

My Block

2pac

Damn, take a ride, to my block
My block, that's right! Heh
F'real on my motherfucking block

They got a nigga
Shedding tears, reminiscing 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 is stressed
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 unnecessary, I'm getting 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 niggas on welfare
And who cares if we survive
The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutching on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same
Cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering 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, niggas give me props
Forever hop cause it don't stop... on my block

Living 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 prayyyyyyy
But on our block we still prayyyyyyy...

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 male slipping in hail when will we prevail
Fearing jail but crack sales got me living well
And the system's suicidal with this Thug's Life
Staying strapped forever trapped in this drug life
God help me, cause I'm starving, 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

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 exterminating 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
Hanging out picking up game, sipping cheap liquor
Gamin the hoochies hoping I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, staying strapped
Fantasies of a nigga living phat, but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losing focus... on my block

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight
A young nigga learned to break night
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 balling
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggas understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes
Trying 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 everybody knows my name, swear they all know me
And lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain
For all the niggas that I lost to the game... from my block

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers 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
In the jungle of 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 niggas stay kicking up dust
Represent the motherfucking block