

Straight out of high school  
We didn't know what to do  
Wanted to go to college  
But no money was nothing new

Wanted to get away  
Go, see the world and do something new  
He got approached  
In the mall by the army recruit

Told him if he wanna go to school we got money too  
Sign up at eighteen, you'll be out when you twenty-two  
He joined the army airborne, got his uniform  
Went to boot camp, got some discipline  
Arrived at where they shippin' him

He's in the mist of all bullets flying and missing him  
Wishing he was a kid again with his family in Michigan  
In the midst of fighting militia men  
One round took down six of them

He ain't really a killer though, taking a lot of risks  
This is what a poor person do for a scholarship, yeah  
He turned around and got a face full of hollow tips  
But don't be sad he died for the flag

What you done here  
Is put yourself between a bullet and a target  
And it won't be long before  
You're pulling yourself away

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Papa was a playa, knew just what to say to  
Get the women back to his layer and lay her  
If sex had a trophy, he's the heisman touch down  
Getting models, R&B chicks and Buzz downs

He got the women with crazy stairs,  
With his lady there, they ain't care, they like, ooh look at his baby hair  
He took them all, put them in a line  
Hit five new chickens, he thought they were fine

He got head from five dope fiends smoking it down  
But did it all wrong dawg it ain't dog or it ain't lying  
Till he woke up one season with legions  
He went to the doctor asking what was the reason

Tests ran positive, he couldn't believe 'em  
He tried to blame God asked him why did He leave him  
Pleading, please let the disease leave him  
From women that he conquered, he caught the cost

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A bullet and a target

Now when the sun goes down  
On our side of town  
When the other side of the block  
Where cops sing around

On the same side of the street  
That pac hit the ground  
Not in Vegas 'cause every nigga  
Got Pac in them now

When my guys hit the block  
And we provin' we thugs  
I ain't on, no swim team  
But you see pools of blood

Skip juve when you die  
Seeing who?s the judge  
Oh, you married to the game  
Prove your love

Prove it, here's this rap shorty, shoot it, do it, this, do it  
This ain't a game, this an organized movement  
My hurt, my love, my pain, my stress  
My strife, my wife, my life, my test

We made for more, we die for less  
When you starvin' in the ghetto I'ma write the rest  
See my girl think I'm hard and my momma think I'm odd  
But when I'm all up in the dark I just fall on my knees

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