

## **Makaveli 2Pac**

### **"Hold Ya Head"**

Visit "[Hold Ya Head](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island

Mumia Atumie Gerino Pratt

All the political Prisoners

San Quiton

Yeah

One Thug One Thug

How do we keep the music playing

One Thug One Thug

I wake up early in the morning

My state so Military

Suckas Fantasize Pictures of a

Young Brother Buried

Was it me The Weed Or this life I lead

If daytime is for suckas then

Tonight we Bleed

Out for all that

Knowing that this world brings drawbacks

Look how this shit bumps

Once I deliver these war raps

Meet me at the cemetary

Dressed in Black

Tonight we

Follow the dead

And those who won't be back

So if I die

To the same for me

Shed no tear

An Outlaw, thug living in this game,

for years

Why worry,

Hope to god

Get me high

When I'm burried

Knowing deep inside me

Only if yah love

Come rush me to the gates of heaven

Let me picture for a while

How I live for my days, as a child

I wonder now

How do we outlast, always get cash

Stay strong if we all mash

Hold Your head

Chorus

How do we keep the music playing

How do we get ahead

To many young black brothers are dying

Living Fast, too fast  
These felonies be like prophecies  
Begging me to stop  
Cuz These lawyers getting money  
Everytime they knock us  
Slashing pockets lyrically  
Suckas fled when they notice  
Switched my name to Makaveli  
Had the rap game closed  
Expose foes, with my hocus pocus flows  
They froze  
Now suckas idealize my choosen Blows  
More money mean litigating  
More Playa hating  
Got a cell at the penn for me waiting  
Is this my fate  
Miss me with that mistermeaner thinking  
Me fall back  
Never That  
Too much Tequilla drinking  
We all that  
Make them understand me  
Hey I'll stay all night out with my Posse  
Everyone roll with me is family  
Cuz everybodies got me  
Watch me paint a perfect vision

This life we living  
Got us all meeting up in Prison  
Last week I got a letter from my road dog  
Written in Blood  
Saying, "Please show a young playa love"  
Hold your head  
Hold it  
Chorus  
How do we keep the music playing  
How do we get ahead  
To many young black brothers are dying  
Living Fast, too fast  
God bless the child that can hold is own  
Indeed  
Enemies Bleed when I hold my chrome  
Let these words be to last  
to my unborn seeds  
Hope to raise my young nation  
In this world of greed  
Currency means nothing if you still ain't free  
Money breeds jealousy  
Take the game from me  
I hope for better days  
Trouble comes naturally  
Running from authorities

Till they capture me

And my AIM is to spread more smiles than tears

Utilalze lessons learned from my childhood years

Maybe Mama had it all right

Rest your head

Straight converstion all night

Bless the dead

To the homies that I usta have

That no longer roll

Catch a brother at the crossroads

Plus nobody knows my soul

Watching time pass

Through the glass of my drop top

Hold your head

Chorus

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