

Ghost

2pac

The only way, for me to come back, is by makaveli
That's it! all these motherfuckers stole from me
I'm takin' back what's mine

Laughing you motherfuckers can't stop me
Even if I die, I'm gon' be a fuckin' problem
Do you believe in ghosts, motherfucker?
Real live black ghosts
Feel me?

Some say I'm crazy, these punk-ass cops can't fade me
Mama tried to raise me, but had too many babies
Papa was a motherfuckin, joke
Used to find dope in his coat
And nearly choked when he'd tell me not to smoke
Daaamn, don't get me started
My mama smoked so god damn much
When she was pregnant I'm surprised I ain't retarded
At night I can't sleep, can't peep
As they pass through the glass of my neighbors five deep
Starin at the wall, heard a scream
Wake up in the mornin
See the blood in the hall from the murder scene
Don't cry, just ask why, and try not to die
As I take you through a ghetto nigga's lullabye
On the corner, where the niggaz slang they crack
And the undercover jack those that don't watch they back
(five-oh!) I daydream about the dope world
Take a puff from the blunt and watch the smoke swirl
My mausberg goes boom, what's another plug
Snatchin drugs, pumpin slugs in these other thugs
(give it up nigga) don't run out of breath
Every step could be death 'til you blast
And be the last nigga left, then I'll be ghost

Don't cry, just ask why, and try not to die
As I take you through a ghetto nigga's lullabye
Don't cry, just ask why, and try not to die
As I take you through a ghetto nigga's lullabye

A seven-deuce full of niggaz goes by
Thought I was trippin the second time they rolled, by
Recognized the plates, the faces looked familiar
Everybody swear they know the nigga that's gonna, kill ya
Don't murder me murder me, killa a nigga in his sleep
Let me die as I rest in peace, deep
Back to these niggaz in the seven-deuce
A mac-10 out the window bout to let it loose, what could I do?
Run for cover and return fire
Die motherfuckin die, hope yo' ass fry, don't ask why
But I let off everything I have
An empty clip, hit the ground as a nigga dash
On my ass was the motherfuckin cops now
Barely breathin tryin to keep from gettin shot down
Boo-yaow is the sound, bullet whizzed by
Still runnin like a nigga got nine lives
Don't know why but I'm runnin to my fuckin block

Took a shot, tired of runnin from the niggaz and the cops
Time to be a ghost
(hey man, come the fuck on!)
And then we'll be ghost

Don't cry, just ask why, and try not to die
As I take you through a ghetto nigga's lullabye
Don't cry, just ask why, and try not to die
As I take you through a ghetto nigga's lullabye

Fuck the police nigga!laughing