

California State University, San Bernardino

CSUSB ScholarWorks

Theses Digitization Project

John M. Pfau Library

2002

A stylistic analysis of 2pac Shakur's rap lyrics: In the perspective of Paul Grice's theory of implicature

Christopher Darnell Campbell

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project>



Part of the [Rhetoric Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Campbell, Christopher Darnell, "A stylistic analysis of 2pac Shakur's rap lyrics: In the perspective of Paul Grice's theory of implicature" (2002). *Theses Digitization Project*. 2130.

<https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project/2130>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the John M. Pfau Library at CSUSB ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses Digitization Project by an authorized administrator of CSUSB ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@csusb.edu.

A STYLISTIC ANALYSIS OF 2PAC SHAKUR'S
RAP LYRICS:
IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF PAUL GRICE'S
THEORY OF IMPLICATURE

A Thesis
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University,
San Bernardino

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
in
English:
English Composition

by
Christopher Darnell Campbell

September 2002

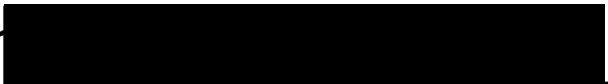
A STYLISTIC ANALYSIS OF 2PAC SHAKUR'S
RAP LYRICS:
IN THE PERSPECTIVE OF PAUL GRICE'S
THEORY OF IMPLICATURE

A Thesis
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University,
San Bernardino

by
Christopher Darnell Campbell

September 2002

Approved by:


Rong Chen, English

7-29-02
Date


Bruce Golden, English

ABSTRACT

2pac Shakur (a.k.a Makaveli) was a prolific rapper, poet, revolutionary, and thug. His lyrics were bold, unconventional, truthful, controversial, metaphorical and vulgar. His songs created a new type of poetry that was rhymed over musical beats to increase a dramatic effect on his listeners.

In this thesis, I analyze 2pac Rap Lyrics in the perspective of Paul Grice's theory of conversational implicature to see how his use of language helps his songs to be effective. I will specifically look at his violations of the Quality and Manner maxims, in two songs from each of his ten albums, arguing that these violations and their resultant implicatures contribute much to the effectiveness of his lyrics.

My thesis will have four chapters. The first chapter will be an introduction of 2pac Shakur and the theory of implicature. The second chapter will be on Shakur's violations of the maxim of Quality. The third chapter will be on Shakur's violations of the maxim of Manner. The fourth chapter will be my conclusion.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT	iii
CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION	1
Implicature	7
CHAPTER TWO: QUALITY	12
Conclusion	32
CHAPTER THREE: MANNER	34
Conclusion	56
CHAPTER FOUR: CONCLUSION	58
APPENDIX: 2PAC SHAKUR'S ANALYZED SONGS	64
WORKS CITED	115

CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

Tupac "2Pac" Shakur was a prolific African American rap star, poet, martyr, revolutionary, and thug praised for his thought-provoking lyrics and criticized for his violent lifestyle. He was one of the most popular rap artists in the world when he was shot and killed at the age of 25. His lyrics energized the hopes and dreams of inner city youth. His lyrics "presented an idealistic vision of the 90's," thus, along with many other rappers, establishing rap music as America's creative and most influential music form/speech community today (George 143).

2Pac was one of the most influential and controversial voices to emerge from hip-hop's genre of so-called gangster rap, which has brought 2Pac a lot of criticism. 2Pac and many gangster rappers were criticized for their violent lyrics and misogynistic claims. Gangster rappers became symbols of the best and worst of American musical creativity. Throughout the early 1990s 2Pac became the voice for a generation of young, often frustrated, African Americans.

Through his music and his life 2Pac embodied many of the harsh realities of "ghetto life." His raps addressed the socio-cultural difficulties of being young, black, and poor in the United States, and as a great rapper and actor he captured those realities through his lyrics and in his movies. True to the thuggish lifestyle that he rapped about, 2Pac was arrested and served time in jail on more than one occasion, and often foreshadowed his own death in his songs and videos. 2Pac's predictions of his violent death came true in September 1996, when he was murdered shortly after attending a professional boxing match in Las Vegas, Nevada.

2Pac was born in New York City on June 16, 1971, to black activists Afeni Shakur and Billy Garland. Garland interacted infrequently with his son, but Afeni Shakur exposed 2Pac to many of the activities and philosophies of the Black Panther Party. At times destitute, 2Pac and his mother moved often between apartments in New York City. As a young teenager in Harlem, he explored his desire to act by joining the 127th Street Ensemble theater group, and was cast as Travis in Lorraine Hansberry's play A Raisin in the Sun.

By 1988 the Shakurs had moved several times, finally settling in Marin, California. While in Marin, Shakur pursued his interest in music, leaving home in 1988 to join the rap group Strictly Dope. Three years later he left Strictly Dope and joined forces with friends from Oakland, California, who had formed the successful rap group Digital Underground. 2Pac initially served as a background dancer for the group, but he was given an opportunity to rap on the group's 1991 single, "Same Song." His powerful delivery and stage charisma made an immediate impression and friends were soon urging him to go solo.

In late 1991 2Pac released his first solo album, 2Pacalypse Now, which sold more than 500,000 copies and featured the acclaimed hit "Brenda's Got a Baby." Heralded for its compelling portrayals of the hardships faced by single black mothers and rebuked for its vivid depictions of violence, 2Pacalypse Now marked powerful contradictions within 2Pac's music and life.

Among those to criticize 2Pac's music and behavior were various politicians and especially anti-rap proponents such as C. Delores Tucker, chair of the National Political Congress of Black Women. Tucker

objected to 2Pac's glorification of what she referred to as "thug life" and urged him to use his podium in more positive ways. 2Pac's response to Tucker and other critics was often hostile and bitter. 2Pac claimed that in his music, he was reflecting a lifestyle inspired by a poverty and despair that many Americans wished to ignore. He argued that his music represented the voices of those in America's most marginalized communities, and to vilify his music simply vilified the realities facing those communities.

2Pac's troubles climaxed in 1995 when he was robbed and shot five times in the lobby of a recording studio in New York City. Like many of the harsh realities in his life and songs, 2Pac managed to defy death. Although it is unclear who was involved in the attempt on 2Pac's life, he blamed the shooting on rival rappers from New York, the Notorious B.I.G. and Sean "Puffy" Combs. At the time, 2Pac and B.I.G. were leading figures in a fierce rivalry between West Coast and East Coast rappers. The never-ending rival would cause tension in the hip-hop community.

While in prison 2Pac released his third album, Me Against the World, which debuted at number one on the

Billboard Charts and earned him a Grammy Award nomination for Best Rap Album. Me Against the World went on to sell more than two million copies in seven months. On the album 2Pac talked about his own mortality in the songs "If I Die 2Nite" and "Death Around the Corner," two of many songs that foreshadowed his violent death. Also featured on the album is the song "Dear Mama," which earned 2Pac a second Grammy nomination for Best Rap Solo Performance.

After eight months in prison 2Pac was released when Suge Knight, head of Death Row Records, paid his one-million-dollar bail. 2Pac joined Knight's recording label, and in 1996 he released the double album All Eyez on Me. The album has sold five million copies and contains 2Pac's biggest hit to date, "California Love." While at Death Row 2Pac was part of a team that featured many of the most prominent rappers/producers on the West Coast, including Dr.Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg. By all accounts, 2Pac's future seemed very promising. But that promise ended on September 13, 1996, when 2Pac was cut down in a barrage of bullets. 2Pac and Knight were in Las Vegas, Nevada, attending the Heavyweight championship bout between Mike Tyson and Evander

Holyfield. After the fight 2Pac and Knight were driving along the Las Vegas strip when a car pulled up next to theirs and unloaded several rounds. While attempting to flee by diving into the car's backseat, 2Pac was shot several times. Knight sustained minor injuries, but 2Pac was placed in intensive care. After six days in the hospital, he was pronounced dead.

2Pac's final recorded album, Makaveli, was released after his death and sold millions of albums worldwide. The album cover is a depiction of him as the Black Jesus Christ being crucified on the cross. On the album 2Pac changed his name to Makaveli and effectively recorded songs such as "Hail Mary", "To Live In Die In L.A.", and "Crazy." 2Pac's voice echoed the concerns and the rage of many young African Americans who are left to face the challenges of the ghetto alone. But his music also spoke to young adults—many of them middle-class blacks and whites—who understood and valued 2Pac's ability to bring the hardships of the misunderstood to the surface of American culture.

