

# We Will Survive

Nas

Still somehow I believe, we always survive.. but why?

To my dogs.. wherever you are

Whattup Big? You know shit is rough after you slid  
You in God's hands now, keep a place for me kid  
Ain't nuttin changed -- still \_Party and Bullshit\_  
We used to +Fuck R&B Bitches+ and see who rhyme sickest  
For every hit you made, more rappers afraid to come out  
\_Machine Gun Funk\_, from Queens I came through to smoke blunts  
You came to my hood, we was broke  
I wonder if we stayed that way, would there have been gunsmoke?  
Still on the block around fiends numb from coke, I guess so  
Cause now with paper, shit is still ghetto  
But fuck it black, you livin your life, though your loved ones  
Peace to your daughter and your newborn son  
It used to be fun, makin records to see your response  
But, now competition is none, now that you're gone  
And these niggaz is wrong -- usin your name in vain  
And they claim to be New York's king? It ain't about that  
It's more serious, I plan to toast it up with you  
Joke with you, happy we on top, the most official  
Ain't too many real ones out there; I feel some  
but doubt they're, capable, to take it where you took it to  
I missed your wake not cause I'm fake  
cause I hate to see somebody so great in that way  
I woulda stayed so long with so much to say  
I had to put it in writin to keep me and Brooklyn from fightin  
Tellin me to pay my respects and move to the side  
But I probably wouldn't have got off my knees to let people by  
You can't kill nothin that's \_Ready to Die\_  
You was like God to us in the form of Allah

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Still, we, will survive  
No matter what, my people just stay alive  
Still, we, will survive  
No matter what, my people just stay alive

Thug Life never die..

Dear 'Pac, every thug sheds a tear drop -- and use teeth  
to bite off beer tops, and \_Pour Out a Lil' Liquor\_  
You was more than just the wildest nigga  
+2Pacalypse+, I understand your style nigga  
It's goin on the third year, since you've been gone  
On the East and West Coast the same shit is goin on  
The industry be talkin, offendin me often  
They don't believe you dead, wanna see you in your coffin  
I can relate, shootouts and court dates  
+All Eyez on You+, niggaz in your face invadin your space  
You asked if I could trade in your place, how would I hold up?  
How long would I ride, before I fold up?  
How did you know through your rhymes it was your time to go?  
You predicted it in every line, all in your flow  
There could \_Never Be Peace\_ I have to quote

Can't believe I heard my name on "the realest shit you ever wrote"  
We had words cause the best supposed to clash at the top  
but kept it brotherly, when we seen each other and stopped  
in NYC, at MTV, people watched  
We was both deep, after you left, I got no sleep  
Think about how us real niggaz would be  
If we united, a nation of thugs, who could fight it?  
You was caught in a wild homicide, or were you crucified  
like the son of God, when Lucifer lied  
and make the world think, young blacks should be extinct?  
But Thug Life'll never die, we stay high and just link  
Will there ever be another MC as nice?  
Will you return to us like the resurrection of Christ?

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No matter what, my people just stay alive  
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I wonder what the Commodores went through on tour?  
Did Smokey Robinson, have to shoot his way out a war?  
What has Al Green seen, that made him religious?  
Was it the drugs -- put an end to the music business?  
If so, should I put out the indo right now and write down  
a plan and pursue my dream turn my life around  
Cause I'm bound for the movie screen, cuties that scream  
I'll need a extra Uzi riding through my own hood in Queens  
It be the ones you always knew, that want it on  
Tellin everybody it was him, that you fronted on  
Thought we walked a million miles it was just twenty  
Not used to walkin in the path of legit money  
I thought I made it but we only took baby steps  
Up the success ladder, where they pay me checks  
To my clicks when I got it I said "Baby bless"  
That was the 80's, but now look at this crazy mess  
We in the 90's, and finally it's lookin good  
Hip-hop took it to billions, I knew we would  
A lot of ups and downs in the game, could lose or gain  
a couple pounds tryin to maintain -- one day you here  
the next you not; when you around niggaz, check 'em out  
Some is bout it, most individuals plots  
and run the spots, some choose to stay to theyselves  
While others have no cares and stay in jail  
More than fifty percent of us  
endin up with holes through the chest  
through the head, through the gut it shows  
The future for us young shooters and old killers  
Who become rich as dope dealers?  
Nothing left for us but hoop dreams and hood tournaments  
Thug coaches with subs sittin on the bench; either that or rap  
We want the fast way outta this trap  
Whether it be 9 to 5 or slangin crack  
To my deceased Gods wishin I could bring you back  
But life is a dream and y'all taught me that

.. always survive.. but why?

Always survive, always  
Still, we, will survive  
No matter what, my people just stay alive  
Still, we, will survive

No matter what, my people just stay alive  
Still, we, will survive (no matter what)  
Still, we, will survive (no matter what)  
Still, we, will survive  
No matter what, my niggaz just stay alive