

Hellrazor

2Pac

Major, hell, motherfuckin', yeah
This one goes out to my nigga, Mike Coolin', hell, yeah
Mama raised a hellrazor, born thuggin'
Heartless and mean, muggin' at sixteen On the scene, watchin' fiends buggin'
Kickin' up dust with the older G's
Soakin' up the game that was told to me
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot I learned not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes
Was taught lessons, a young nigga askin' questions
While other suckers was guessin', I was ganked for sexin'
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it I'm headed for the penitentiary, I'm cuttin' class
And I'm buckin', blastin', straight mashin'
Mobbin' through the overpass laughin'
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord
Can Ya feel me? I keep my finger on the trigger
'Cause some nigga tried to kill me
And Mama raised a hellrazor, everyday gettin' paid Police on my pager, straight stressin'
A fugitive, my occupation is under question
Wanted for investigation and even though I'm marked for death
I'ma spark 'til I lose my breath Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin' richer
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin' trap
And they wonder why it's hard bein' black
Dear Lord can Ya feel me? Gettin' major, uh Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord, be my Savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
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Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord, be my Savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord, be my Savior, uh Mama raised a hellrazor
Dear Lord, can Ya feel me? Stress gettin' major, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Tell me Lord, can Ya feel me? Show a sign Damn, we're running outta time, everybody's dyin'
Mama raised a hellrazor, can't figure
Why you let the police beat down niggaz?
I'm startin' to think all the rich in the world is safe
While the po' babies restin' in the early graves
God, come, save the youth Ain't nothin' else to do but have faith in You
Dear Lord, I live the life of a thug, hope You understand
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic Crooked cop killin' Glock, tell me Lord

Can Ya feel me? Show a way
I'm prayin' but my enemies won't go away
And everywhere I turn, I see niggaz burn
Every nigga that I know's on death row
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price
Little young motherfucker doin' triple life
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin' better
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin'
blunts
Gettin' drunk off that Tanqueray gin
'Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen
Mama raised a hellrazor, uh, yeah
C'mon, uh, Mama raised a hellrazor
Uh, dear Lord, can Ya feel me? Stress gettin' major
Lord, be my Savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Lord, be my Savior, uh
Mama raised a hellrazor, stress gettin' major
Dear Lord, can Ya hear me? It's just me
A young nigga tryin' to make it on these rough streets
I'm on my knees beggin', "Please come and save me"
The whole world done made a nigga crazy
I got my three-five-seven, can't control it
Screamin' die motherfucker and he's loaded
Everybody run for cover, I cause shit
Thug Life motherfucker, duck, quick
Now, am I wrong? If I am, don't worry me
Do or die gettin' high 'til the bury me
Dear Lord, if Ya hear me, tell me why
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped
And when I saw it on the news, I see busta girl killin'
'Tasha
Now, I'm screamin', "Fuck the world"
In the end, it's my friends, that flip-flop
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop
Thug Life, motherfucker, I lick shots
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops
Dear Lord, can Ya hear me? When I die
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up and high
With my hands on the trigger, thug nigga
Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a thug for life
I got the heart to fight, now
Mama raised a hellrazor why cry
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

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