

Life Goes On

Bizzy Bone

Mmm-hmm, Mr. Shakur, man, your essence remains pure.....

And by the freedom of God, we got a sure shot, and Jesus-
you've been good to me
when it all stops, my life goes on for sure, Mr. Shakur and blessed w
ith your
presence, your essence remains pure.....

I never made it in school in '92, lookin for a job as a part-
time father, only
if you knew Pac, with the chronic thru your music was gettin me thru,
it's 1999
now, what we gone do, huh, ya oh! enemies snicker when I pour out a
little liquor, better not pass me your name and make you out to be th
e sinner
who spent the holiday with that ghetto, cookin a hood dinner, writin
my memoirs
right next to your picture, remember: Life Goes On, that's what you t
old me
homie, and Sylk~E~Fine hooked it up in the nick of time you know me-
shit, I may be
lonely and I talk to you, I hope you listening and we mob thru you, w
e all miss
him, and mommy say hey, she feed the babies, Johnny J still crazy as
hell,
takin your class in college, hope I don't fail, I wish I had the mail
for the
million dollar bill, but that'd be too much like writin the whole sit
uation,
and it smells kind of fishy to me, bring the demons to the light, the
truth-it
might set me free, but they can't kill you twice, by the freedom of G
od we have
a sure shot, and Jesus you have been so good to me...

Yo, my friends ain't feelin me, tobacco companies make money off of k
illin me,
we been waitin for forty acres like we said it, damn, and the earthqu
akes with
the world's retaliation, all the abomination, call it El Nino, but it
feels
like revelation, huh, and Pac they got to you, you don't think I thin
k a fan shot
you, they was jealous of your jewelry, and the jury thought they got
you, I
fast, prepare for the rapture with a blast for the ghetto bastards, w
alk in the
wilderness with God given talent for ashes, pass the pastor, he ain't
helpin
the hood like judges should, but life goes on, it's all good, and hom
ie we
fight for wood, to keep us stupid huh, and after Eazy, it ain't no mo

re

Ruthless acoustics, same producers seduce us, with jewels to boost us
, before
we prove em wrong, kinda revolutionary to move us, but life goes on,
within the music and the song, it's abusive if you use it to fuel your
fire,
huh...

Supportin my people, distortin my people, they callin my people, evil
is finders keepers losers weep
the reaper, all you G's now, proposition 187, and you think we sleep
now, how
in the new millenium could we smile, God loves the underdog, and of course the
ghettos are close, just when the rain falls, reminisce on tattoos, the
oceans,
pain y'all, note here for the dosage of prozac he prescribed, there's
too much
melanin in my system, musical group, we won't die, and what's the meaning of
survival, knowledge of wealth is right there in your bible look at the
literal
and learn yourself, pass me the lighter when I'm stressin on these issues, did
I mention my momma gonna need some tissue when they get you, I continue to flow
eternal, remember Mo Murda way back in the day, smokin burners with lil Layzie,
man we shootin at the turtle, him and his big boyz doggin me out, I'm
all alone
with my Thuggish Ruggish shirt on, but still many, I don't hate you,
we black
and strong, even though I know right where you live, I forgive you and
life goes on...