

# Tattoo Tears

2pac

{2Pac}

Live back at 'cha Westside baaaaby  
Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now  
You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggaz know what time it is  
(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that  
Rhymin and stealin, sellin five million  
(Outlaw.. ninety-nine)  
Fresh out on bail, niggaz still can't see me  
(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)  
That's how it is  
Now we got a new motherfuckin plan, and a new mission  
(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)  
Competition, so they say, these niggaz is gay  
(Outlaw - Outlaw)  
Blast me? It could never happen  
At least not while I'm walkin and rappin  
Heard of some niggaz on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me  
(Throw ya hands up, hands up)  
They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click  
(Throw ya motherfuckin hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears; now, I  
said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy  
Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me  
I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes  
My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through  
But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll  
never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets  
Even on the other side brothers die, but ride  
Niggaz get high off a slow form of suicide  
Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties  
I live my life to fuckin mo', exposin tragically  
How can we find some peace and niggaz still ain't get a piece  
I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat  
I'm seeing Satin infiltratin; my military mind  
make me hustle all the time, go out for cash makin  
Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through  
to become a man, we sheddin tattooed tears

Chorus: 2Pac + Young Noble

I said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears; now, I  
said many times busters still can't see  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with me (Outlaw)  
I been, handlin stress in this shit for years  
Blazed out sheddin tattooed tears

{2Pac} Thugged out baby!

{Young Noble}

We don't shed tears we shed blood  
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?  
We don't shed tears we shed blood  
Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinkin made me crave Abe Lincolns  
The days I spent stinkin caught victims on the weekends  
Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me  
Blast for me, the task after me  
For a few years sheddin tattooed tears  
like Gram' Sammy, we feudin for the whole damn family  
We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time  
Outlawz locked down for some past crimes  
Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller  
Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

{Napoleon}

Nigga it's like this  
I been thuggin just for the cause of it  
Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit  
And it's all for the pressure  
that'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser  
Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya  
Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson  
Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggaz flexin  
Po-po's guessin if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by  
Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye  
Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die  
So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life  
for the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin  
Blazed out sheddin tattoed tears

Chorus

{Kadafi}

Shit.. ain't no unity in my community it's do or die  
Seein my opprunities through these bars of hell while gettin high  
as life replays like time; underhanded schemes  
to get that cream and thangs while livin this life of crime  
My enemies want me squeezed  
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees  
Please beware we thugs revolution size  
Criminals dare be last mental me intititutionalize  
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now  
Holdin down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

{Kastro}

Yo I been loosin sleep, stay awake way past late  
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne  
As I lay here gatted down and tatted  
Knowin now it's hard to slow down for a addict  
It's been years of stugglin, guzzlin beers  
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air  
And I suffer my shit in hell, talkin to the heavens  
Walkin thru the valley of death with my fellas  
I lost a lot, startin with hope I tried  
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried  
I'm thru with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain  
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain

I'ma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear  
Ain't nothing to fear, cryin these tattooed tears  
Come on...

Chorus (repeats to fade)