

Death Row

That's where motherfuckers is endin up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness
I robbed my adversaries, but slipped and left a witness
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch
Should I shoot his bitch, or make the nigga rich?
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn they got me trapped
Hawkin while I'm walkin, and talkin behind my back
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it
Cause life's a Wheel of, Fortune here's my chance to spin it
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me
Too fuckin trigger happy, to let them suckers snatch me
Niggaz gettin jealous (jealous) tryin to find my stash
Whip out the nine, now I'ma dive and pump your ass
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk
Snatched him like a bitch, and threw him in the trunk
The punk thought I was bluffin, but swear I'm nothin nice
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these, mics
I listen to him scream, Tray Deee went insane
I guess the little, mites had finally found his brain
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen
Remember that little, bird, he snitched and told a, friend
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old timers
And fuck five-oh, blaow blaow.. turn em into forty-niners

[Tupac sings]

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin like a thief, runnin through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go...
Where they find me? 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, cause I came from a broken family
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger
The brother in my cell, is 16 as well
It's hard to adapt, when you're black and you're trapped in a livin Hell
I shouldn'ta let him catch me
Instead of livin sad in jail I coulda died free and happy
And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm, you can hear his asshole gettin torn
They made me an animal
Can't sleep, instead of countin sheep, niggaz countin cannibals
And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend
My mama prayed for me
Tell the Lord to make way for me, prepare any day for me (why?)
Cause when they come for me they find a struggler
To the death I take the breath from your jugular
The trick is to never lose hope
I found my buddy hangin dead from a rope, 16 on Death Row

[Tupac sings]

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Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin every breath
I'm bitter cause I'm dyin, so much I haven't seen
I know you never dreamed, your baby would be dead at 16
I got beef with a sick society that doesn't give a shit
And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
He's a crook with a book, that motherfucker never cared for me
He's only here to be sure
I don't drop a dime to God bout the crimes he's commitin
on the poor, and how can these people judge me?
They ain't my peers and in all these years, they ain't never love me
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan
to keep a nigga in the state pen
And to my homies out buryin motherfuckers
Steer clear of these Aryan motherfuckers
Cause once they got you locked up

They got you trapped, you're better off gettin shot up
I'm convinced self-defense is the way
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day
I wish I woulda known while I was out there
Now I'm straight headin for the chair

[Tupac sings]

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16 on Death Row
It's to all my partners in the penitentiaries
16 on Death Row