

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"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 blinded when the good shined 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 up you told me pack up
Me and you and Stretch could shack up

the thug luv back up the act up
Shock G and Hakeem would call and fuss cause they
know we all kicked up dust
You remember when the cabby said daddy wouldn't
pick up our RACE
You beat his ass then you spit in his face
I remember on the set from the trailer feens stole your
jewels
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 motherfucker 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 mourn
ya
I'm gonna keep your name on the streets

Chorus x2

[Treach]

I'm ya true motherfucker 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 alot 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 gats were brandished, 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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