2Pac's lyrics became effective because they were bold, unconventional, truthful, controversial, metaphorical and vulgar. His lyrics created a new type

of poetry that was rhymed over musical beats to produce a dramatic effect on his listeners. The syncopation of his popular lyrics helped him be effective with many of his listeners, black and white. The implication of his songs offended many but influenced more. The award winning poet and professor, Nikki Giovanni held a seminar on his lyrics and poetry at UC Berkeley to discuss the socio-economic effects his lyrics had on society. Many magazines and newspapers (i.e., *Rolling Stone*, *The Source*, *XXL*, *Vibe*, *La Times* and *Rap Sheet*) had written endless reviews on 2Pac as a prolific rapper. Through his music, 2Pac would effectively imply various political ideas and social issues that made people from various backgrounds take heed to his lyrics by rebelling against social injustices. At times his music did implicate a fictional narrative (many times fiction is used as a tunnel towards the truth), which became an effective tool in bringing various social concerns to judgment (Robinson 1).

Implicature

I will do an analysis of 2Pac Shakur's (a.k.a Makaveli) Rap Lyrics in the perspective of Paul Grice's

theory of "Implicature" to see how his use of language helps his songs/lyrics to be effective. In his book Studies in the Way of Words, Grice argues that the meaning of a word(s) (or non-natural meaning) in general is a derivative function of what speakers mean by that word(s) in individual instances of uttering it. That is, the universal "type" meaning, or set of such meanings, for a given word is an abstraction from the "token" meanings those speakers mean for the word in specific instances of use. Grice presents the theory of Implicature as a tool for interpreting certain linguistic problems in the theory of perception (Grice 23). Furthermore, the core of his theory is formulated in the principle that "one should not make a weaker statement rather than a stronger one unless there is a good reason for doing so."

I will specifically look at 2Pac's violations and the effect, in one to two songs from each of his several albums to examine what he was implying. Grice's theory of Implicature looks at the ideas of meaning. This theory is based on what he calls the Cooperative Principle: "Make your conversational contribution such as is required, at the stage which it occurs, by the

accepted purpose or direction of the talk exchange in which you are engaged." Under his principle are four maxims: Quantity, Quality, Relation, and Manner. Grice is aware that these maxims are not always followed. When a maxim is broken, a conversational implicature will be introduced.

For example, if you say "I never talk to philosophers" in response to my question "Have you ever talked to Tom," then you could be said to have created an implicature, something like "I don't like philosophers and I haven't talked to Tom."

Tupac violates the maxim of Quality in a verse from his song "I Wonder If Heaven's Got A Ghetto":

1. Cops give a damn about a Negro
2. Pull a trigga, kill a nigga, he's a hero
3. Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' nigga's

Line 4, below, is from the same verse:

4. I wonder if heaven's got a ghetto

Line 1 and 2 is in violation of the Maxim "Quality" because he is exaggerating that all cops are alike.

Further, line 1 is false because not all cops are that way and some cops are black and may be some of his

listeners. He doesn't have the adequate evidence to support what he's saying. But this violation helps him to be effective in revealing racism in Police officers and expressing his indignation at this social problem. The maxim of "Quality" is violated again in line 4. He knows that heaven doesn't have a ghetto but he utters those words to get his audience to question their faith in God or Heaven, and to get them to visually imagine, understand or relate to what his spirit or soul is feeling. I will continue to interpret the popular effects of this song by it violating the maxim "Quality" in Chapter 2.

Furthermore, he violates the maxim of "Manner" with his use of various dialects, vocabulary, Black English, and his use of slang/expletives/ and/or taboo words (i.e., *Bitch, Fuck, Whore, Nigga, Motha fucka, Shit*, etc.) to be effective. In line 3 of the same verse he violates the maxim of "Manner" by uttering the words "Mo' and "Nigga." The word "Mo" means "More" but he uses Black English to be effective. The word "Mo" is obscure, ambiguous and unconventional. He uses the word "Nigga" in order to create a sense of camaraderie and understanding with his black audience. The word isn't a

word that society finds appropriate. The word "Nigga" has a double meaning: brother and enemy. In this verse the word means "brother" rather than "enemy." It also stands for "*Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished.*"

In another song titled "Hail Mary," he raps:

1. Makaveli in this killuminati, all through
your body.
2. The blows like a 12 gage shotty, uhh
feel me

2Pac's use of double meaning is evident in the words "Makaveli" and "Killuminati." "Makaveli" is taken from the Italian sixteenth-century writer Nicolo Machiavelli who recommended instilling fear in your subjects in order to be a successful ruler. 2Pac takes a direct word such as "illuminati" and adds "[K] illuminati in front of the word to give it a double meaning as well as creating a new word that now means an elite group of Killers. I will interpret this song later as well, in chapter 3. My conclusion will be in Chapter four.

CHAPTER TWO

QUALITY

As speakers, we expect what we say to be accepted as true. As hearers, we expect what is said to us to be true. If it were not for these expectations, if these purposes of communicating were not often satisfied, there would be little point in communicating at all. Paul Grice, who has argued for maxims of truthfulness in one's utterances, explores throughout his essay, some of the effects and consequences language can have when it violates the super maxim of Quality. In his book Studies in the Way of Words, Grice sketched a theory of utterance interpretation based on a Co-operative Principle and maxim of truthfulness [and exaggeration] (Quality). The Quality maxims went as follows:

(1) *Grice's maxims of Quality: Super maxim:* Try to make your contribution one that is true. And two more specific maxims:

(i) Do not say what you believe to be false.
[*Maxim of truthfulness*]

(ii) Do not say that for which you lack
adequate evidence.

The super maxim of Quality is concerned with the speaker's overall contribution (what is communicated,

either explicitly or implicitly), while the first and second maxims of Quality relate only to what is said (the proposition explicitly expressed or asserted).

Grice saw the first maxim of Quality, which I will call the maxim of truthfulness, as the most important of all the maxims (Grice 27). This lack of truth forces 2Pac listeners to be misled by what he is communicating in his lyrics. Listeners want to relate to what his lyrics imply and they want them to be truthful (or do they?) -- Not exaggerated.

It is obvious that the observance of some of these maxims is a matter of less urgency than is the observance of others; a person who has expressed himself with undue prolixity would, in general, be open to milder comment than would a person who has said something he believes to be false. Indeed, it might be felt that the importance of at least the first maxim of Quality is such that it should not be included in a scheme of the kind I am constructing; other maxims come into operation only on the assumption that this maxim of Quality is satisfied. While this may be correct, so far as the generation of implicatures is concerned, it seems to play a role not totally different from the other

maxims, and it will be convenient, for the present at least, to treat it as a member of the list of maxims (Grice 27).

The maxim of Quality, enjoining the provision of contributions which are genuine rather than spurious (truthful rather than mendacious), does not seem to be just one among a number of recipes for producing contributions; it seems rather to spell out the difference between something's being, or (strictly speaking) failing to be, any kind of contribution at all. Exaggerated and false information is not an inferior kind of information; it just is not information (Grice 371). While he talks of "the maxim of Quality," Grice's concern here is with the speaker's contribution as a whole. Indeed, there is room for doubt about whether he had the first maxim of Quality or the super maxim in mind. In this chapter my aim is to show how the violations of the maxim's function and how those maxims affects the quality of 2Pac Shakur's rapping style that cause them to be effective.

There is a range of apparent counterexamples to the claim that speakers try to tell the truth. These include exaggeration, fictions, lies, jokes, metaphors and

ironies. In this chapter I will show that 2Pac uses "Fiction" Narratives the most to be effective. Grice, for instance, notes that the Quality maxim may be violated and lists several categories of violation, each with its characteristic effects (Grice 30). The utterance of a lie (fiction) is an example of an obvious violation of Quality, because the hearer assumes that the utterances are not exaggerated or untrue, therefore, the hearer may believe what the speaker has said. Fictions may be seen as cases in which the maxim of truthfulness is overtly suspended (the speaker overtly opts out of it, in which 2Pac does conveniently); the hearer is meant to notice that it is no longer operative, and is not expected to assume that the speaker believes what he/she has said. Metaphor, irony and other tropes represent another category: they are *overt violations (flouting)* of the maxim of truthfulness, in which the hearer is meant to assume that the maxim of truthfulness is no longer operative, but that the super maxim of Quality remains in force, so that some true proposition is still conveyed. This is how Maxims are broken throughout 2Pac's song because he exaggerates and fictionalizes certain statements,

causing a conversational implicature to be introduced through these counterexamples.

2pac violates the maxim of Quality in a few verses from his song "Changes":

1. I see no changes, all I see is racist faces,
misplaced hate makes disgrace to races

The Maxim of Quality is violated because there are many different cultures, including his own culture --

African-Americans, that are not racist in America. Grice believes that this form of utterance is what leads the speaker to flout a maxim and in the case of the line, 2pac effectively flouts the maxim. (1) Do not say what you believe to be false to intentionally expose the true racist in this country and to give people an inner view on how he views the world. He extends himself by implying that it's everyone's problem and turns the direction of his lyrics and speaks directly to his listeners in line 2 and 3:

1. Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right.
2. Cause both black and white are smokin crack tonight.

