

Pac's Life

2pac

Uh oh, uh oh
Oh, oh
They ain't ready for this
Uh huh
LT Hutton, Snoog Dogg, T.I.
It's that new Pac yall
Uh oh, let's get it, Oh!

Pac's Life (Yeah, uh huh)
Everybody talk about Pac's Life (And you ain't even know the homie)
But what do you know about Pac's Life? (What you know about Pac's Life?) Yea
h
Everybody talk about Pac's Life (Outlaw, Outlaw, yeah)

Started with five shots, niggaz plottin' to kill em'
Never figured that, that same nigga'd sell five million
Hit the charts like a madman nothin' but hits
Court cases got a nigga facin' multiple digits
Dodgin cop cars look at how we come so far
Picture a high school dropout rollin' the double R
House full of happiness weed and drink
Way out sortin' trouble tryna find me king
Never pictured livin' longer than my twenty-first
Thought I'd be locked down, cracked out or in the dirt
And though it hurt's to see the change
It comes with the fame
Why we gossip in the silly games
To all the motherfuckers speakin down on me -
This is the night, Why is everybody caught up in Pac's Life
To all ya'll niggaz, conversatin' on my life
Mind your motherfuckin' business!

When we first hung out together, I met you with the homie
We had no intentions of becoming homies
But at no time at all, you became my dog
You showed me how to roll blunts, we used to bounce and ball
I was living on Bush in the pent house suites
Had my lil' cousin Daz hook you up with some beats
It was Outlaw, Dogg Pound, Death Row Records, man we tore up the town
Snoop Dogg and Dr. Dre and now we got Pac, it felt like a drizzeam
Remember when I told Suge to put you on the tizzeam
And you know that I was true
Cause I took the focus off of me to put 'All Eyez On you'
And we became the most hunted together, '2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted'
And our relationship was genuwine
Wanna know how I know about Pac's Life? Cause was a friend of mine

Ey, what's happenin Pac' yeah I know we never got to meet
But we know all the same people so we got the speed
You taught me first -- a fake nigga can't stop a G
And all that shit you went through meant alot to me
Watchin you lockin up with him, was a shame to see
You know crack in the business did the same thing to me
I get along with real niggaz, it's a lane to be
Talkin' loud outta pocket tryna bang wit' me
Well so I'm pullin' out my pocket, let it rain ya' see
Now they all in the court room, blamin' me

See we lived the same life and represent the same struggle
Power to the real nigga death to the sucker
Money over bitches get to know em' before you love em'
Death before dishonor never talk to under-covers
Live by the same rules, so my wrist's tattooed
With the same sorta' dude, with the same short fuse