

Makaveli "Hold Ya Head"

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[prison in the background while 'Pac speaks]

Yo Jackson! (8231549)

Yes (?), come on down

Hold the doors - let's go!

8599 (?) close it tight

Lock it down

[2Pac]

My homeboys in Clinton and Rikers Island

All the penitentiaries

Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon

All the political prisoners

San Quentin (who can save you).. all the jailhouses

I'm with you

[2Pac]

Yeah

One thug, one thug (How do we keep the music playing)

You're listenin to the sounds of one, thuuug

One thug, one thug (How do we get ahead)

You're listenin to the sounds of..

[2Pac]

I wake up early in the mornin, mindstate so military

Suckers fantasizin pictures of a young brother buried

Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead

If daytime is for suckers then tonight we bleed

Out for all that, knowin that this world bring drawbacks

Look how this shit bump once I deliver these raw raps

Meet me at the cemetery dressed in black

Tonight we, honor the dead, those who won't be back

So if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears

An Outlaw, thug livin in this game for years

Why worry, hope to God, get me high when I'm buried

Knowin deep inside only a few love me

Come rush me to the gates of heaven, let me picture for a while

How I lived for my days as a child; I wonder now

How do we outlast, always get cash

Stay strong if we all mash, hold ya head

[Chorus: sung + 2Pac]

How do we keep the music playing (yes, you got to hold
ya head)

How do we get ahead.. (hold your head!)

Too many young black brothers are dying (yes, you got
to hold ya head)

Livin fast, too fast..

[2Pac]

Hahaha, yo

These felonies be like prophecies beggin me to stop
Cause these lawyers gettin money everytime they
knock us

Snatchin pockets lyrically, suckers flea when they
notice

Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game
closed

Exposed foes with my hocus pocus flows they froze
Now suckers idolize my, chosen blows

And mo' money mean litigatin, mo' playa hatin

Got a cell at the pen for me waitin - is this my fate?

Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin, me fall back?

Never that, too much tequila drinkin, we all that

Make them understand me, if not I slang my posse

Everyone with me is family, cause everybody's got me

Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin
got us all meetin up in prison..

Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in
blood

Saying, "Please show a playa love" - hold ya head!

Hold it

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

The weed got me tweakin in my mind, I'm thinkin..

God bless the child that can hold his own

Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome

Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds

Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed

Currency means nothin if you still ain't free

Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me

I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally

Running from authorities 'til they capture me

And my, aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears

Utilalize lessons learned from my childhood years

Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head

Tradin converstion all night, bless the dead

To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll

Catch a brother at the crossroads..

Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin time pass

Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls, hold ya head!

[Chorus]

[2Pac over Chorus]

No matter how hard it get, feel me
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book
Watch the stars, get some pussy, whatever..

[Chorus repeats to fade]

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