In verse 2 and 3 2Pac implies that all people use drugs and that we treat each other in an evil way. He continues:

1. And only time we deal is when we kill each other
2. It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
3. And though it seems heaven-sent we ain't ready, to have a black President, huh

When 2Pac states that the world isn't ready for a black president, he assumes that the world is still racist and more importantly black people are still in a state of emergency. As a rapper 2Pac is skilled at using the type of lyrical rhetoric that make his listeners tune in to his view of the various injustices. In Line 9, for example, he raps:

9. It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact
the penitentiary's packed, and it's filled
with blacks

Once again 2pac is being untruthful by stating that the prison is filled with blacks. This implies that the prison system is only filled with blacks, but we all know that the prison system is filled with all races. He is effective by exaggerating and by implementing some truthful information. Indeed, the lyrics are obviously in violation because he makes false statements that are

uttered to be the truth. This will be more evident in the next song where 2Pac directs his lyrics to a specific race.

2pac violates the maxim of Quality effectively in a few verses from another song "White Man's World":

9. Eatin jack macks starin at the walls in
silence.

10. Inside this cage where they captured all
my rage and violence.

Through a fictional narrative 2Pac imitates a prisoner trapped in a White Man's World in which he is confronting the life he must reside in. 2Pac uses the third person to imply what a person goes through in prison. In the same verse he goes on to point out through exaggeration that:

11. Being born with less I must confess
only adds to the stress

12. Two gun shots to my homey's head
died in his vest

13. Shot him to death and left him bleedin
for his family to see

14. I passed his casket gently asked him
is there heaven for Gee's?

Is there a heaven for Gee's (Gangsters)? 2Pac knows such a thing is not truthful but the questioning of this helps his listeners to picture what their life is worth

after death. This type of fictional-exaggerated-expression runs throughout the style of his rap songs. In the following "Fictional" verses he points out the consequences of how a boy would feel about and counteract to being black in a "White Man's World" through questions that he knows won't be answered:

15. baby's mama be stressin sheddin tears
when her son finally asked that question
16. where my daddy at? mama why we live so
poor?
17. why you cryin? heard you late night
through my bedroom door
18. do ya love me mama? why they keep on
callin me nigga?

The lyrics above imply that he is inferior and troubled by the pain he sees and feels. Since 2Pac's rap style is like this, he is able to violate the maxims effectively through a "Fictional Narrative." It is safe to suggest that the way 2Pac expresses himself is an effective tool because the message being exaggerated is informative. Although the social ramifications are being exploited through his music, using fictitious narratives help increase the effectiveness on his listeners to believe or even sympathize with 2pac. And because conversation is a cooperative and social enterprise, his listeners

become adapted to 2Pac's process of socialization and language use. As he proceeds to the next lines:

19. Get my weight up wit my hate
pay 'em back when I'm bigga.
20. And still thuggin in this jail cell
missin my block.
21. Hearing brothas screaming all night
wishin they stop.
22. Proud to be black but why we act
like we don't love ourselves.
23. Don't look around busta check yourself.
24. Know what it means to be black
wether man or girl we still stugglin
in this white man'z world.

A listener may emotionally get drawn into the story of this young boy's life and be able to relate to it in some normal way, although the story isn't completely true. 2Pac's effectiveness comes not only through violating the conventions of language but also through poetic, in-your-face, social and fictional narratives. These lyrics take his listeners deeper into the minds of black boys. Or, is it the little boy this time or is it his feelings he is trying to convey? 2Pac is metaphorically speaking through the little boy, so the boy, or what 2Pac may call his conscience, is the teller

of this story that exaggerates the feeling that are released to his listeners.

According to Paul Grice, there is a regularity of truthfulness in linguistic behavior. This is not a convention in 2Pac's lyrical style, and since there is no alternative regularity which he would preferably conform to, his lyrics are loose and lack (in an effective way) being controlled by the normal patterns of how things should be said. As in the verses below, 2Pac raps about blasphemy and explores the extreme consequences that happen to the self. Assuredly, he does this by telling the story in a rhyming style that is not governed by truthfulness. He is able to use two different beliefs: a thug and a revolutionary. He shouts out phrases like "Babylon beware/Comin' for the Pharoah's kids" in the song "Blasphemy." This back and forth identity is a type of implicatum that makes him effective.

Furthermore, the violation of the maxim Quality is prevalent again in more selected verses from another one of his song "Blasphemy":

1. We probably in hell already
Our dumb asses not knowing

2. Everybody kissing ass to go to heaven
ain't going, put my soul on it
3. I'm fighting devil niggas daily
Plus the media be crucifying brothas
Severely
4. Tell me I ain't God's son
nigga mom a virgin

"We probably in hell already" is an apparent lie, thus a violation of the maxim of Quality. But this violation causes his audience to question their existence, to examine the conditions of their Life, and to realize the injustice of society. As if he knows that his audience will see through his lie, he asks them to put his soul in it, hence reinforcing the already produced effect that he has achieved through implicature. He goes on:

8. It's coming from these Pharoahs kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit
we did
9. Still bullshitting niggas in Jerusalem
waiting for signs
10. God promised, he's just taking his time
11. Living by the Nile while the water flows
I'm contemplating plots wondering which
door to go
12. Brothas getting shot coming back
resurrected

"Brotha's getting shot, coming back resurrected" are indications of the type of effect 2Pac has on his

listener. The line is effective because he flouts a maxim, thus causing a violation of the maxim of Quality to occur --which helps reinforce those lyrics that are filled with untrue notions. Furthermore, 2Pac utters words that may include people's beliefs, which is the reason for him having a deep piercing effect on his audience; this wouldn't be the case if he didn't violate the maxims of Quality. The next lines seem to be rhetorical:

13. The future want me buried. Why?
Cause I don't hear a liar

14. Have you ever seen a crack head
That's eternal fire

15. Is God just another cop waiting to beat
my ass if I don't go pop

"Is GOD just another cop waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop" is a powerful statement, which people in poorer communities may question along with him. However philosophical the lyrics may be; 2pac's contribution to making true statements are violated and it's the violation that engages his listeners to pay attention. The lyrics are implying that the world he was born in and taught to live in by his father leaves him no alternative but to question God. 2Pac goes on

throughout this song giving the listeners an understanding of why he chose his lifestyle and questions God through statements like; "the future wants me buried. Why? Cause I don't hear a liar," and "have you ever seen a crack head that's eternal fire." The lyrics' potent message is a parallel to that of Life and Death. That parallel between the two is how 2Pac implies that how life is will be the same in heaven. Because, if God really exists, people's lives wouldn't experience so much adversity. As another example, the lyrics below help his violation of Quality be more effective:

16. They say Jesus is a kind man
Well he should understand times in this
crime land

17. I leave this and hope God can see my
heart is pure Is heaven just another
Door

2pac intentionally violates the maxim of Quality again in a few verses from another one of his song "16 On Deathrow":

1. Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive, when the ghetto's
where you live
2. Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin like a thief, runnin through the
Streets

3. Bye bye, and I got no place to go...
...Where they find me? 16 on Death Row

These verses are again fictional narratives in which 2pac discusses a life of a sixteen year old boy who doesn't exist. This type of story-telling through metaphor, ironies and extreme exaggeration violates the maxim because he doesn't have the evidence to support what he is saying. This helps him to be effective because he is able to give people a glimpse of the struggles and criminal mind state of young criminals that may truly exist. In the next verses he states:

4. Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, cause I came
from a broken family
5. My uncle used to touch me, I never told
you that scared what you might do, I
couldn't hold you back

Did this really happen to 2Pac? Can we believe what he tells us? We can assume that the event in these lines are false because he uses a narrative style, as can be judged from the pattern and examples he has set forth through his other songs. He continues, below, with the same direction:

4. I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel
my anger, I'm down for all my homies, no
mercy for a stranger
5. Instead of livin sad in jail I coulda died free
and happy

The use of metaphors and exaggerations are evident in the next verse in order to paint a horrific picture of being in prison:

9. And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm, you can hear
his asshole gettin torn
10. They made me an animal can't sleep,
instead of countin sheep, niggaz countin
cannibals
11. And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your
best friend

From a linguist's point of view, cases of lies and exaggerations are very interesting. Lies/exaggerations, for example, can be seen as a flouting of the maxim of Quality, as for example, "And my cellmate's rape on the norm and passed' around the dorm, you can hear his asshole getting torn." Indeed the cooperative principle often forms an important part of the literal language theory. In this theory the principle is often viewed as the motor, which drives the interpretation of non-literal utterances. Thus, the listener will be led to

interpret rather than reject the lies and exaggerations
as in the lines below:

12. Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin every
Breath
13. I'm bitter cause I'm dyin, 'so much I
haven't seen
14. I know you never dreamed, your baby
would be dead at 16
15. I got beef with a sick society that
doesn't give a shit

2Pac lyrics must be viewed in the context of social,
political and cultural forms (Smitherman 35). Through
signification, 2pac creates a song that points out the
actions of people in his community and the world. He
violates the maxim of Quality by exaggerating. 2pac is
using false and negative lyrics about people through
clever and stunning put-down.

