

# Tupac Shakur "Soulja's Story"

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*[repeat softly 2X in the background]*

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

*[audible after 'Pac says the word "welfare"]*

*['Pac talking as 'Soulja']*

They cuttin off welfare..  
They think crime is risin now  
You got whites killin blacks,  
cops killin blacks, and blacks killin blacks  
Shit just gon' get worse  
They just gon' become souljas  
Straight souljas

*[Chorus: 2Pac (repeat 2X)]*

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

*[2Pac as 'Soulja']*

Crack done took a part of my family tree  
My mom is on the shit, my daddy's splittin, mom is  
steady blamin me  
Is it my fault, just cause I'm a young black male?  
Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin crack sales  
Only fifteen and got problems  
Cops on my tail, so I bail til I dodge 'em  
They finally pull me over and I laugh  
"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass  
Now I got a murder case..  
.. you speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place  
Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz and a black mask  
Duckin fuckin 'Task', now who's the jack-ass?  
Keep my shit cocked, cause the cops got a glock too  
What the fuck would you do - drop them or let 'em drop  
you?  
I chose droppin the cop

I got me a glock, and a glock for the niggaz on my  
block  
Momma tried to stab me, I moved out  
Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house  
I'm only seventeen, I'm the new kid  
Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick  
But all good things don't last  
'Task' came fast, and busted my black ass  
Coolin in the pen, where the good's kept  
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps  
A soulja

*[Chorus]*

*[2Pac]*

Buck, buck - niggaz get fucked, don't step to this  
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish  
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic  
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin it to an exit  
Walkin through the streets on the black tip  
Packed with several gats, cause I'm on some "pay 'em  
back" shit  
Niggaz don't wanna try me, brother you'll get shot  
down  
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's  
locked down  
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down  
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now  
That's what I call a kingpin  
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to  
Sing-Sing  
Tellin him just be ready set  
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet  
Niggaz from the block on the boat now  
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!  
These punks about to get hit by the best  
I'm wearin double vest.. so aim at my fuckin chest  
I'll be makin straight dome calls  
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin up your  
own balls  
I can still hear my mother shout..  
"Hit the pig nigga, break your bigger brother out"  
I got a message for the warden  
I'm comin for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gorden  
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all  
A crazy motherfucker makin death calls  
Just bring me my brother and we leavin  
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin..  
They brought my brother in a jiffy  
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky  
And just as we was walkin out (BANG!)

I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my  
mouth  
My brother caught a bullet too  
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to  
The fast life ain't everything they told ya  
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

*[Chorus]*

*[Chorus: softly in background 0.5X]*

*[Pac speaking over background]*  
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward..

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