

# Tupac

## "16 On Death Row"

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Death Row

That's where motherfuckers is endin up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness  
I robbed my adversaries, but slipped and left a witness  
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch  
Should I shoot his bitch, or make the nigga rich?  
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn they got me  
trapped  
Hawkin while I'm walkin, and talkin behind my back  
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it  
Cause life's a Wheel of, Fortune here's my chance to  
spin it  
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me  
Too fuckin trigger happy, to let them suckers snatch  
me  
Niggaz gettin jealous (jealous) tryin to find my stash  
Whip out the nine, now I'ma dive and pump your ass  
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk  
Snatched him like a bitch, and threw him in the trunk  
The punk thought I was bluffin, but swear I'm nothin  
nice  
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these, mics  
I listen to him scream, Tray Deee went insane  
I guess the little, mites had finally found his brain  
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen  
Remember that little, bird, he snitched and told a,  
friend  
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old timers  
And fuck five-oh, blaow blaow.. turn em into forty-  
niners

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...  
Where they find me? 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me  
I turned to a life of crime, cause I came from a broken

family

My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that  
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back  
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger  
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger  
The brother in my cell, is 16 as well  
It's hard to adapt, when you're black and you're  
trapped in a livin Hell  
I shouldn'ta let him catch me  
Instead of livin sad in jail I coulda died free and happy  
And my cellmate's raped on the norm  
And passed around the dorm, you can hear his asshole  
gettin torn  
They made me an animal  
Can't sleep, instead of countin sheep, niggaz countin  
cannibals  
And that's how it is in the pen  
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend  
My mama prayed for me  
Tell the Lord to make way for me, prepare any day for  
me (why?)  
Cause when they come for me they find a struggler  
To the death I take the breath from your jugular  
The trick is to never lose hope  
I found my buddy hangin dead from a rope, 16 on  
Death Row

[Tupac sings]

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Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...  
Where you find me? 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death  
Today's my final day, I'm countin every breath  
I'm bitter cause I'm dyin, so much I haven't seen  
I know you never dreamed, your baby would be dead at  
16  
I got beef with a sick society that doesn't give a shit  
And they too quick to say goodbye to me  
They tell me the preacher's there for me  
He's a crook with a book, that motherfucker never  
cared for me  
He's only here to be sure  
I don't drop a dime to God bout the crimes he's  
commitin  
On the poor, and how can these people judge me?  
They ain't my peers and in all these years, they ain't  
never love me

I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan  
To keep a nigga in the state pen  
And to my homies out buryin motherfuckers  
Steer clear of these Aryan motherfuckers  
Cause once they got you locked up  
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin shot up  
I'm convinced self-defense is the way  
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day  
I wish I woulda known while I was out there  
Now I'm straight headin for the chair

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where we live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...  
Where you find me? 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row  
It's to all my partners in the penitentiaries  
16 on Death Row

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