

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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