

Cocoa Brovaz

"Ghetto Star"

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[2Pac]

Haha, for all my niggaz in the hood (yeah)
That live the life of a ghetto star
(You KNOW!) Heh, you know how we do it
(Hahaha, Makaveli!)

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Just holla my name and witness game official
Niggaz is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared
bitches
While I remain inside a paradox called my block
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn'ta
tried
I send they bodies to they parents up North
With they faces laid bris and they nuts cut off
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter, eat a dick
BEYOTCH!
Mercy, never that, you say you comin back?
Bring it on, fo' whoever strapped
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go
so far
Just sell me your soul, and live the life.. (of a ghetto
star)

[Verse Two: Nutso]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin game
tight
Mug niggaz, slug niggaz for the fame life
Laced with game, practice on takin pain
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain
Street smart, proficient, intelligent
And keep suckers hittin 'til snitches start smellin it
Movin niggaz with telekenesis
Keepin Channel 7 at work, filmin different features
Leadin niggaz to an early death with they head blown
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just

dead and gone
And hope niggaz got punished
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with macs to they neck
Rappers waitin to get done in
Backtalkin - we tossed his ass out
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his
dick in his mouth
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin G
Now the next generation's lookin at me through {*can't
decipher*}

[Verse Three: 2Pac - overlaps Verse Two]
Walkin through the cemetary
Talkin to my homies that was buried
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried,
forgive me
Please give me shelter, calm my fears
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears
I see bodies gettin splashed, with acid
Two shots rang from the plastic glock, wrapped in
plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify, his family
Sheeit, ain't nuttin left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tiajuana
Set up shop sellin them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
With cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Verse Four: Nutso]
Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin shit
down
Born soldiers! -- Fucked him up with a mac-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggaz in protective
custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the
curb
Luxury livin lavish, with dreams of dyin rich
With a team and clientele on my motherfuckin dick
And gettin down on these snitch bitches, protectin

riches

By givin stitches, the life as a ghetto star

When I grow up I wanna be like dem (and live my life as
a ghetto star)

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[Outro: 2Pac w/ Nutso talking in background]

This goes out to all you motherfuckers
that STILL, have to kill to make that money

All you niggaz on the block, sellin rocks

Hand to hand, runnin from the police

I see you - live your life as a ghetto star!

Talk to the hood, claimin you gettin riches

Runnin from the flags.. live my life as a ghetto star

Niggaz with two strikes that don't wanna see the third, I
feel you

It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

{*fades out*}

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