

Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

2 Pac - Hold Ya Head

My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island
Mumia Atumie, Gerino Pratt,
All the political Prisoners
San Quiton

Yeah
One Thug, One Thug

How do we keep the music playing

One Thug, One Thug

I wake up early in the morning
My state so Military
Suckas Fantasize, Pictures of a
Young Brother Buried
Was it me, The Weed, Or this life I lead
If daytime is for suckas then
Tonight we Bleed
Out for all that
Knowing that this world brings drawbacks
Look how this shit bumps
Once I deliver these war raps
Meet me at the cemetary
Dressed in Black
Tonight we
Follow the dead
And those who won't be back
So if I die
To the same for me
Shed no tear
An Outlaw, thug living in this game,
for years
Why worry,
Hope to god
Get me high
When I'm burried
Knowing deep inside me
Only if yah love
Come rush me to the gates of heaven
Let me picture for a while
How I live for my days, as a child
I wonder now
How do we outlast, always get cash
Stay strong if we all mash
Hold Your head

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Chorus

How do we keep the music playing
How do we get ahead
To many young black brothers are dying
Living Fast, too fast

These felonies be like prophecies
Begging me to stop
Cuz These lawyers getting money
Everytime they knock us
Slashing pockets lyrically
Suckas fled when they notice
Switched my name to Makaveli
Had the rap game closed
Expose foes, with my hocus pocus flows
They froze
Now suckas idealize my choosen Blows
More money mean litigating
More Playa hating
Got a cell at the penn for me waiting
Is this my fate
Miss me with that mistermeaner thinking
Me fall back
Never That
Too much Tequilla drinking
We all that
Make them understand me
Hey I'll stay all night out with my Posse
Everyone roll with me is family
Cuz everybodies got me
Watch me paint a perfect vision
This life we living
Got us all meeting up in Prison
Last week I got a letter from my road dog
Written in Blood
Saying, "Please show a young playa love"
Hold your head
Hold it

Chorus

How do we keep the music playing
How do we get ahead
To many young black brothers are dying
Living Fast, too fast

God bless the child that can hold is own
Indeed

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Enemies Bleed when I hold my chrome
Let these words be to last
to my unborn seeds
Hope to raise my young nation
In this world of greed
Currency means nothing if you still ain't free
Money breeds jealousy
Take the game from me
I hope for better days
Trouble comes naturally
Running from authorities
Till they capture me
And my AIM is to spread more smiles than tears
Utilalze lessons learned from my childhood years
Maybe Mama had it all right
Rest your head
Straight converstion all night
Bless the dead
To the homies that I usta have
That no longer roll
Catch a brother at the crossroads
Plus nobody knows my soul
Watching time pass
Through the glass of my drop top
Hold your head

Chorus