

Still I Rise

2pac

Dear Lord

As we down here, struggle for as long as we know
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go
The only place for us
I know, try to make the best of bad situations
Seems to be my life's story
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain
And can't nobody live this life for me
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

Somebody break me I'm dreamin, I started as a seed the semen
Swimmin upstream, planted in the womb while screamin
on the top, was my pops, my momma screamin stop
From a single drop, this is what they got
Not to disrespect my peoples but my poppa was a loser
Only plan he had for momma was to fuck her and abuse her
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me
Stranded on welfare, another broken family
Now what was I to be, a product of this heated passion
Momma got pregnant, and poppa got a piece of ass
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me
How can I survive? Got me askin white Jesus
will a nigga live or die, cause the Lord can't see us
in the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine
No sunny days and we only play sometimes
When everybody's sleepin
I open my window jump to the streets and get to creepin
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone
I'm only 19, I'm tryin to hustle on my own
on the spot where everybody and they pops tryin to slang rocks
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn
You can buy rocks glocks or a herringbone
You can ask my man Ishmael Reed
Keep my nine heated all the time this is how we grind
Meet up at the cemetary then get smoked out, pass the weed nigga
That Hennessey'll keep me keyed nigga
Everywhere I go niggaz holla at me, "Keep it real G"
And my reply til they kill me
Act up if you feel me, I was born not to make it but I did
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

Still I (still I) I rise (I rise)
Please give me to the sky (the sky)
And if (and if) I die (I die)
I don't want you to cry

I stay sharp as always
Runnin ya bricks with blitz, through ya project hallways
Dumpin crews like two's, nigga all day
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst
A life that's lavish full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse

But now my dreams it seems though, be placin triple beams and things bro
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin out my jeans

Now I plan to keep my glock cocked
If trouble was searchin for me then why not?
Show em what I'm made of plus raised on, on my block
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street, thugs snatchin bags
We out for power, makin cash it wasn't fast it'll make me mad
I'm just like, pimpin
My homey on the corner with his gat tucked, in
Youngest they buckin somethin the life he leads
the life he don't need, don't we all know
He tryin to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

Dreams of lost hope
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke
and still I rise now I float cowards ghost
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin down
clutchin a pound, live as sirens, duckin the sound
I used to hustle with my moms til the sun came
My homey Harm doin time from this drug game
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block
Crackheads only ten learn to duck cops

In ninety-six my glock's my plastic, passion for blastin bastards
No faces for open caskets, peelin ya cap backwards
Ya cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice
I send my missiles through your mattress
Leavin holes in your body like a cactus
While me and my crew be hoppin more greens than topic
and loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin jeans poppin
Leavin ya spleen to pick up
Half of you niggaz is softer than a Snicker
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker
and still I rise, and still I rise...

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{some little kid}
Y'all niggaz fake
All day everyday
So now I got roller blades, bitch
Thought you knew
Your mouth is rich