16. And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
17. He's a crook with a book, that
motherfucker never cared for me
18. He's only here to be sure
I don't drop a dime to God bout the
crimes he's committing on the poor,
19. And how can these people judge me? They
ain't my peers and in all these years,
they ain't never love me

2Pac revealed, in great detail, the struggle in the prison system and the unfairness he received from the local Police and religious authorities. The above lines violate the maxim of truthfulness and proved to have a significant role by exaggerating various characteristics about leaders.

2pac effectively violates the maxim of Quality again in several verses from another one of his song "I Don't Give A Fuck":

1. Cops bragging about the nigga he's jackin
I see no justice
2. All I see is niggas dying fast The sound
of a gun blast
3. The Grammy's and the American music shows
pimp us like hoes

The "lyrics above and below suggest a point of view, a way of looking at life" and a method of understanding life's harsh realities (Smitherman 3). At times, it is hard to understand who the lyrics are directed at because he uses "they" to refer to white America. He continues with more exaggeration of what he believes racists believe. He states:

4. Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need

5. They wanna jack me like some kind of
crack fiend
6. And if you look between the lines you'll
find a rhyme as strong as a fuckin' nine
they just don't give a fuck

2pac effectively violates the maxim of Quality again in
several verses from another one of his song "Letter To
The President":

1. Dear Mr. President, whats happenin?
2. I'm writin' you because shit is still
real fucked up in my neighborhood
3. Pretty much the same way, right around
the time when you got elected
4. Ain't nothin changed all the promises you
made, before you got elected, they ain't
came true
5. Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up
in the hood
6. Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President
Me and my homies is wonderin what's goin
on...holla!

As 2Pac violates the maxim of Quality, there is room for
doubt about whether he had the first maxim of Quality or
the super maxim in mind. One may believe that this is
not a minor detail. After all, many, if not most, of the
serious declarative lines are not strictly and literally
true, either because they are figurative, or simply
because 2pac expresses himself indirectly. 2Pac states:

7. Why should I lie, when I can dramatize?
Niggaz fell victim to my lyrics, now
Traumatized
8. Plus the concepts I depict, so visual,
that you can kiss each and every trick or
bitch, inside the shit I kick
9. My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep
Countin

This is untrue but it helps him be effective and his listeners may understand that 2Pac is just using figures of speech to get his point across. He continues:

10. Figure if we high they can train us
but then America fucked up and blamed us
11. I guess it's cause we black that we
targets

2Pac's fictional style in the above utterances gives his listeners the opportunity to relate to what he feels. Therefore, as we further explore the diverse ways in which 2Pac's lyrics change meanings through various caricatures, which leads to a direct violation of the maxim of Quality because of its fictional nature. The line below gives more examples of this. 2Pac states:

12. We tired of being scapegoats for this
capitalistic drug dealing
13. How hypocritical is Liberty? That blind
bitch ain't never did shit for me

As is clear, 2Pac consistently exaggerates and says what he knows is false. In the above utterances, he blames the government for dealing drugs to the black community. He also questions the idea of Liberty in America and narrates the history of America as being racist. He states:

14. My history, full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family
behind bars
15. And they wonder why we scarred, thirteen
looking hard
16. Sister had a baby as an adolescent,
where was God?
17. Somewhere in the middle of my mind
is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin
let him die
18. Down to die, for everything I represent
Meant every word, in my letter to the
President

Although 2pac "may or may not act out the implications of their words, the point is that the listeners do not necessarily expect any action to follow. As a matter of fact, skillful rappers can often avoid having to prove themselves through deeds if their rap is strong enough" (Smitherman, p.83).

Conclusion

As we have noticed, many of 2pac's lyrics are not completely governed by any complete maxim of truthfulness. He does this intentionally, by putting forth a fictional narrative that is full of social conditions and bias information about the environment that surrounds his life and the life of thugs and people of color that happen to take place in America. Whether that is truth by coincidence, he is still exaggerating the truth by helping his listeners identify with him and the Ghetto -- the place he grew up in.

My analysis of 2Pac lyrics is that the convention whereby he uses a fictional and exaggerated language is not a convention of truthfulness and trust in language. To be truthful in language is to talk or inform in a certain way and to try not to utter sentences that are not true.

In addition, truthfulness might not be the only factor that needs to be taken into account, because communication cannot be explained by conventions of truthfulness alone. 2Pac's lyrics are expected to be truthful in the conventions of language, and they are not. This is the reason why his music is effective.

2Pac's lyrics actually inform his listeners well because they are challenged to seek the truth in language and in life. Some of his listeners and critics may conclude that his music extends beyond what should be said, but does incorporate some truths through exaggeration and fiction. It's obvious that communication depends on principles of helpfulness and relevance as well as truthfulness. 2Pac's lyrics also show that, on the contrary, expectations of truthfulness are a by-product of expectations of relevance.

Diggy-De) that once again causes the lyrics, at times to be effective.

The meaning and expression of 2pac's songs create a style that is viewed by many as complex and unconventional. However, his lyrics are popular by being unconventional, contradictory, and articulate but not absent of intellectual clarity. His lyrics display a common feature of community and popular cultural dialogues that always offer more than one cultural social, or political viewpoint (Rose 2). Grice and most pragmaticists may find 2Pac lyrics to be direct communicative intention, which have treated conversational implicature as an expressive modification. Although Grice articulates a distinction between asserting a proposition and expressing an intentional state, it is evident that only the former requires reflexive intentions. Further, self-expression is argued to be adequate to account for a wide range of conversational implicata. It follows that unlike what is said, what is implicated need not carry the normative status characteristic of illocutionary acts. That normative status is here characterized and used to shed light on the notion of what a conversation requires.

Since 2Pac's lyrics are uttered in a self-expressive style, Grice would consider them to be a violation of Manner. Without the lyrics having this self-expressive style, 2Pac's lyrics would not have a more powerful effect on his listeners. Grice's notions of Manner includes a group of maxims that help create the effect of 2Pac lyrics:

- (1) Grice's maxims of Manner: Supermaxim: Be perspicuous. And four more specific maxims:
 - (i) Avoid obscurity /of expression.
 - (ii) Avoid ambiguity.
 - (iii) Be brief (avoid unnecessary prolixity).
 - (iv) Be orderly.

When 2pac violates those maxims of Manner in his songs, there are major underlying points (or expressions) in which he is trying to imply certain personal attacks as well as various social, cultural, political issues. In order to understand and interpret the truth of his lyrics more carefully; I shall analyze several of 2Pac's songs to see how they convey their meanings.

Many lyrics from a variety of his songs violate the maxims of "Manner." Those songs violate the maxims of

"Manner" because the lyrics are not only deliberately vague and ambiguous, but they seem to reach far beyond the limited-and-limiting perception of him and society in order to have an effect on his listeners.

Noticeably, what is implied in 2Pac lyrics sometime does not fully imply what is said by the actual utterance, like the utterance "Pour Out A Little Liquor," which is an expression used as an interpretation to grieve a person's death. One would actually "Pour out A Little liquor" on the ground as they're paying respect to a loved one who is deceased, and then take a drink afterward. This utterance becomes a derivative of what 2Pac actually means -- what is said is context-dependent.

The maxim of Manner is broken in the following song "Hail Mary," because his lyrics are obscure and expressive, causing a conversational Implicature to be introduced. 2pac violates that maxim of Manner when he states:

1. I ain't a killa but don't push me
revenge is like the sweetest joy next to
gettin pussy
2. Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words
quoted. Peep the weakness in the rap game
and sowed it.

3. Bow down, pray to God hopin that he's
listenin, seein niggas comin for me, to
my diamonds, when they glistenin
4. Now pay attention, Rest in peace father,
I'm a ghost in these killin fields, Hail
Mary catch me if I go.

