

# Life Goes On

## 2Pac

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
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My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
As I bail through the empty halls, breath  
stinkin' in my jaws  
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call  
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by  
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry  
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls  
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?  
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me  
2 in the morning and we still high assed out  
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out  
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone  
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone  
And all I got left are stinkin' memories  
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy  
While trying to make it last  
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed  
Cause life goes on  
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My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on  
Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell  
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L  
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole  
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old  
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama  
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her  
Life in the hood is all good for nobody  
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties  
Me and you, no truer two  
While scheming on hits

And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into  
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried  
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery  
Though memories fade  
I got your name tatted on my arm  
So we both ball till my dying days  
Before I say goodbye  
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!  
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Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on  
Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket  
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it  
Let the hoes that I used to know  
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe  
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin  
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in  
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah  
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride  
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane  
Got police chasing me  
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews  
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school  
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies  
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me  
And brothers, miss ya while your gone  
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?  
Life goes on  
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?  
Life goes on homie  
Gone on, cause they passed away  
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit  
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya  
You know what I mean  
Last year we poured out liquor for ya  
This year nigga, life goes on  
We're gonna clock now  
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just  
represent for you baby  
Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga  
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"  
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch  
Hey Kato, Mental  
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man  
Don't front  
Life goes on  
Hold me no more hold me no more

Yes it do yes it do yes it do  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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