

2Pac F/ Mac Mall, Quincy Jones

"It's Deep"

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HOOK

It's deep niggas on the streets got stress
Used to be only the police wore vests
I just can't get stretched over no bullshit
And I ain't never seen nobody name on bullets
Used to be we couldn't...now we can but don't
We can--finally help folk but won't
I can't point no finger cuz I always got my heater
I'm trying to improve but I ain't no saint neither

Somebody told me I wouldn't be shit-when-I'm-grown
Somebody else said cover up ya dick-when-you-bone
Another taught don't forget what you got-at-home
And that the number one killer is testosterone
I know cuz I've been guilty of cockin'-the-chrome
If it comes to me and you? I'll put a shot-in-ya-dome
It gets hot-in-the-zone that's when ya humble-
beginnin's
Give way to tunnel-vision and disgruntled-livin'
You work hard--then the Feds crumble-your-winnin's
That's why these wife beaters nut up and pummel-their-
women
You never know till you hear a thug mumble-
repentance
As the judge lets down the gavel to double-his-
sentence
Any trouble-you-get-in writes your ticket-to-life
Expect to go to hell if you livin' wicked-and-trife
The media got us addicted-to-hype...videos-too
Ain't you know they give that shit back when the
video's-through?
It's pitiful-dude the youth done lost-the-focus
All they wanna do is floss-the-most-whips and knock-
the-dope-chicks
Ain't you know the cops-can-smoke-kids...and walk free
When you locked up ain't the time to find out you
claustrophobic

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If you got it to spend ain't nothin' matter-with-that

Even better if you got yours without havin'-to-clap
Ya habitat made you...the rest came after-the-fact
You just supply demands you ain't create they passion-
for-crack
I remember as a kid I was laughin'-at-cats
With drunk junkie parents like those children askin'-for-
that
Now they the same ones out here blastin'-they-straps
Cuz they think that's the only way folk sit back-in-them-
'Lacs
The way we're brainwashed to buy name brand
fashions-is-wack
And how folk trade their kid's nutrition rations-for-that
We got youngins in grade school brandishin'-gats
Ain't no more fist fights at best ya head get cracked-in-
with-bats
Gulls make money strippin' out here flashin'-they-cat
Then when rent's due some of them be sellin' ass-in-
the-sack
Explainin' to their daughter "who that man-in-the-
back?"
And why he came through got some ass then did that
vanishin'-act
You may think yo seed ain't cognoscente of habits-you-
rack
And how you buy things even though you got no
cabbage-to-stack
But the corner thugs do-they'll take advantage-of-that
It's a vicious cycle violence has a massive-impact

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That's my word ain't got much else of worth to put-it-on
Just glad to be alive there's other ways it coulda-gone
When I look-along the curb-at-misfortune...I'm forced to
Proceed with-caution fighting first person-distortion
Paid dues but need to be reimbursed-what-it's-costin'
Knowin' that as bad as it gets...it's worse-in-the-coffin
It hurts-often so I lean on family-to-cope...when that
don't work
And I get stressed I got panties-to-poke
And Mary-to-smoke cuz she understands-my-pain
Folk s'posed to be down but underhanded-with-thangs
But-I-plan-to-change and rise to a state-of-perfection
We all players and this business is a hater's-profession
Make-the-connection? Sometimes you gotta take-the-
concessions
Ain't nobody givin' you nothin' you crazy-to-question
Daily-reflection have you trippin'-for-real...
I'm stressed with-these-bills, my shawty plus gettin'-a-
deal

Sometimesâ€¦I get pissed and place hollow-tips-in-the-
steel
Fittin'-the-bill of a murderer...itchin'-to-kill
That's when I come to my senses and scratch-the-urge
Put a match-to-the-herb and attack-with-words...

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