

# If I Die 2Nite

2pac

A coward dies a thousand deaths  
A soldier dies but once

[Verse One]

They say pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols  
Plottin on murderin motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Picturin pitiful punk niggaz coppin pleas  
Puffin weed as I position myself to clock G's  
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations  
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin  
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches  
Evadin the playa hatin tricks, while hittin switches  
Bitches is bad-mouth, cause brawlun motherfuckers is bold  
But y'all some hoes, the game should be sewed  
I'm sick of psychotic society somebody save me  
Addicted to drama so even mama couldn't raise me  
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me  
I run in the streets and puffin weed wit my peeps  
I'm duckin the cop, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin my glock  
Niggaz is hot when I hit the block, what if I die tonight

[Chorus]

If I die tonight [repeat 3X]  
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit" - [Dr. Dre]

[Verse Two]

Polishin pistols prepare for battle pass the pump  
When I get to poppin niggaz is droppin then they done  
Callin the coroner come collect the fuckin corpse  
He got it by killer, preoccupied with bein boss  
Revenge is the method, whenever steppin keep a weapon close  
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes  
Jealous niggaz and broke bitches equal packed jails  
Hit the block and fill your pockets makin crack sales  
Picture perfection pursuin paper with a passion  
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted  
Runnin with criminals individuals with no remorse  
Try to stop me my pistol posse's usin deadly force  
In my brain all I can think about is fame  
The police know my name, a different game, ain't a thing changed  
I'm seein cemetary photos of my peers  
Conversatin like they still here, if I die tonight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols  
Plottin on murderin motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Pray to the heavens three-fifty-sevens to the sky  
And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug Livin when I die  
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto for Thug niggaz  
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers  
Pissin while practicin how to pimp and be a playa  
Overdose of a dick, while drinkin liquor when I lay her  
Pistol whippin these simps, for bein petrified and lame  
Disrespectin the game, prayin for punishment and pain  
Goin insane, never die, live eternal, who shall I fear?

Don't shed a tear for me nigga I ain't happy hear  
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest  
Headlines readin MURDERED TO DEATH, my last breath  
Take a look picture a crook on his last stand  
Motherfuckers don't understand, if I die tonight

[Chorus]