The manner in which he utters this expression is to show how he is at the point of insanity, and revenge on his enemies. "I ain't a killa but don't push me, revenge is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy." 2Pac is violating the maxim: (1) Avoid obscurity of expression in lines 2 and 3: This violation makes his lyrics effective because his audience who are able to interpret this utterance understands the complexity of fear and danger of surviving in the "Ghetto." He also speaks in the black dialect (i.e. seein, hopin, and peep) that makes it hard to understand for some of his listeners. He continues:

5. Let's go deep inside the solitary
mind of a mad man screams in the dark,
evil lurks, enemies, see me flee

The expressive and obscure utterance above isn't easily understood -- the meaning is hidden in slang, black dialect, the double meanings of words and his inventions

of new words such as "Killuminati," therefore causing him to violate a maxim of manner. As he continues:

6. Activate my hate, let it break, to the
flame set trip, empty out my clip, never
stop to aim,
7. Some say the game is all corrupted, fuck
this shit, stuck, niggas lucky if we bust
out this shit.
8. Plus momma told me never stop until I
bust a nut, fuck the world if they can't
adjust

Conversational Implicature happens once again because the lyrics imply a hiding or veiling of meaning through some inadequacy of expression or withholding of full knowledge. 2Pac is expressing his ideas about other thugs robbing him, but he doesn't state precisely whom he's talking about. The song's purpose is directed for his audience to hear the implication of his prayer and cry for protection and forgiveness. The lyrics' order and direction are unclear about whether the song is his Hail Mary, or whether it is effective on his audience because they identify with Hail Mary. 2pac further violates the maxim again in the following lines:

9. Penitentiary is packed, with promise
makers never realize the precious time
the bitch niggas wastin

The lines above and those to follow are a problem that concerns Grice's basic assumption - the distinction between what is 'explicitly said' and what is 'implicated' as in the following underlined lyrics:

10. Institutionalized I live my life a product
made to crumble, but to hardened to
smile, were to crazy to be humble
11. We ballin catch me father please cause
I'm fallin, in the liquor store
Pass the Hennessy I hear ya callin
12. Can I get some more? Hail till I reach
hell, I ain't scared. Momma checkin in
my bedroom I ain't there

A violation occurs in Line 10 and 11 because these utterances manifest, embody, and symbolize something else rather than what is actually uttered. The expression in line 10 is saying that he is in prison and is no longer a person but a product which can crumble at anytime therefore becoming useless. In line 11, "We ballin" is street slang that refers to a person making a lot of money (and in this case) selling drugs. However for 2Pac, the notion of what his lyrics are saying is not as straightforward as it may obviously seem. This shall become clear in the following lines.

13. I got a head wit no screws in it
what can I do one life to live but I got
nothin to lose

14. Just me and you on a one way trip to
prison sellin drugs we all wrapped up in
this livin life as thugs
15. To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doin
there deal, Raise hell to this real shit
and feel this
16. When they turn out the lights I'll be
down in the dark thuggin eternal through
my heart Now Hail Mary nigga

2Pac's self-expressions lead his listeners to figure out what the implication of these lines are, especially the utterance "Clinton Max," which is vague and ambiguous (when interpreted this phrase means the state's maximum prison system). It's called "Clinton Max" because Bill Clinton was the president of the United States at the time -- Clinton was the leader of the "Free World." Nevertheless, which aspects of these are explicitly expressed, and which are Implicatures? After deconstructing the lyrics, it's now clear that utterances like "Clinton Max," and "Hail Mary Nigga" is not explicitly expressed and, therefore, are an implicature. But according to Grice's theory, the title of the song "Hail Mary" and all the lyrics uttered in the song are implicatures too, since they are not absolutely directive -- they are, as a whole, indirect.

Several years after introducing his original interpretation on meaning, Grice sketched out a theory of pragmatic implication, distinct from semantic implication, as a tool for resolving certain linguistic problems in the theory of perception (Grice 1951).

Consider the following lyrics from the song "So Many Tears:"

1. I shall fear no man, but God though I
walk through the valley of death I shed
so many tears, Please God walk with me
2. Back in Elementary, I thrived on misery
left me alone I grew up amongst a dying
breed
3. As my mind couldn't find a place to rest
until I got that Thug Life Planted on my
chest

The lyrics shows that the semantic phrase "Thug Life Planted On My Chest" doesn't imply that there is actually a growing plant on his chest. The utterance means that 2Pac put a Tattoo on himself. However, such an pragmatic implication is a violation, which, when interpreted, arises from "a general feature or principle of the use of expressive language." 2Pac roughly formulates his lyrics to violate the principle (1) Avoid obscurity of expression. 2Pac continues with questions

in his lyrics that he knows he will not get an answer back. He states:

4. Tell me can ya feel me? I'm not livin in
tha Past, Ya wanna last Be tha first to
blast, remember Kato
5. No longer with us he's deceased call on
tha sirens, I seem him murdered in tha
streets now rest in peace
6. Is there heaven for a 'G'? remember me,
so many homies in tha cemetery shed so
many tears

The questions "Tell me can you feel me?" and "Is there a Heaven for a G" are not questions. Rather, they are statements. He knew that no one would be able to answer him. But questions seem more effective than statements, because they invite the audience to formulate answers to think about issues and to create the impression that there is a dialogue going on. The above lines are forms of expressions 2Pac uses throughout his music to get his listeners to feel what he is saying and to challenge their beliefs. When he uses the term "G" in his lyrics, that letter stands for Gangster or Thug. 2Pac's use of Black English Vernacular (ya, tha, livin &c.), and slang, helps his lyrics to be effective.

The expressions are similar in the following lines, such as:

8. And fuck tha world cuz I'm cursed
I'm havin visions of leaven here in a
hurst God can ya feel me?

In this line he violates the maxim of Manner by using expletives to make a point. He uses the word "Fuck" as an expression to make what he is implying stronger. The vague use is an (!) mark to make his point stronger. Another question posed, to God this time, which is outside the conventional method of Grice's theory. He continues with statements like:

9. Take me away from all tha pressure and
all tha pain show me some happiness
again I'm goin' blind
10. I spend my time in this cell, ain't
livin' well I know my destiny is hell,
where did I fail?
11. My life is in denial and when I Die,
baptised in Eternal Fire shed so many
tears

"I'm going blind," is a violation because it is a vague expression of how he is affected by his lifestyle. The utterance means his life is dying and he is unable to see the truth. The violation is effective because 2Pac indirectly implies that he is ready to die to be relieved from all the pain that he is experiencing. By

not saying it directly a powerful effect occurs and a conversational implicature is introduced and a violation of Grice's principle "Manner" happens. 2Pac lyrics often imply a meaning that cancels out the actual utterance of what he first implicated, therefore, creating an effect.

12. Now I'm lost and I'm weary
so many tears, I'm suicidal, so don't
stand near me

13. My every move is a complicated step
to bring me closer to embrace an early
death now there's nothing left

These two lines are indirect, vague and not orderly because he doesn't state clearly what he's exactly talking about and why he feels that way. The Song is titled "So Many Tears." The lyrics inside it are easy to understand by his everyday listeners but can be ambiguous to others, who haven't followed 2Pac's life. The song is more of an expression as a whole and, as I said in chapter 2, they are fictional narratives that sums up the thoughts on social, political, institutional (prison) and environmental issues. In the following lines he talks about being in prison; the core of the song is about him being afraid, and fearing for his life and the life of his people:

14. There was no mercy on tha streets
I couldn't rest I'm barely standing,
bout to go to pieces, screaming peace
15. And though my soul was deleted, I
couldn't see it I had my mind full of
demons tryin' to break free
16. They planted seeds and they hatched
sparking tha flame in my brain like a
match, such a dirty game
17. No memories, just misery painting a
picture of my enemies killing me in my
sleep

These self-expressions of life behind the "Prison Walls" and the phrase "They planted seed and they hatched, sparking tha flame in my brain" is to imply that his mind and behavior is being modified; and that implication is not clear. Nonetheless, the point is that his rap lyrics play with what its listeners know (or don't), such as the underlined and bold words in the following lines:

22. I'm trapped inside a maze see this
Tangaray influenced me to gettin crazy
23. Disillusioned lately I've been really
wanting babies so I could see a part of
me that wasn't always shady don't trust
my lady

The purpose of the lyrics is to draw the listeners into his world as the style shifts through topological sequences that let out a long line of ambiguity, only to

yank it back to 'hook' its listeners like an angler snagging a trout (Rose 4). This is true as well in song

"Keep your Head Up" in which 2Pac states:

1. Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
2. I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
3. I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, and don't nobody else care
4. And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down
a lot when you come around the block
brothas clown a lot

In this song 2Pac fails to fulfill a particular maxim through ineptitude. For example, he may ineptly use words too technical (blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice) for the audience and occasion, inadvertently violating the first maxim of Manner. For example, the underline words are street slang mixed with Ebonics.

2. Cause sista you don't need him and I
ain't tryin to gas ya up, I just call em
how I see em
3. You know it makes me unhappy when brothas make
babies, and leave a young mother to be a pappy

2Pac violates a maxim when he state "gas ya up." He means something additional to what he is merely saying. For example, when he makes a statement:

1. You know it's funny when it rains it
yours They got money for wars, but can't
feed the poor

The additional meaning 2Pac tries to say is by
criticizing the government's morale.

