

## Still I Rise

2pac

Dear Lord

As we down here, struggle for as long as we know  
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)  
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go  
The only place for us  
I know, try to make the best of bad situations  
Seems to be my life's story  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain  
And can't nobody live this life for me  
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

Somebody break me I'm dreamin, I started as a seed the semen  
Swimmin upstream, planted in the womb while screamin  
on the top, was my pops, my momma screamin stop  
From a single drop, this is what they got  
Not to disrespect my peoples but my poppa was a loser  
Only plan he had for momma was to fuck her and abuse her  
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me  
Stranded on welfare, another broken family  
Now what was I to be, a product of this heated passion  
Momma got pregnant, and poppa got a piece of ass  
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me  
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me  
How can I survive? Got me askin white Jesus  
will a nigga live or die, cause the Lord can't see us  
in the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine  
No sunny days and we only play sometimes  
When everybody's sleepin  
I open my window jump to the streets and get to creepin  
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone  
I'm only 19, I'm tryin to hustle on my own  
on the spot where everybody and they pops tryin to slang rocks  
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops  
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn  
You can buy rocks glocks or a herringbone  
You can ask my man Ishmael Reed  
Keep my nine heated all the time this is how we grind  
Meet up at the cemetary then get smoked out, pass the weed nigga  
That Hennessey'll keep me keyed nigga  
Everywhere I go niggaz holla at me, "Keep it real G"  
And my reply til they kill me  
Act up if you feel me, I was born not to make it but I did  
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

Still I (still I) I rise (I rise)  
Please give me to the sky (the sky)  
And if (and if) I die (I die)  
I don't want you to cry

I stay sharp as always  
Runnin ya bricks with blitz, through ya project hallways  
Dumpin crews like two's, nigga all day  
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst  
A life that's lavish full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse

But now my dreams it seems though, be placin triple beams and things bro  
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin out my jeans

Now I plan to keep my glock cocked  
If trouble was searchin for me then why not?  
Show em what I'm made of plus raised on, on my block  
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street, thugs snatchin bags  
We out for power, makin cash it wasn't fast it'll make me mad  
I'm just like, pimpin  
My homey on the corner with his gat tucked, in  
Youngest they buckin somethin the life he leads  
the life he don't need, don't we all know  
He tryin to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

Dreams of lost hope  
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke  
and still I rise now I float cowards ghost  
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin down  
clutchin a pound, live as sirens, duckin the sound  
I used to hustle with my moms til the sun came  
My homey Harm doin time from this drug game  
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw  
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars  
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block  
Crackheads only ten learn to duck cops

In ninety-six my glock's my plastic, passion for blastin bastards  
No faces for open caskets, peelin ya cap backwards  
Ya cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice  
I send my missiles through your mattress  
Leavin holes in your body like a cactus  
While me and my crew be boppin more greens than topic  
and loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin jeans poppin  
Leavin ya spleen to pick up  
Half of you niggaz is softer than a Snicker  
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker  
and still I rise, and still I rise...

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{some little kid}  
Y'all niggaz fake  
All day everyday  
So now I got roller blades, bitch  
Thought you knew  
Your mouth is rich