

Tattoo Tears

2pac

{2Pac}

Live back at 'cha Westside baaaaby
Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now
You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggaz know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that
Rhymin and stealin, sellin five million
(Outlaw.. ninety-nine)
Fresh out on bail, niggaz still can't see me
(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)
That's how it is
Now we got a new motherfuckin plan, and a new mission
(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)
Competition, so they say, these niggaz is gay
(Outlaw - Outlaw)
Blast me? It could never happen
At least not while I'm walkin and rappin
Heard of some niggaz on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me
(Throw ya hands up, hands up)
They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click
(Throw ya motherfuckin hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears; now, I
said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy
Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me
I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes
My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through
But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll
never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets
Even on the other side brothers die, but ride
Niggaz get high off a slow form of suicide
Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties
I live my life to fuckin mo', exposin tragically
How can we find some peace and niggaz still ain't get a piece
I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat
I'm seeing Satin infiltratin; my military mind
make me hustle all the time, go out for cash makin
Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through
to become a man, we sheddin tattooed tears

Chorus: 2Pac + Young Noble

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{2Pac} Thugged out baby!

{Young Noble}

We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinkin made me crave Abe Lincolns
The days I spent stinkin caught victims on the weekends
Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me
Blast for me, the task after me
For a few years sheddin tattooed tears
like Gram' Sammy, we feudin for the whole damn family
We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time
Outlawz locked down for some past crimes
Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller
Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

{Napoleon}

Nigga it's like this
I been thuggin just for the cause of it
Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit
And it's all for the pressure
that'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser
Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya
Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson
Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggaz flexin
Po-po's guessin if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by
Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye
Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die
So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life
for the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin
Blazed out sheddin tattoed tears

Chorus

{Kadafi}

Shit.. ain't no unity in my community it's do or die
Seein my opprunities through these bars of hell while gettin high
as life replays like time; underhanded schemes
to get that cream and thangs while livin this life of crime
My enemies want me squeezed
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees
Please beware we thugs revolution size
Criminals dare be last mental me intititutionalize
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now
Holdin down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

{Kastro}

Yo I been loosin sleep, stay awake way past late
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne
As I lay here gatted down and tatted
Knowin now it's hard to slow down for a addict
It's been years of stugglin, guzzlin beers
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air
And I suffer my shit in hell, talkin to the heavens
Walkin thru the valley of death with my fellas
I lost a lot, startin with hope I tried
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried
I'm thru with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain

I'ma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear
Ain't nothing to fear, cryin these tattooed tears
Come on...

Chorus (repeats to fade)