24. Say there ain't no hope for the youth
and the truth is it ain't no hope for
tha future
25. And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother, for turning my
brother into a crack baby
26. We ain't meant to survive, cause it's a
set-up and even though you're fed up
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

He continues and makes a point about single mothers and
their struggles. He states:

27. And uhh, to all the ladies havin babies
on they own I know it's kinda rough and
you're feelin all alone
28. Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya
lonesome Thank the Lord for my kids,
even if nobody else want em
29. Cause I think we can make it, in fact,
I'm sure and if you fall, stand tall and
Come back for more
30. Cause ain't nuttin worse than when your
son wants to know why his daddy don't
love him no mo'

With the obvious obscurity, 2pac is able to be effective
because his utterance seems to be speaking directly to
Black Women. He continues:

31. You can't complain you was dealt this
hell of a hand without a man, feelin
helpless
32. Because there's too many things for you
to deal with Dying inside, but outside
you're looking fearless
33. While tears, is rollin down your cheeks
Ya steady hopin things don't fall down
this week
34. Cause if it did, you couldn't take it,
and don't blame me I was given this
world I didn't make it
35. And now my son's gettin older and older
and cold From havin the world on his
shoulders

The purpose of 2Pac lyrics is to portray the social conditions that are still prevalent in today's society. And, although he is mostly vague and perspicuous, his lyrics are effective in doing just that.

2Pac's lyrical assumptions are deeply imbedded in vague notions about life; his lyrics are implicating ideas that are sometimes hard for his audience to get. Take a look at the song where he asks the question, "How long will they mourn me?" 2pac states:

1. All my homies drinking liquor, tears in
everybody's eyes niggas cried to mourn a
homies homicide
2. But I can't cry instead I'm just a
shoulder Damn, why they take another
soldier

3. I load my clip before my eyes blurry,
don't worry I'll get them suckas back
before your buried
4. Retaliate and pull a 187 do real niggas
get to go to heaven?

Throughout his songs 2Pac poses questions which are actually statements. The utterance "do real niggaz get to go to heaven," is a question that 2pac already knows the answer to, but he uses the style of questioning to be more effective -- although it's ambiguous. He continues with more swearing language use as in the lines below. 2Pac states:

5. How long will they mourn me, bury me a
muthafuckin 'G' bitch don't wanna die
then don't fuck with me
6. It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the
pavement twisted
7. Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard
to make amends But I'm losing all my
muthafuckin friends
8. They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm
How long will they mourn me?

Furthermore, the maxim of manner is violated because the lyrics contain a built-in assumption of many types of technical language use (especially when he uses just the letter "G" in place of the word "Gangster" and

the word "Twisted" that mean "Dead"): one that isn't clear or directly informative. Most of his songs have types of language use where obscurity and ambiguity are expected and valued, such as the following song "Dear Mama" when he talks about the struggles he witnessed his single-mother trying to overcome. 2Pac states:

1. When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the
Streets
2. Though back at the time, I never thought
I'd see her face ain't a woman alive that
could take my mama's place

The above lines are ambiguous because we don't know what he means when he state "I never thought I see her face."

He continues:

3. I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was Hell,
huggin on my mama from a jail cell
4. And who'd think in elementary? Heeey! I
see the penitentiary, one day
1. And even as a crack fiend, mama you
always was a black queen, mama
13. Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy cause the coward
wasn't there
16. I hung around with the Thugs, and even
though they sold drugs They showed a
young brother love

17. I moved out and started really hangin
I needed money of my own so I started
slangin

18. I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell
rocks It feels good puttin money in your
mailbox

He uses the slang word, "Rock," as a metaphor to describe crack cocaine. The style of his lyrics being perspicuous strengthens the effect he has on his listeners. He continues releasing his sincere love for his mother. He states:

22. Ya just workin with the scraps you was
given And mama made miracles every
Thanksgivin

23. But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're tryin to raise two bad kids on
your own

A Violation of the maxim of manner is evident in 2Pac's lyrics, since all his utterances are to a certain extent ambiguous (e.g. mama made miracles every thanksgiving). The violation of the maxims of Manner cannot be reduced to a single violation of just one maxim. Grice seems to argue that a single maxim does not make a clearer or more accurate prediction than the combined set of maxims succeeds in doing. It is the Cooperative Principle of Manner (CP) and its super maxims, which underlie the whole process of utterance interpretation:

25. Pour out some liquor and I reminisce,
cause through the drama I can always
depend on my mama
30. There are no words that can express how
I feel you never kept a secret, always
stayed real
32. I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night
there's a brighter day
33. Everything will be alright if ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on

2pac talked a lot about God. His lyrics had many vague statements about his life and the life of people living in the Ghettos throughout America. The song "Only God can Judge me" is this type of song. It is filled with a violation of a maxim of Manner, leaving a competent hearer to draw one of several possible conclusions, depending on the particular case of the lyrics vagueness. The line: "and in my mind I'm a blind man doing time" is a violation because it is ambiguous. 2Pac further states:

1. Perhaps, I was blind to tha facts
Stabbed in tha back I Couldn't trust my
own homies Just a bunch a dirty rats
2. Will I, succeed Paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus try to focus But I can't
See

3. And in my mind I'm a, blind man doin'
time Look to my future Cause my past is
all behind me.

Grice's analysis of meaning in terms of 2Pac's verbal intentions leaves no doubt that 2Pac effectively violates the CP, because his lyric mean something other than what it literally asserts. -- such as, for example:

1. Is it a crime To fight for what is mine?
Everybody's dyin' Tell me, What's the use
of tryin'
2. I've been trapped since birth Cautious,
cause I'm cursed and fantasies of my
family in a hurry

The above lines are a violation because they do not convey a direct stated meaning; instead the lyrics are filled with vague statements that don't give his listener the true implied meaning. He continues:

3. Oh my lord Tell me what I'm livin' for
Everybody's droppin' Got me knockin' on
heaven's door
4. I hear the doctor standing over me
Screaming I can make it, got a body full
of bullet holes laying here naked

Grice feels that there should be a general line of reasoning by which the hearer should be able to recover the "true meaning" in any given case of a conversation: 2pac does do this by letting his hearers discover the implicature through violation of CP manner. The

violation is stretched further because 2Pac lyrics are full of technical semantics; one would have to understand the various meanings of certain words and phrases. 2Pac will utter a statement through his lyrics to become more self-directive and self-expressive. He states:

5. Still, I can't breathe something evil
in my I-V cuz every time I breathe I
think their killing me
6. I'm having nightmares, Homicidal
fantansies I wake up stranglin' Danglin'
7. I wish they didn't miss Somebody help me
Tell me where to go from here? Cuz even
thugs cry But do the Lord care?

2Pac talks about how he feels but the lines are vague because these things are fantasies in his mind. He also introduces new conversational implicatures (i.e., "paranoid state" and "fuck peace" where the listener will have to depend heavily on context or occasion, such in the lines below:

8. Tryin' to remember But it hurts
I'm walking through the cementary
Talkin' to the dirt
9. Black Power is what we scream As we
dream In a paranoid state And our fate
Is a lifetime of hate

10. Dear mama, can you save me? And fuck
peace Cuz the streets got our babies We
gotta eat

And, this is even more true in the song "Fuck the world"

1. Damn, they wanna label me a menace
cause I'm sittin here sippin on Guinness
4. Some of you suckers is rotten plotten on
what I got then you wonder why I shot him
booya please stop

The hearers will have to rely on context in order to interpret the meaning of 2Pac.

Conclusion

2Pac's effective style of rapping, while uneven and vague in places, certainly demonstrates the potency of the lyrics, as well as their rhetorical fluidity. Many of his songs are personal and political in their delivery, and the purposes of those songs are to reveal various social injustices and inequalities that America and the world have ignored or at times validate. His violation of the maxims of Manner helps his lyrics be effective. His self-expressions and many uses of expletives and slang are just a small part of how his lyrics communicate the various conditions of the ghettoes of the world.

Grice's basic thoughts and ideas for these conversational implicatures help us understand the effect of 2Pac's music through the violation of the CP which helps us decode and understand the various meanings in the lyrics. The decoding of his lyrics may force many of his listeners to think very carefully about the sorts of facts a meaning in an utterance is supposed to account for. It will also allow them to reflect upon the most central lyrics that are vague and ambiguous, that otherwise might be taken for the actual utterance.

Grice's theory has given me the ability to critically analyze 2pac's lyrics. The violation of the Cooperative Principle "Manner" points out 2Pac's strengths and weaknesses. As Grice's theory has shown, the "Manner Theory" does much more than just further elaborate Gricean ideas -- it gives 2Pac's listeners the ability to decipher a true meaning of his music. 2Pacs lyrical and poetic effects exceeds far beyond the conventions of language, but at the same time, his music could make an important contribution to teaching literary criticism, by using the lyrics as a pedagogical method with inner city kids.

