

Nature

"Mourn You Til I Join You"

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Voice 2Pac:

It's gonna be alright You gotta believe dat

[Treach]

Dear god times are changing and the weather got hot

Over the past year a lot of niggas went pop drop

So i thank you for my life and all that i got

I wanna praise you and drop off a message to Pac

I was sittin here lookin at your picture my nigga

Puttin hash with the weed wit a mixture of liquor

We can't kick it you ain't wit us is the shit i can't figure

Nigga i miss ya this thug gonna miss ya til i'm wit cha'

It was 90 on the P.E. tour when we mashed down

Doesn't even seem like 7 years passed

Both rodie's now homies out the hood on the scene

You did the humpty with the u i did the walk wit the

queen

Was a dream smokin and drinkin ?

Stealin' backstage passes to hit ho's and coliseums

? the flip up make them lift they shit up

Get it the get up lift the trix up and switch up

Think of all the times that i rolled wit mine

Male groupies got dissed and got the hell out of dodge

They was grindin with the good shine through they

were on you

Just know i'm gonna mourn you til i join you

Chorus: x2

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

I hope you here me now in god we trust

Even all the prayers can't bring you back to us

I'll mourn you til i join you cause i'll keep in touch

[Treach]

We was two lil niggas both skinny and broke

Happy if we scrap pennies for smokes

Tours over we were out yeah and you called with the

news

You was over in ney york to film this movie called juice

Called you back you told me back up me and you

And stretch could shack up

The thug luv back up the act up
? callen for us cause they know we all kicked up dust
You remember when the cabby said daddy wouldn't
pick up our rings
You beat his ass then you spit in his face
I remember on the set from the trailer feens stole your
jewls
And big stretch punched him out his shoes
Back then i was taken stashes quick who holdin
That's when every piece of bud i was rolen was stolen
We would laugh at the jacks over six packs and yacks
Spit the emos over demos thinken ladies and lemos
You was a wild motha fucka who could never sit still
Said you wouldn't rest untill you saw a mill
Nigga i felt you
We was back an forth burough to projects for forts
Damn i wish they knew how much you loved new york
Shit and can't nobody dis my nigga
Motha fuck that i miss my nigga
I'm a mourn you til i join you

Spoken:

You ain't got to worry about how long i'm gonna morn
ya,
I'm gonna keep your name on tha streets

Chorus x2

[Treach]

I'm ya true mutherfucka thug nation alert
Keep his name on the street til ya lay in the dirt
This shit hurts cause we went from poor to rich
You're supposed to see a lot more than this
They brought you up locked you up when you did above
the rim
They let you out you called us up we came as thugs
again
We were here ah-ha rapist they shout
Ya'll was talkin shit that ya'll didn't know a damn thang
bout
You was going through your stress while your enemies
laughed
Ain't never take no shit and Tupac never took no ass
Fuck the press fuck the world life goes on when you die
Fuck the judge fuck the court and every bitch that lied
A little time ticked by, my ho and I got rocked
My lady waking me up yelling Treach, Pac got shot
Soon as i get there i find Afeni urgin' me
Think i missed my baby, don't leave after surgery
So i'm lookin in her eyes while they walkin me through
Thinkin Pac hard head what the hell i'm a do

So we kicked it as they stayed and i asked what you
need
You say a pound for comin nigga and a hit of some
weed
So i asked you not to go over and over god knows
You done smiled and said nigga help me get on my
clothes
So we got over that, you held up got locked
? they had you caged when i stopped
Yeah the chain remains plus you a part of my link
They fucked up by givin you too much time to think
I remember your release and we met up in l.a.?
At the ? gettin blazed hand me down with the hay
After that you blew up a made nigga platinum plus
Addicted to drama a soldier with a nation of thugs
Now we in these savage ages
Even yourself predicted that last night in vegas
I heard gatz for ?
My nigga once again damaged
And a part of his heart right here in venice
At the same time you was both loved and feared
M.O.B. and fuckin thug of the year
I'm a mourn you til i join you

Chorus x2

Everybody:
We'll mourn - that's what we'll do
We'll mourn - till we're with you

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