

(featuring Nutso)

[2Pac]

Haha, for all my niggaz in the hood (yeah)

That live the life of a ghetto star

(You KNOW!) Heh, you know how we do it

(Hahaha, Makaveli!)

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Just holla my name and witness game official

Niggaz is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches

While I remain inside a paradox called my block

Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?

I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high

Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn'ta tried

I send they bodies to they parents up North

With they faces, they wrists and they nuts cut off

Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues

Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come

Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter

Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter, eat a dick BEYOTCH!

Mercy, never that, you say you comin back?

Bring it on, fo' whoever strapped

Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far

Just sell me your soul, and live the life.. (of a ghetto star)

[Verse Two: Nutso]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin game tight

Mug niggaz, slug niggaz for the fame life

Laced with game, practice on takin pain

Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain

Street smart, proficient, intelligent

And keep suckers hittin 'til snitches start smellin it

Movin niggaz with telekenesis

Keepin Channel 7 at work, filmin different features

Leadin niggaz to an early death with they head blown

And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone

And hope niggaz got punished

Kidnapped, jacked in the back with macs to they neck

Rappers waitin to get done in

Backtalkin - we tossed his ass out

M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth

Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin G

Now the next generation's lookin at me through {*can't decipher*}

[Verse Three: 2Pac - overlaps Verse Two]

Walkin through the cemetary

Talkin to my homies that was buried

See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me

Please give me shelter, calm my fears

Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears

I see bodies gettin splashed, with acid

Two shots rang from the plastic glock, wrapped in plastic

Buried the bastard, time to notify, his family

Shiiiiit, ain't nuttin left to be identified

Evacuate the crime scene fast

Why I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass

Fly, I won't touch down 'til I see Tiajuana

Set up shop sellin them crooked cops marijuana

Label me a success, I made the switch

Retired from the life that never gave me shit

With cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars

An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Verse Four: Nutso]

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this

Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip

No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down

Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin shit down

Born soldiers! -- Fucked him up with a mac-fo'

Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder

And a vest couldn't protect that flesh

Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest

Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free

Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggaz in protective custody

I guess they heard that I got them birds

Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb

Luxury livin lavish, with dreams of dyin rich

With a team and clientele on my motherfuckin dick

And gettin down on these snitch bitches, protectin riches

By givin stiches, the life as a ghetto star

When I grow up I wanna be like dem (and live my life as a ghetto star)

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[Outro: 2Pac w/ Nutso talking in background]
This goes out to all you motherfuckers
that STILL, have to kill to make that money
All you niggaz on the block, sellin rocks
Hand to hand, runnin from the police
I see you - live your life as a ghetto star!
Talk to the hood, claimin you gettin riches
Runnin from the flags.. live my life as a ghetto star
Niggaz with two strikes that don't wanna see the third, I feel you