

# Fallen Star

2pac

Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, what  
Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, what (yeah)  
Turn me up, turn me up, turn me up, what (yeah, what, yeah, uh)  
Pack your cannons we outlandishly brandish the weapons  
Meet Jamaican like you god {U-god?} and 'em handing you lessons  
We learn a lot from the 60's like glaring 13 necks  
Mainly the niggaz get shot for flaring out their larynx  
And get to speakin' on a conditions of black people  
that's illegal they enforce it with the force that's lethal  
make you wanna grab a gun and throw the all black gear on  
head to congress exercising your constitutional right to bear arms  
leather jackets and glasses and you can tell it's us  
the FBI probably bust a nut if we self destruct  
call it militant but ain't nobody killing Barry

you can't be militant if you ain't got no military  
but it's still a very powerful word  
picture some niggaz with guns, got 'em very disturbed, word  
now-a-days you could get shot for a cheap necklace  
back then my people bust shots for the free breakfast

now before you see God, or stand before Allah  
you could learn from the stars that fall outta the sky  
everybody act hard, like they got no regard  
so we mourn falling stars, they still living all hard  
(we still here, word)  
this is for Medgar Evers, Martin, and my brother Malcom  
sometimes we be sittin and wishing for another outcome  
my head be spinning, it be full of why's and the how come's  
the value of life is so cheap if your skin ain't talcum  
we need leaders, we looking at entertainers  
it's about the cash, so we respect the biggest gainers  
niggaz get paid then they run away from the community  
that ain't gangsta nigga, you the opposite of Huey P  
don't be confusing me with haters, player  
get your paper, just show respect to the folks who made you (yeah)  
blessed by the creator so give money nigga  
just don't bring a plate of food around a hungry nigga  
out on these streets the police is killing  
I'm spilling out my heart on these beats so I can feed my children (yeah)  
disrespect and I'm a give you a bar to save your life  
because we don't need no more fallen stars

stalk the stage with the pride of the panther  
hands off Asada and the blood of a dance floor  
word, rock on, throw the Tupac on  
he's not gone, you hear his influence in pop songs  
shine brighter than those Vegas lights  
illuminating that Vegas night to the party after the fight  
'til the gunshots disturb the peace like Luda  
too bad he ain't a white chick in Aruba  
they'd have a whole department dedicated to finding the killer  
you'd see Afeni Shakur on Larry King, and motherfucking Dennis Miller  
word, Bill O'Reilly would be flapping his gums  
how much respect do they have for my people?  
actually none  
you either do the nigga packing a gun who hate niggaz

even though every time he pass a mirror he staring at one  
my man stressed 'cause of lack of funds  
this the type of shit that make you wanna drown your liver  
and blacken your lungs

now of course this was inspired by Tupac Shakur  
Eazy-E, still here (still here)  
my man Justo (still here)  
Big L (still here)  
Big Pun (still here)  
I'm from Brooklyn, you know what I'm saying  
Brooklyn know a lot about tragedy  
we lost our Big Poppa and our baby girl  
that was our whole world, yo (still here)  
this is for our fallen stars  
inspired by the poets, revolutionaries, and activists  
from the generation before us  
come and do our thing on this microphone  
when else in the history of this country  
can a black man get on the microphone  
and say whatever the hell he wanna say?  
it's a lot of responsibility  
but we standing on the shoulders of our ancestors  
so I bear that burden, throw it on my back