

Pearl Copper

"My Block"

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[2Pac]

Damn, take a ride, to my block
My block, that's right! Heh
Round my motherfuckin way

[Verse One]

They got a nigga
Sheddin tears, reminiscin on my past fears
Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my
heartless breath
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life of stress
And no rest forever weary, my eyes stay teary
for all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black on black crime legendary
But at times unnessecary, I'm gettin worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is
drastic
And certain death for us ghetto bastards
What can we do when we're arrested, but open fire
Life in the pen ain't for me, cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares, for us niggaz on welfare
And who cares if we survive
The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin
on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same
Cause all these little babies goin crazy and they
sufferin in the game
And I swear it's like a trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go
back
Hoes show me love, niggaz give me props
Forever hop cause it don't stop... on my block

[Chorus: a bunch of kids - see the liner notes]

Livin life is but a dream
Hard times is all we see (on my block)
Every block is kinda mean
But on our block we still playyyyyy
But on our block we still playyyyyy...

[Verse Two]

Now shit's constantly hot, on my block, it never fails to
be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain, when her son drops
Black males livin in hell, when will we prevail
Fearin jail but crack sales got me livin well
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life
Stayin strapped forever trapped in this drug life
God help me, cause I'm starvin, can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard
Can't sleep cause all the dirt make my heart hurt
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
Till this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit the bullshit make me represent
Hit the bar and played the star, everywhere I went
In my heart, I felt alone out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home... on my block

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Verse Three]

And I can't help but wonder why, so many young kids
had to die
Caught strays from AK's and the driveby
Swollen pride and homicide, don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives, mama come inside
Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community but now we're all
cold strangers
Time changes us to stone them crack pipes
All up and down the block exterminatin black life
But I can't blame the dealers
My mama's welfare check has brought the next man
chrome wheels
Shit's real, I know ya feel, my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hangin out pickin up game, sippin cheap liquor
Gamin the hoochies hopin I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, stayin strapped
Fantasies of a nigga livin phat, but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losin focus... on my block

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Verse Four]

And block parties in tha projects lastin way past

daylight
A young nigga learned to break, right
Used to play fight with my homies but they stuck in the pen
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend, in my mind
I see the same motherfuckers ballin
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggaz understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on tha fast times, past crimes
Tryin to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybod knows my name, swear they all know me
And lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feelin pain
For all the niggaz that I lost to the game... from my block

[Chorus] w/ minor variations; kids repeat last line over and over

[2Pac - speaking over Chorus]
Rest in peace to all the muh'fuckers who passed away
From all the blocks that I'm from
One-twelve street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin?
183rd and Walt, my block, that's right
122nd and Morningside, my block, that's right
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block, that's right
And the Jungle - Marin City, that's my block, that's right
Los Angeles, haha, that's my block too
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown, that's my block for sure
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggaz stay kickin up dust
Represent the motherfuckin block

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