

# God Bless the Dead

## 2Pac

2pac:

Rest in peace to my mothafucka Biggie Smalls  
That's right boy, it's goin on  
Right here, Thug Life  
God bless the dead God bless the dead buried nigga  
Don't worry if you see God first tell Him shit got worse  
I ain't mad, I know you're representin the crew  
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt a brew  
Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game  
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came  
My role models gone or they locked in the pen  
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind  
The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy Biggie  
Sayin shit don't stop, nigga, no pity  
We all hoods, and all we ever had was dreams  
Money makin mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes  
In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind  
I was addicted to tryin, never meant to do time  
My epitaph will read "Was the last of Gs  
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed  
God bless the dead"

Chorus - 2pac:

God bless the dead

God bless the dead

God bless the dead 2pac:

Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang  
I been caught up in this game  
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin to hang  
I can see 'em in my head, pow  
Memories of my nigga but he dead now  
Lookin back in my yearbook all the years took  
Half my peers, they're stretched for years  
And if I die will they all shed tears  
Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear  
Paranoid got me lookin in the mirror  
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time  
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice  
Fuck the police all the courts same way they fucked us  
And why the hell am I locked in jail  
They let them white boys free, we be shocked as hell  
In my mind I can see it comin  
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin

By keepin gun never run unless I'm comin at ya  
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter  
God bless the dead

Chorus2pac:

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early  
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime  
Real motherfuckin Gz, this one is for you

Yo Stretch, BiggieStretch:

Yo Big this is to you my nigga  
Springfield Hollis crew, Thug Life, YGz  
Sendin they respect, know I mean?

You my nigga for life, forever

You're always gonna be with a nigga

No matter what, don't forget that I pray before I go to sleep  
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, cause times is hard  
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?

Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, uzi weighin a ton

Niggas terrified of comin from the young gun

Hearin that they did it outta fear don't amaze me

But it's mind blowin, so I'm flowin goin crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk

He shoulda had the gauge in the trunk

For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack Big

Now ya bout to smell the aftermath of what the mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin you, yes

The teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin vest

Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew quick

The spirit Biggie Smalls and the? clique, yeah

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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