

Blasphemy

2pac

My family tree consists of drug dealers,
Thugs and killers. Strugglin:
Known to hustle screaming fuck their feelings
I got advice from my father
All he told me was this
Nigga get off your ass
If you plan to be rich
There's ten rules to the game
but I'll share with you two
Know, niggas gon' hate for whatever you do
Now rule one get yo cash on M.O.B.
That's Money Over Bitches cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one
Watch for phonies
Keep yo enemies close nigga
Watch yo homies
It seemed a little unimportant
When he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed
to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime
I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw
Studying rules
Now papa ain't around
So I gotta recall or come to grips
of being written on my enemies wall
Promised if I have a seed
I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord don't let me die tonite
I got words for my comrades
Listen and learn
Ain't nothing free
Give back what you earn
no doubt!
Getting high then a motherfucker
blessed and pleased
This thug life will be the death of me
[Come On]
[I remember what my papa told me]
[Remember what my pops told me]
[Blasphemy]

{VERSE 2}

We probably in hell already
Our dumb asses not knowing
Everybody kissing ass to go to heaven ain't going
Put my soul on it
I'm fighting devil niggas daily
Plus the media be crucifying brothas severely
Tell me I ain't God's son
Nigga mom a virgin
We got addicted had to leave the burbs
Back in the ghetto doing wild shit
Looking at the sun don't pay
Criminal mind all the time
Waiting for judgement day

They say Moses split the red sea
I split the blunt and roll a fat one
I'm deadly, Babylon beware
It's coming from these Pharoahs kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did
Still bullshitting
Niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs
God promised, he's just taking his time
[Ha Ha]
Living by the Nile while the water flows
I'm contemplating plots wondering which door to go
Brothas getting shot
Coming back resurrected
It's just that raw shit
Nigga check it [It's that raw shit]
[I remember what my papa told me]
[Remember what my papa told me]
[Blasphemy]

{VERSE 3}

The future want me buried. Why?
Cause I don't hear a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead
That's eternal fire
Why you got these kids mind
Thinking that they evil
While the preachers and scriptures say
None of Gods people
Should we cry
When the po die
My request
Who should cry if they cry
When we buried Malcolm X
Momma tell me am I wrong
Is God just another cop
Waiting to beat my ass
If I don't go pop
Memories of a pastime
Giving up dabs to the leaders
Knowing damn well they ain't gon' feed us
In my brain how can you explain
Time release me.
It's hard enough to live now
In these times of griefs.
They say Jesus is a kind man
Well he should understand
Times in this crime land
My thug nation.
Do what you gotta to do
And know you gotta change
Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another Door [I leave this here]
I leave this and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another Door [And my people say]