

Life Goes On
2Pac (Tupac Shakur)

Refrão:

G **D**
How many brothers fell victim to the streets
Em **Em7**
Rest in peace young nigga, there s a heaven for a G
C **Em**
Be a lie, if I told ya that I never thought of death
C **D**
My nigga, we the last ones left

But life goes on

Verso:

G
As I bail through the empty halls
D
Breath stinkin in my jaws
Em **Em7**
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y all, incoming call
C **Em**
Plus this my homie from high school, he gettin by
C **D**
It s time to bury another brother, nobody cry
G **D**
Life as a baller, alcohol and booty calls
Em **Em7**
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?
C **Em**
Raised as G s, loc ed out and blazed the weed
C **D**
Get on the roof let s get smoked out and blaze with me
G **D**
Two in the morning and we still high assed out
Em **Em7**
Screamin thug till I die before I passed out
C **Em**
But now that you re gone, I m in the zone
C **D**
Thinkin I don t wanna die all alone

But now ya gone

G **D**
And all I got left are stinkin memories
Em **Em7**
I love them niggas to death, I m drinkin Hennessy
C **Em**
While tryin to make it last

C **D**
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed

Cause life goes on

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Verso:

G **D**
Yeah nigga I got the word as hell

Em **Em7**
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L

C **Em**
Time to prepare to do fed time won t see parole

C **D**
Imagine life as a convict that s gettin old

G **D**
Plus with the drama we re lookin out for your baby s mama

Em **Em7**
Takin risks, while keepin cheap tricks from gettin on her

C **Em**
Life in the hood is all good for nobody

C **D**
Remember gamin on dumb hotties at chill parties

G **D**
Me and you no true a two

Em
While scheming on hits and gettin tricks

Em7
That maybe we can slide into

C
But now you buried

Em
Rest nigga cause I ain t worried

C **D** **G**
Eyes blurried, sayin goodbye at the cemetery

D
Though memories fade

Em
I got your name tatted on my arm

Em7 **C**
So we both ball till my dyin days

Em
Before I say goodbye

C

Kato and Mental rest in peace

D

Thug till I die

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Verso:

G

D

Bury me smilin, with G s in my pocket

Em

Em7

Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it

C

Em

Let the hoes that I used to know

From way before

C

D

Kiss me from my head to my toe

G

Give me a paper and pen

D

So I can write about my life of sin

Em

Em7

A coupla bottles of gin incase I don t get in

C

Em

Tell all my people I m a Ridah

C

Nobody cries when we die

D

G

We outlaws let me ride

D

Until I get free

Em

Em7

I live my life in the fast lane got police chasin me

C

Em

To my niggas from old blocks from old crews

C

D

Niggas that guided me through back in the old school

G

D

Pour out some liquor have a toast for the homies

Em

Em7

See we both gotta die but you chose to go before me

C

Em

And brothers miss you while you re gone

C

D

You left your nigga on his own, how long we moan

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(2x)

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