

Hold Ya Head

2pac

My homeboys in Clinton and Rikers Island
All the penitentiaries
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon
All the political prisoners
San Quentin, who can save you, all the jail houses
I'm with you

Yeah, one thug, one thug
You're listenin' to the sounds of one, thug
(How do we keep the music playing?)
One thug, one thug
You're listenin' to the sounds of
(How do we get ahead?)

I wake up early in the mornin', mindstate so military
Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried
Was it me, the weed or this life I lead
If daytime is for suckers then tonight we bleed

Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks
Look how this shit, bump, once I deliver these raw raps
Meet me at the cemetery dressed in black
Tonight we, honor the dead, those who won't be back

So if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears
An Outlaw, thug livin' in this game for years
Why worry, hope to God, get me high when I'm buried
Knowin' deep inside only a few love me

Come rush me to the gates of Heaven, let me picture for a while
How I lived for my days as a child, I wonder now
How do we outlast, always get cash
Stay strong if we all mash, hold ya head

How do we keep the music playing
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
How do we get ahead
(Hold your head)
Too many young black brothers are dying
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
Livin' fast, too fast

Yo, these felonies be like prophecies beggin' me to stop
'Cause these lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flea when they notice
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game closed

Exposed foes with my hocus pocus flows they froze
Now suckers idolize my, chosen blows
And mo' money mean litigatin, mo' playa hatin'
Got a cell at the pen for me waitin', is this my fate?

Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?
Never that, too much Tequila drinkin', we all that
Make them understand me, if not I slang my posse
Everyone with me is family 'cause everybody's got me

Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'
Got us all meetin' up in prison
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood
Saying, "Please show a playa love", hold ya head, hold it

How do we keep the music playing
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
How do we get ahead
(Hold your head)
Too many young black brothers are dying
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
Livin' fast, too fast

The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'
God bless the child that can hold his own
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds

Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed
Currency means nothin' 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 'til they capture me
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears
Utilalaze lessons learned from my childhood years
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head

Tradin' conversation all night, bless the dead
To my homies that I used to have that no longer roll
Catch a brother at the crossroads
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass
Through the glass of my drop top Rolls, hold ya head

How do we keep the music playing
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
How do we get ahead
(No matter how hard it get, feel me, come on)
(Hold your head)

Too many young black brothers are dying
(Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book)
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
Livin' fast, too fast
(Watch the stars, get some pussy, whatever)

How do we keep the music playing
(Yes, you got to hold ya head)
How do we get ahead