

# Tupac

## "This Ain't Livin"

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This ain't livin..

[2Pac]

Nigga - I hear even the smaller G's be dippin Chevy  
Impalas  
While flossin they gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow  
We (?)swallow tomorrow(?) see, what we leave is hollow  
We feed violence and greed, let 'em bleed tomorrow  
In time, they grip a nine, sippin wine - hit grass  
'til I be starin watch the parents sacrifice they child  
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love  
Feelin so strong, make young boys into drug lords  
Now one for adolescents, now dos for dose  
Keep yo' friends by your side, even close your foes  
Now three for Johnny Law tryin to make my chips  
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch  
Throw yo' hands in the air, it's a robbery  
.. thinkin 'Pac, would you ride with me  
Let's go see what our enemies talkin bout  
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin out  
This ain't livin, it's similar to prison, we trapped  
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is  
tapped  
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven  
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you  
know!  
This is how it goes when we floss with foes  
Before I toss yo' hoe, it'll cost you mo'  
I do shows make a lot of dough, murder my foes  
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow  
This ain't livin

[Chorus 2X: sung]

Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)  
Livin in the world of crime tonight (takes a life)  
Can't find a better way to break you  
This ain't livin I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac]

Peep it - gunfire is produced at alarmin rates  
Today's youth, grip the shit, get in the car and break  
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the

killin  
Just search your feelings, participate in some (?)  
They our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed  
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's  
Heavenly father can you rescue, my young nation  
Rest the Lord will protect you, respect due  
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those  
That oppose when I froze them fools, and who are you  
To watch me fall farther  
I disappeared, reappeared as the .. follow me now  
Skippin class, and livin fast, will get yo' ass  
Stuck in the pen, doin life plus ten  
Young brother pump yo' brakes for me, before you  
choke  
Won't ya soak up some game from yo' big homies  
This ain't livin, we givin you jewelsl, use 'em as tools  
Explode on they industry and fade them fools  
You know the rules, gotta be a rider  
You can run the red lights but read the street signs,  
hey  
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin hell  
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself  
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young  
G  
Gotta change your life, take the game from me  
This ain't livin

[Chorus - 2X]

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