

2Pac F/ Digital Underground

"The Ancient Sahore"

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(lady talking)

No matter how advanced medical technology becomes
many people still believe in the ancient healing arts
fades out

Verse 1:

I had a dream I came up on a key
Busted it down, nic'ed it all up and brought back forty
G'z
We put a big trap on the map
Talkin' in code in case "twelve" got the phones tapped
We got down wit niggas wit all types of skills
From gun runnin', cookin' dope, stolen wheels
That cheese was comin' in wit a grin
We all up in the club, straight to spend
And 'bout a hundred sippin' Mo'
Didn't know that cooked swine tasted that same but just
cost more dollars
Let my nigga's ride my Impala
Let's see if these hoes gone choose me
Without thinkin about dollars
Had a dream them keys cost a half a mil.
Moved away, found a bitch and a crib
Now I feel like God, talkin like a man whose face had
the scar
Ugh, We all know who you are
If I only had twelve dollars i'd still feel like a star
I tried to stay up in my bankin', listen close to this
dream
Dont run off and smoke no dank-in
I dont use cocaine but in this dream I was totin'
Got ta' scrappin' at the club and went ta' shootin'
Blood runnin down my nose, caught that nigga who
swung on me
Pointed my gun and he froze, He said: (it wasnt me, it
wasnt me!!!)
Ugh, It was you, pulled the trigger he was through

(chorus)

Sahore, Sahore Sahore, Feel the doctor cure-ure-ure
(Feel the doctor cure)

Sahore, Sahore, Sahore, Fell the doctor cure-ure-ure-
ure-ure-ure-ure

Verse 2:

Months later got rid of that bitch
But she wasn't no crook, got rid of her cause she
couldn't fuckin cook
I'm from the south so you know I cuss a hoe out
I had to tell another hoe to straight roll out
My outlook on female burned that summer
Thought every bitch was a hoe but my momma
The dope game got strange within seconds
And as the third day, done ran off wit my other
package
I gotta do him when I see him,
Aint gone ask no questions, just gone draw out and
bust it
And wit this sixteen shot Baretta
Wit my initials E.J. ingraved in big ol' muthafuckin
letters
Learn, you can have money and not be at peace wit yo'
self
Now-a-dayz you gotta watch every muthafuckin' step
Every move is costly, see in this drug game any
muthafucka out here can croos
me
I told myself I gotta retire wit this eighty G stash
But I had a lust for makin' cash
A lil bit more then what I need, I think they call that shit
greed, as I
proceed
I'm southern po' nigga, but in this dream I was a fiend
for cash
Fancy clothes had my ass
Was my own clan gittin' shady? Buckets, Team , Buffy,
do they wanna stuff me?
Livin' wit a gun, never livin' at ease, almost everybody
'round that street
sleez
You lucky if u make it out alive
Ask that nigga that been robbed before and didn't die
And that dream about them key, the police one day
gone hollar freeze

(chorus)

Straight from the southwest S.W.A.T.s
Y'all niggas dont know what's in these, yeah
Collage, Collage Park, E-Pat
Like dis here, yeah (ahhh)
We gone do dis here like dis here wit it, yeah

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