies going crazy and they  
suffering in the game  
And I swear it's like a trap  
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go  
back  
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props  
Forever hop cause it don't stop... on my block

[Chorus: a bunch of kids - see the liner notes]

Living life is but a dream  
Hard times is all we see (on my block)  
Every block is kinda mean  
But on our block we still prayyyyyy  
But on our block we still prayyyyyy...

[Verse Two]

Now shit's constantly hot, on my block, it never fails to  
be gunshots  
Can't explain a mother's pain, when her son drops  
Black male slipping in hail when will we prevail  
Fearing jail but crack sales got me living well  
And the system's suicidal with this Thug's Life  
Staying strapped forever trapped in this drug life  
God help me, cause I'm starving, can't get a job  
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard  
Can't sleep cause all the dirt make my heart hurt  
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers  
Mislead from childhood where I went astray  
Till this day I still pray for a better way  
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke  
From the start I felt the racism cause I'm dark  
Couldn't quit the bullshit make me represent  
Hit the bar and played the star, everywhere I went  
In my heart, I felt alone out here on my own  
I close my eyes and picture home... on my block

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Verse Three]

And I can't help but wonder why, so many young kids  
had to die  
Caught strays from AK's and the driveby  
Swollen pride and homicide, don't coincide  
Brothers cry for broken lives, mama come inside  
Cause our block is filled with danger  
Used to be a close knit community but now we're all  
cold strangers  
Time changes us to stone them crack pipes  
All up and down the block exterminating black life  
But I can't blame the dealers  
My mama's welfare check has brought the next man  
chrome wheels  
Shit's real, I know ya feel, my tragedy  
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free  
Hanging out picking up game, sipping cheap liquor  
Gamin the hoochies hoping I can get to sleep with her  
It's a man's world, staying strapped  
Fantasies of a nigga living phat, but held back  
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless  
Wide eyed and losing focus... on my block

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Verse Four]

And block parties in the projects lasting way past  
daylight

A young nigga learned to break night  
Used to play fight with my homies but they stuck in the pen  
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend, in my mind  
I see the same motherfuckers balling  
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call  
I know the young niggas understand this  
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous  
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes  
Trying to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime  
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game  
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame  
And what's strange is everybody knows my name,  
swear they all know me  
And lots of cash make a nigga change  
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain  
For all the niggas that I lost to the game... from my block

[Chorus w/ minor variations; kids repeat last line over and over]

[2Pac - speaking over Chorus]  
Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers who passed away  
From all the blocks that I'm from  
One-twelve street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin?  
183rd and Walt, my block, that's right  
122nd and Morningside, my block, that's right  
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block, that's right  
In the jungle of Marin City, that's my block, that's right  
Los Angeles, haha, that's my block too  
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown, that's my block for sure  
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker  
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago  
All y'all niggas stay kicking up dust  
Represent the motherfucking block

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