

Life Goes On

2Pac

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
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Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
As I bail through the empty halls, breath
stinkin' in my jaws
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me
2 in the morning and we still high assed out
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While trying to make it last
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed
Cause life goes on
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My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on
Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her
Life in the hood is all good for nobody
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties
Me and you, no truer two
While scheming on hits

And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery
Though memories fade
I got your name tatted on my arm
So we both ball till my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!
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Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it
Let the hoes that I used to know
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane
Got police chasing me
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me
And brothers, miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?
Life goes on How many brothers fell victim to the streets? Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year we poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just
represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man
Don't front
Life goes on
Hold me no more hold me no more

Yes it do yes it do yes it do
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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