

# 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