

## **Bizzy Bone**

### **"Life Goes On"**

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Mr. Shakur, man, your essence remains pure

And by the freedom of God, we got a sure shot  
And Jesus, You've been good to me  
When it all stops, my life goes on for sure  
Mr. Shakur and blessed with Your presence  
Your essence remains pure

I never made it in school in '92, lookin' for a job as a  
part-time father  
Only if you knew Pac, with the chronic thru your music  
Was gettin' me thru, it's 1999 now, what we gone do,  
huh, ya oh  
Enemies snicker when I pour out a little liquor

Better not pass me your name and make you out to be  
the sinner  
Who spent the holiday with that ghetto, cookin' a hood  
dinner  
Writin' my memoirs right next to your picture,  
remember  
'Life goes on', that's what you told me homie

And Sylk E Fine hooked it up in the nick of time you  
know me-shit  
I may be lonely and I talk to you, I hope you listening  
And we mob thru you, we all miss him, and mommy say  
hey  
She feed the babies, Johnny J still crazy as hell

Takin' your class in college, hope I don't fail  
I wish I had the mail for the million dollar bill  
But that'd be too much like writin' the whole situation  
And it smells kind of fishy to me, bring the demons to  
the light

The truth, it might set me free, but they can't kill you  
twice  
By the freedom of God, we have a sure shot  
And Jesus, You have been so good to me

And by the freedom of God, we got a sure shot

And Jesus, You've been good to me  
When it all stops, my life goes on for sure  
Mr. Shakur and blessed with Your presence  
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Yo, my friends ain't feelin' me, tobacco companies  
make money off  
Of killin' me, we been waitin' for forty acres like we said  
it, damn  
And the earthquakes with the world's retaliation, all the  
abomination  
Call it El Nino, but it feels like revelation, huh, and Pac  
they got to you

You don't think, I think a fan shot you, they was jealous  
of your jewelry  
And the jury thought they got you, I fast, prepare for  
the rapture  
With a [Unverified] for the ghetto bastards, walk in the  
wilderness  
With God given talent for ashes, pass the pastor, he  
ain't helpin'

The hood like judges should, but life goes on, it's all  
good  
And homie we fight for wood, to keep us stupid huh,  
and after Eazy  
It ain't no more ruthless acoustics, same producers  
seduce us  
With jewels to boost us, before we prove 'em wrong

Kinda revolutionary to move us, but life goes on  
Within the music and the song  
It's abusive if you use it to fuel your fire, huh

And by the freedom of God, we got a sure shot  
And Jesus, You've been good to me  
When it all stops, my life goes on for sure  
Mr. Shakur and blessed with Your presence  
Your essence remains pure

Supportin' my people, distortin' my people, they callin'  
my people  
Evil is finders keepers losers weep the reaper, all you  
G's now  
Proposition 187, and you think we sleep now  
How in the new millennium could we smile, God loves  
the underdog

And of course the ghettos are close, just when the rain  
falls

Reminisce on tattoos, the oceans, pain y'all  
Note here for the dosage of prozac he prescribed  
There's too much melanin in my system, musical  
group, we won't die

And what's the meaning of survival, knowledge of  
wealth is right  
There in your Bible, look at the literal and learn yourself  
Pass me the lighter when I'm stressin' on these issues  
Did I mention my momma gonna need some tissue  
when they get you

I continue to flow eternal, remember Mo Murda way  
back in the day  
Smokin' burners with lil' Layzie, man we shootin' at the  
turtle  
Him and his big boyz doggin' me out, I'm all alone  
With my Thuggish Ruggish shirt on, but still many

I don't hate you, we black and strong  
Even though I know right where you live  
I forgive you and life goes on

And by the freedom of God, we got a sure shot  
And Jesus, You've been good to me  
When it all stops, my life goes on for sure  
Mr. Shakur and blessed with Your presence  
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