

# Me Against the World

2Pac

It's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, baby  
I got nothing to lose  
It's just me against the world  
Stuck in the game  
Me against the world, baby Can you picture my prophecy?  
Stress in the city, the cops on top of me  
The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is dropping  
There ain't no stopping me  
Constantly moving while making millions  
Witnessing killings, leaving dead bodies in abandoned buildings  
Can't reach the children cause they're illing  
Addicted to killing and the appeal from the cap peeling  
Without feeling, but will they last or be blasted?  
Hard headed bastard  
Maybe he'll listen in his casket -- the aftermath  
More bodies being buried  
I'm losing my homies in a hurry  
They're relocating to the cemetery  
Got me worried, stressing, my vision's blurred  
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me  
I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers  
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger  
Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is, what's the use?  
Unless we're shooting no one notices the youth  
It's just me against the world baby  
Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself  
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, living wealthy  
Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreaming  
Seeing Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy and screaming  
I guess them nightmares as a child  
Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while  
Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw  
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall Everyday there's more death, and plus  
I'm dough-less, I'm seeing more reasons  
For me to proceed with thieving scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving  
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up  
I'm bout to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka  
Tried making fat cuts, but yo it ain't working  
And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking  
When I gets to perving, so what?  
Go put some work in, and make my mail, making sales

Risking 25 with a 'L', but oh well  
With all this extra stressing  
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath  
When will I finally get to rest through this suppression?  
They punish the people that's asking questions  
And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions  
The message I stress: to make it stop study your lessons  
Don't settle for less - even the genius asks his questions  
Be grateful for blessings  
Don't ever change, keep your essence  
The power is in the people and politics we address  
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic  
And when you get stranded, and things don't go the way you planned it  
Dreaming of riches, in a position of making a difference  
Politicians and hypocrites, they don't wanna listen  
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change  
It wasn't nothing like the game  
It's just me against the world That's right  
I know it seem hard sometimes but uhh  
Remember one thing  
Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that  
So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out  
Keep your head up, and handle it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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