

2Pac f/ Dwele

"Starin' Through My Rearview"

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[2Pac talking] Staring at the world through my rearview
Just looking back at the world, from another level
yaknowwhatlmean? (ha ha) Starin... [Verse 1: 2Pac]
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] [Chorus] As life grows
bigger, thangs is looking smaller through my rear view
mirror, my days is growing shorter As my time goes
nearer, but I can't be mad cause I've seen my dreams
Fly higher than I've ever seen [Verse 2: 2Pac] 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 [repeat 2X]

[Chorus] [Verse 3: Dwele] Funny how things is looking smaller through my, rear view mirror I'mma to talk to God I made it, he can hear me now that I'm closer I dun lived my dreams in reality over and over Seems just yesterday things was bigger, but I'm for (the now?)
[Chorus] [2Pac (Pac's hook repeated in the background layer)] 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't 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 3X with vocal fade]

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