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Man...
Sometimes I be feelin like Pac
I got Tupac problems
I got Tupac problems
I got Tupac problems
I got Tupac problems
Just me against the whole world
Woke up screaming fuck the world
My alcoholic behind the issues
Spanish trip with my latest girl
I'm a black man with 2 felonies
Couple friends, more enemies
Baby mama still stressin me
Can't believe we lost ST
Can't smile, my brother on trial
Police tryna come for us now
Law suits got 2 of them now
Hit record, need another now
I'm so stressed, need a cigarette
80 still ain't walked yet
I'm paranoid huggin on his tat
Brand new baby, ain't talked yet
I'm tatted up, getting fat as fuck
Feelin sloppy, need to lose weight
People watchin, snappin pictures
Me pissy drunk in my deuce wait
Same clothes, 2 nights
3 models, 2 dykes
So much pain I wanna feel high
Enough for days and I'm still high
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
Hail Mary
Respect this baby
Dear mama
Lord come and save me
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
I got Tupac problems...
If I die tonight I'm ridin right
In a black Benz screamin thug life
Still sinning, no religion
I ain't sure if I trust Christ
Seems like my life's out of order
See death right around the corner
Dead homies, talkin to me
Don't let them haters ever get up on you
Same problems that Pac was given
Same pain that Pac was feelin
Same city, in the same clubs
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With the same hoes that sent Pac to prison Shirt off, middle finger up
Lame niggas know I'm real as fuck
Black man who made crack sales
Shell-shocked from being locked up
Standing up with my bandana
When I'm mad I spit into the camera
Where's God? I need his number
Call him up but he never answers
Runnin fast but in slowmotion
Drunk drivin, no focus
Feel trapped, I'm hopeless

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