CHAPTER FOUR

CONCLUSION

Throughout this analysis it is safe to conclude that 2Pac Shakur's lyrics are not fully revealed or expressed without narration, exaggeration, vagueness, implication, or ambiguity. The core of his lyrics is intriguing -- many times being socially and culturally informative; but he does (more than often) leave his listeners hanging on questions as to what the meaning or intent of his music implies -- especially if they are not a 2Pac listener. They are left to make assumptions on what the meaning of his lyrics actually mean. There are assumptions the listener starts out with; the listener will assume, unless there is evidence to the contrary, that 2Pac will have calculated his lyrics along a number of guidelines: he will tell the truth, try to estimate what his listeners knows and package his music accordingly, have some idea of the current topic, and give some thought to his listener being able to understand him. Although these are assumptions, any or all may be wrong, and 2Pac may realize this or not, but this is a kind of baseline for the analysis.

Understanding and knowing the audience will help 2Pac be more effective.

More importantly, what his lyrics seem to do effectively is send a cultural message through America. His lyrics depict the struggles of the ghetto, the problems of race and the police, his ideas on war and politics and the life of urban poverty. In addition, the lyrics revealed, in great detail, the struggle in the California slums, and the unfairness 2Pac personally received from local police. The songs proved to have a significant role in introducing urban street culture to the mainstream. They also focused on the problems that plague the inner-city, like violence, drugs, and the exploitation of men, women and children. 2Pac lyrics articulate what's at stake. They break through the strained dichotomies between "intellectual" and "popular" culture, and perhaps even take account of the interpenetration of such categories.

When listeners begin to analyze 2Pac's lyrics, they will notice that the Co-operative Principles (Quality and Manner) and its maxims do more: the maxims help recover and understand the explicit content of the lyrics. Throughout the analysis, Grice's theory helps

decode 2Pac's lyrics to understand what the implied meaning may be and how they are being implied.

The Quality and Manner maxims provided a clear-cut distinction between semantics and pragmatics as a distinction between what is said and what is implicated. Therefore, the content of 2Pac's lyrics display a semantic and pragmatic process that makes a far greater contribution to determining explicit content that has generally been difficult to decipher. While exploring the content of the lyrics' meaning, I found that most of his lyrics give various indications of the actual uttered meaning. I also found that the listener's best resourceful option would be to use those indications together with background knowledge to construct an interpretation of 2Pac's meaning, guided by expectations of relevance and the Co-operative Principles, Quality and Manner, raised by the utterance itself.

Furthermore, part of 2Pac's lyrics may be recognized in context as a form of loose talk (expressive). His lyrics seem to have implicit and explicit meaning through an abundance of expressions (specifically Black Cultural Expression) in the lyrics rapped. Tricia Rose talks about this style of expressive

rap in her book Black Noise. In addition, 2Pac was effective in establishing his voice in a society that was barely accepting rap music at the time. His lyrics became more effective when society would ignore and even discredit rap music altogether.

I think deliberately and forcefully, 2Pac lyrics offer a model -- of "public" and "private" transcripts about culture, race and society--which suggests his style of doubleness (the coded nature of rap lyrics). And, as far as this analysis goes, Rose is right about the contributions rap has made to music and literature. Yet it's ironic, given the substantial work done on the black tradition of Signifying (communication in a traditional black dialect) and storytelling, that 2Pac seem to display this style, choosing to remain a voice within a voice that resonates as strongly as he did through rap music. In particular, the doubleness of 2Pac lyrical style of rapping is juxtaposed with Grice's notion, that what is communicated by an utterance has two components: what is said and (optionally) what is implicated.

The fact that 2Pac's lyrics clearly do not state what is said is an accepted way of rapping and a common-

style in many rap lyrics today. Grice's goal was to argue against the view of meaning that traditional language is absolute. 2Pac lyrics helped Grice achieve his goal, which is to show that what is said, is best described in terms of style, while much of the complexity and subtlety of 2Pac's lyrical interpretation is best explained in terms of implicatures.

In understanding the implicit meaning of 2pac's lyrics, a certain amount of inference, and hence a certain degree of indeterminacy, is involved. As I suggested above, there seems to be regularity in the inference-forming attitudes of his listeners for 2Pac to exploit this by implying something, rather than stating it. Grice argued that this predictability of implicature could be explained when violating a cooperative principle (Quality and Manner). The misinterpretation that 2Pac's listeners may often make about his lyrics seemed to Grice to be of several different types, giving rise to different types of inferences, or from 2Pac's point of view, implicatures. It is important to realize that the conversational principles that Grice proposed are not mandatory rules, which people have to follow to speak a language; nor are they moral principles. They

are explanations of what and how things are uttered in a given context. Grice states that "language serves many important purposes besides those of scientific inquiry; we can know perfectly well what an expression means without knowing its analysis, and the provision of an analysis may consist in the specification, as generalized as possible, of the conditions that count for or against the applicability of the expression being analyzed" (Grice 16).

2pac's music is a "cultural form that attempts to negotiate the experiences of marginalization, brutally truncated opportunity, and oppression within cultural imperatives of African-American history, identity, and community—his music is black cultural expressivity. Like many forms of art; 2pac lyrics brings together some of the most complex social, cultural, and political issues in contemporary American society" (Rose 2-3).

APPENDIX:
2PAC SHAKUR'S ANALYZED SONGS

2PAC SHAKUR'S ANALYZED SONGS

ALBUM All Eyez On Me
SONG 2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted

(Snoop) Up out of there
(Tupac) Chuckles

Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

(Snoop) Pump that up G
(Tupac) Ahh shit, you done fucked up now

Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
You done put two of America's
Most wanted in the same
Motherfuckin place at the same
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Motherfuckin time, hahahahah
Y'all niggaz about to feel this
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Break out the champagne glasses
And them motherfuckin condoms
Have one on us aight?
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision my intention's to get
richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg my fuckin homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, cuz they got me on
the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind
But at the same time it seem they tryin to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionare motherfuckers catchin cases
bitches get ready for the throwdown, the shit's about to
go down

Uhh, me and Snoop about to clown
I'm Losin My Religion, I'm vicious on these stool
pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the grooves
missin
niggaz be actin like they savage, they out to get the
cabbage
I got, nuthin but love, for my niggaz livin lavish

I got a pit named P, she niggarino
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I, think I got a black Beamer
But my dream is to own a fly casino
Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
Mmm, it feel good to you baby bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys motherfucker

Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
niggaz been dying for years, so how could they blame us
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin these, motherfuckin G's
If ya got it better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted

Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Nuthin but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Nuthin but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin but a
Motherfuckin gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party
Nuthin but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin but a
Motherfuckin gangsta party
Ain't nuttin but a gangsta party

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, suffering is grief

Better be prepared when you try to fuck wit me
I bust a flea, these niggaz must be crazy what??
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the
Thugs
(hahah right) You thought it was but it wasn't, now
dissapear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like cuz, blood, gangbangin
Everybody in the party doing dope slangin
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swerl
Ya doing ya job, every day
And then you work so hard till ya hair turn gray
Let me tell you about life, and bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throat of rage
Floatin in the black Benz, tryin to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
niggaz is hard to kill, on my block
Keep a promise see if you're related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, try to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

© 2001 | www.Tupacnet.org | - Tha Tupac Page, All rights reserved.

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: The Don Killuminati
Song: Blasphemy

{VERSE 1}
My family tree consists of drug dealers,
Thugs and killers. Strugglin:
Known to hustle screaming fuck their feelings
I got advice from my father
All he told me was this
nigga get off your ass

If you plan to be rich
There's ten rules to the game
but I'll share with you two
Know, niggas gon' hate for whatever you do
Now rule one get yo cash on M.O.B.
That's Money Over bitches cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one
Watch for phonies
Keep yo enemies close nigga
Watch yo homies
It seemed a little unimportant
When he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed
to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime
I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw
Studying rules
Now papa ain't around
So I gotta recall or come to grips
of being written on my enemies wall
Promised if I have a seed
I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord don't let me die tonite
I got words for my comrades
Listen and learn
Ain't nothing free
Give back what you earn
no doubt!
Getting high then a motherfucker
blessed and pleased
This thug life will be the death of me
[Come On]
[I remember what my papa told me]
[Remember what my pops told me]
[Blasphemy]

[Chorus]

{VERSE 2}

We probably in hell already
Our dumb asses not knowing
Everybody kissing ass to go to heaven ain't going
Put my soul on it
I'm fighting devil niggas daily

