

Cradle To The Grave

Thug Life

From the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy
Livin' in the ghetto
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[2Pac:]

June 16th, 1971

Mama gave birth to a hell-raisin' heavenly son
See, the doctor tried to smack me, but I smacked him back
My first words was, "Thug for life!" and "Papa, pass the MAC!"
I'm bustin' on these mother fuckers ballin'
Listen, you can hear my mini fourteen callin'
From out the window of my drop top
I got my Glock cocked, bustin' at niggas; when will it stop?
Now, tell me, are you scared of the dark?
Can't close my eyes, I see visions
And even with this thug livin', will I escape prison?
Penitentiary chances was an all day thang
The only way to advance; and if you slang
Then you'd better have your Nikes on, 'cause when we fight, it's in the middle of the night with no lights on
Hey! There must be a God, 'cause I feel lucky
Paranoid, out my mind, 'cause motherfuckers tryin' to rush me
Am I goin' to jail? Look at me bailin'
Comin' out the court house, all about my mail and bank
Never die, I'll be a hustler, motherfuckers
Makin' thugs out you suckers, from the cradle to the grave

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[Mopreme:]

From the cradle to the grave, since a little bitty child
I've been known to get ill and kinda buck wild
Pop pop! Just like the part that's in my walk with street talk
I'm runnin' up the block in the dark where lead spark
Surveillance on a nigga every day
Waitin on my daddy just to take his ass away
Now Mama always workin', tryin' to make ends meet
So now a young nigga's being raised by the streets
And then the only other one that ever showed me love
Was my dope fiend uncle, strung out on drugs
A straight thug, just me, my mama out here on our own
So I got two gats, one black and one of chrome
Now, I don't wanna hurt nobody, but I must defend mine
It's all the fuck I got, so stop and walk a thin line
Young niggas be brave
And keep on thuggin' from the cradle to the grave

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[Rated R:]

From the cradle to the grave, I'm glad to say I made it this far

Many G's died, hogs
And all they got was they name hit up on a wall
It's sad thinkin' about the times, life goes on
I'm steady lost in this land, that's the war zone
I gots no home, don't have no friends neither
It's just me by my lonely, so I married my Nina
I keeps her wherever I go, I love my ho
Never leave home without my sugar, I'ma have to plug a nigga
Mama told me not to trust no punks
And kick his ass if he lay a hand on me
Since then I been knowin'
Sometimes I think my own self stupid
'Cause I stay shootin' at marks
Get twisted up in police reports
Since the cradle, I've been ungrateful
My first toy was a gun
I got sprung and learned to love weapons
But now I'm through with money
And through with street fame
Somebody peeled my cap, and put me in my grave

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[Macadoshis:]

March 18th, a rainy day my mama gave birth
To a baby boy trapped in Hell on Earth
From day one it wasn't fun, I never had a crumb
Daddy worked two jobs and Mama won't stop drinkin' rum
I tried to cope, loc, but my family's broke
And my pocket's short, so now I got ta slang dope
In the game filled with pain, it's a fuckin' shame
The white man got a motherfucker slangin' 'caine
So now it's on from dusk to dawn, I'm gettin' my serve on
Always in the spot with my Glock, slingin' rocks at the Rox
The shit don't stop, I'm steady dodgin' cops
I never flip-flop, hear my Glock cock, thug 'til I drop
And if I hit the pen, I gotta do my time
Sittin' on my bunk, reminiscin' 'bout the good times
It's fucked up a nigga gotta grow up doin' dirt
But from the cradle to the grave I'ma put in work

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[Big Syke:]

Time's movin' fast; will I last another day?
So I pray and I lay with my AK
Did I sell my soul as a young kid? All the things I did
Wishin' someone held me, but they never did
I can't take it; will I make it to my older age
Before I'm shot up or locked up in a fuckin' cage?
Lord, help me, guide me, save me!
'Cause that's the way that Daddy raised me: crazy
Do or die, nigga, pull the trigger, don't give a fuck
You'd rather be in jail than get yo' ass bucked
Nobody cares, it's me against the world
Keepin' murder on my mind and my TEC-9
I got nothin' to lose, payin' dues, nigga, you wanna die?
I get high and then my mission is a walk-by
You'd better jet when I hit your set, 'cause I'm comin'

Start runnin', yellin' "evil mind" as I'm gunnin'
One in the chamber, for the anger that I build inside
For the mothers that cried, for my homies that died
The beginnin' is an endin', am I just a slave?
So I got to be brave, from the cradle to the grave

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