

Soon As I Get Home

2pac

Soon As I Get Home, Soon As I Get Home

Dear baby its me again, stuck inside this packed pen
trying to pay my debt for all my sins
See this penitentiary time be so heavy on my mind
at times its like I'm living just to die
I'm living in hell, stuck in my jail cell, stranded in the county jail
waiting for my chance to post bail
I wanna be paid in large stacks, I mash so fast
I blast
wondering how long will I last
My memories fade when I'm intoxicated
busters be shady
so I'm dumping on cowards daily
we never faded
I know I said it all before but now I mean it
visions of you and me ballin, so crystal clear I seen it
Even though you mad at me you'll be glad to see the strategy
of making these chips come so easily
I max out in the morning baby, life is good
me and you against the whole world
Soon as I get home

Grab my gat, locate my comrads
Lets get my enemies, not knowing I'm coming back
Go get the money out the safe
It's time to turn the streets to a war zone
Soon as I get home

Sittin here looking at pictures of you and me living
but now your out in the world, while I'm twisted in prison
Love letters come daily
words of perfection
you send me money and news clips, beggin for sex and..
Stay wide open, keep yours eyes peeled
in my advice you keep it real and they can die squealing
Plus I never have to worry about a visit, cause your there daily
guards trying to get your number, you don't dare tell me
Tongue kissing, steady humpin, trying to accomplish something
before the co. and the warden jump in, frontin
Late night reminiscing, everybody's quiet
I think something in the air, prepare for the riot
In padlocks and my socks, tied to the bed frame
I touch her thug love, but they got my head in pain
Started a war but now I'm gone
release me to the streets in the morning its on
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See you been gone my whole life, like a game a cee-lo
fulfilling your dreams on the streets like nino

Brown, the whole town be shook up
and me and momma surviving depends on how many rocks a nigga cook up
Narcotics is mastered, seen them niggas you blasted
wanting me in a casket, on the grind I'm faster
Yea nigga I heard, lil' moo gave me word
you get paroled on the 3rd, ill roll up we get served
We out here frontin, still don't care about nothin
rollin in my double r and Im trying to see somethin' we ain't never had
came from a life of living, learn the tricks of the trade
shit shoulda been taught by dad
But learned through the crew, that's just between me and you
and once we lock this shit down, ain't a thing they can do
Meanwhile I'll stay waiting by the phone
hoping I'll get the call, telling a nigga that you home.

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