

## **2Pac F/ Yaki Kadafi**

### **"Soon as I Get Home"**

Visit "[Soon as I Get Home](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[2Pac]

As soon as I get home  
Soon as as I get home

Dear baby, it's me again  
Stuck inside this max pen  
Tryin' to pay me debt, for all my sins  
See, these penatentary times be so heavy on my mind  
At times it's like I'm livin' just to die  
I'm livin' in hell, stuck in my jail cell  
Stranded in the county jail  
Waitin' for my chance to post bail  
I wanna be paid in large stacks, and mash in FAST JAGS  
I blast and wonder how long will I last  
My memories fade when I'm intoxicated, busters are  
shady  
So I'm dumpin' on cowards crazy when ever faded  
I know I said it all before, but now I mean it  
Visions of me and you ballin', so crystal clear I seen it  
Even tho you mad at me  
You'll be glad to see the strategy of makin' these  
chicks cum so easily  
I max out in the morning, baby life is good  
Me and you against the whole hood  
Soon as I come home...

[Chorus]

Grab my straps, locate my comrades  
Let's get my enemies not knowin I'm comin back  
Go get the money out the safe  
It's time to turn the streets into a war zone  
Soon as I get home

[2Pac]

Sittin' here lookin' at pictures of me and you livin  
But now you out in the world, while I'm twistin in prison  
Love letters come daily, words of affection, you send  
me money  
And nude beggin' for some sexin  
Stay wide open, keep yo eyes peeled  
And my advice is keep it real or you can die squelin'

Plus I never had to worry 'bout a visit, cause your there  
daily  
Guard tryin' to get ya number, you don't dare tell me  
Tongue kissin', steady humpin'  
Tryin to touch up something  
Before the C-O in the corner jump in, frontin'  
Late night reminiscencin' everybodys quiet  
I think somethings in the air, prepare for the riot  
It's padlocks in my socks, steel from the bed springs  
I touch 'em with Thug Love  
And then let they heads ring  
Started a war, but now I'm gone  
Release me to the streets in the morning, it's on  
Soon as I get home

[Chorus]

[Kadafi]  
So keep it goin'  
My whole lifes been like a game of Cee-low  
Thinkin' big like they keep to me no feelings, my  
dreams like Nino  
Brown the whole town be shook up  
And me and momma survived the pick up  
How many rocks I made to cook up  
Narcotics got traffic, seen those niggaz you blasted  
Wantin' me in a casket, on a ground, kind of plastic  
Yeah nigga I heard you, Lil' Moe gave the words  
You get paroled on the 3rd, you sold love, we out here  
frontin'  
Still here but all about nothing, but double O's is  
What I'm wantin', and I'm tryin' to say something, that  
we ain't never had  
Luxuery life, results livin' bad, tricks of the trade  
Shit that should've been taught by dad  
But learn, do the crew, lessons between me and you  
And once we lock this shit down it ain't a thing they can  
do  
Meanwhile I stay waitin' by the phone  
Hopin' I'll get a call tellin' a nigga that you home

[Chorus] - 6x to the fade

Visit [2Pac F/ Yaki Kadafi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.