Plus the media be crucifying brothas severely
Tell me I ain't God's son
nigga mom a virgin
We got addicted had to leave the burbs
Back in the ghetto doing wild shit
Looking at the sun don't pay
Criminal mind all the time
Waiting for judgement day
They say Moses split the red sea
I split the blunt and roll a fat one
I'm deadly, Babylon beware
It's coming from these Pharoahs kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did
Still bullshitting
niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs
God promised, he's just taking his time
[Ha Ha]
Living by the Nile while the water flows
I'm contemplating plots wondering which door to go
Brothas getting shot
Coming back resurrected
It's just that raw shit
nigga check it [It's that raw shit]
[I remember what my papa told me]
[Remember what my papa told me]
[Blasphemy]

[Chorus]

{VERSE 3}

The future want me buried. Why?
Cause I don't hear a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead
That's eternal fire
Why you got these kids mind
Thinking that they evil
While the preachers and scriptures say
None of Gods people
Should we cry
When the po die
My request
Who should cry if they cry
When we buried Malcolm X
Momma tell me am I wrong
Is God just another cop

Waiting to beat my ass
If I don't go pop
Memories of a pastime
Giving up dabs to the leaders
Knowing damn well they ain't gon' feed us
In my brain how can you explain
Time release me.
It's hard enough to live now
In these times of griefs.
They say Jesus is a kind man
Well he should understand
Times in this crime land
My thug nation.
Do what you gotta to do
And know you gotta change
Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another Door [I leave this here]
I leave this and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another Door [And my people say]

[Chorus]

© 2001 | www.Tupacnet.org | - Tha Tupac Page, All rights reserved.

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Greatest Hits
Song: Changes

(Come on, come on)
I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask
myself
Is life worth living, or should I blast myself
I'm tired of being poor, and even worse I'm black
my stomach hurts, so I'm looking for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro

pull a trigger, kill a nigger, he's a hero
Givin back to the kids, who the hell cares
one less hungry mouth on the welfare
first ship them dope, let them deal to brothers
give them guns, step back and watch them kill each other
It's time to fight back, that's what Huey said
2 shots in the dark, now Huey's dead
I got love for my brothers
but we can never go nowhere unless we share with each
other
we gotta start makin changes
learn to see me as a brother instead of 2 distant
strangers
and that's how it's supposed be
how can you tell them take a brother if he's close to me
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
but things change, and that's the way it is
come on, come on
that's just the way it is
things will never be the same
that's just the way it is, ahh yeah

X2

I see no changes
all I see is racist faces
misplaced hate, makes disgrace the racist
we under, I wonder what it takes to make this
one better place, let's erase the wasted
take the evil out the people, they'll be actin right
cuz both black and white are smokin crack tonight
and the only time we chill is when we kill each other
it's takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
and I know it's seems Heaven since
we aint ready, to see a black president
it aint a secret of a sealed up fact
penetentiarys packed, and it's filled with blacks
but some things will never change
tried to show another way, but ya stayin in the dope
game
now tell me what's a mother to do?
being real don't appeal to the brother in you
- yeah -
You gotta operate the easy way
- I made a G today -

but you made it in a sleezy way
sellin crack to the kids
- I gotta get paid -
well hey, well that's the way it is
chorus
talking ...
we gotta make a change
it's time for us as a people to start making some
changes
lets change the way we eat
lets change the way live
lets change the way we treat each other
see our old way wasn't working
so it's on us to do what we gotta do
to survive

and still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little
peace?
there's war on the streets
and the war in the Middle East
instead of war on poverty
they got a war on drugs so the police can bother me
and I aint never did a crime I aint have to do
but now I'm back from the locks givin back to you
don't let them jack you up
back you up
crack you up
and pimp smack you up
you gotta learn to hold your own
they get jealous when see you with your mobile phone
but tell the cops they can't touch this
I don't trust this
when they try to rush I bust this
that's the sound of my tool
you say it aint cool
but momma didn't raise no fool
and as long as I stay black
I gotta stay strapped
and I never get to lay back
cuz I always gotta worry bout the payback
some punk that I ruffed up way back
comin back after all these years

rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, that's the way it is
chorus

some things will never change

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Me Against the World

Song: Dear Mama

You are appreciated

Verse One: 2Pac

When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see her
face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school; and scared to go home, I was a
fool
with the big boys, breakin all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister
Over the years we was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddy's, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminice on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary?
Heeey! I see the penitentiary, one day
And runnin from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
for a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it
There's no way I can pay you back

But the plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

Chorus: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" w/ 2Pac *

Lady...

Don't cha know we love ya? Sweet lady

Dear mama

Place no one above ya, sweet lady

You are appreciated

Don't cha know we love ya?

* second and third chorus, "And dear mama" instead of
"Dear mama"

Verse Two: 2Pac

Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair

No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there

He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger

wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along

I was lookin for a father he was gone

I hung around with the Thugs, and even though they sold
drugs

They showed a young brother love

I moved out and started really hangin

I needed money of my own so I started slangin

I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell rocks

It feels good puttin money in your mailbox

I love payin rent when the rent's due

I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent to you

Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone because you cared for me

And I could see you comin home after work late

You're in the kitchen tryin to fix us a hot plate

Ya just workin with the scraps you was given

And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin

But now the road got rough, you're alone

You're tryin to raise two bad kids on your own

And there's no way I can pay you back

But my plan is to show you that I understand

You are appreciated

Verse Three: 2Pac

Pour out some liquor and I reminsce, cause through the
drama
I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act craaazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate, how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night there's a brighter
day
Everything will be alright if ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

Chorus

Sweet lady
And dear mama

Dear mama
Lady (3X)

Album: Me Against the World
Song: fuck the World

Who you callin' rapist ??
ain't that a bitch
you devils are so two faced
wanna see me locked in chains
dropped in shame
and gotten socked by these crooked cops and game
fuckin' with tha young black male

tryin' ta stack bail
and stay away from tha packed jails
told tha judge i'm in danger
and that's why I had that 45 with one in tha chamber
fuck tha World

Chorus

their tryin' ta say that I don't care
I woke up screamin' fuck tha world
their tryin' ta say that I don't care
just woke up and scream fuck tha world
their tryin' ta say that I don't care
I woke up and screamed fuck tha world
their tryin' ta say that I don't care
Just got up and screamed fuck tha World

When I was commin up ruff
that wasn't even what you called it
that's why I smoke blunts now
and run with alcholics
i'm getten threats to me
commin from my enemies
in their dreams
is hell where they sending me ?
have I
lost control or just another soul
a car full of motherfuckers when we roll
sippen on that as I sit back
life as a big mack
brothers come up and say
'you did that?'
brotha take your eyes off tha prize
and even when you getten high
don't hesitate to try
cause you could fall off or stay ballin'
niggas we all in ?
and all my mothafuckers callen...
fuck tha World...

Chorus

fuck tha World
Damn, they wanna label me a menace
cause i'm sittin here sippin on Guinness

weighin' 165 and these tricks should die
for being jelous of a brotha when he rides
I can see it in your eyes
you wanna see a young player fallen
they hate ta see a nigga ballin'
some of you suckers is rotten
plotten on what I got
then you wonder why I shot him (booya)
please stop
given game for free
you wanna hang with me ?
like being a thug is tha thang ta be
but I got love for my homies
tha G's and macks
so if your black
then ya better stay strapped
nigga, fuck tha World...

Chorus

fuck tha World

fuck it...

I hear my niggas screamin' fuck tha world...

they wanna know if I claim tha click that i'm hangin'
with
and if i'm down with this bangin' shit
well, homie I don't give a fuck
if ya blood or cuz
long as ya got love for thugs
but don't try ta test me out
stall that
homie this is thug life nigga
and we all strapped
I been through
hell and back
and if I fell, black
then it's
back to tha corner where we sell crack
some of you niggas is bustas
you runnin' around with these tramp ass bitches
don't trust her
but don't cry

this world ain't prepared for us
a straight thug mothafucker who ain't scared to bust
fuck tha World....

Chorus

fuck tha World

(I don't care)

(I don't care)

(fade....)

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: The Don Killuminati

Song: Hail Mary

Makaveli in this Killuminati, all through your body.
The blows like a 12 guage shotty. Feel me.
God said he should send his one big odd son to lead
the wild in to the ways of the man.
Follow me.
Be my flesh, flesh and my flesh

Chorus

Come with me, Hail Mary, nigga run quick, see, what do
we have
here now? Do you wanna ride or die? La la la la la la

I ain't a killa but don't push me
revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words quoted
Peep the weakness in the rap game is shorted.
Bow down, pray to God hoping that he's listenin
Seein niggas comin for me, to my diamonds, when they
glistenin
Now pay attention, Rest in peace father, I'm a ghost in
these killin
fields, Hail Mary catch me if I go, let's go deep inside
the solitary
mindo of a mad man screams in the dark, evil lurks,
enemies, se me flee

Activate my hate, let it break, to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim, some say
the game
is all corrupted, fuck this shit, stuck, niggas lucky if
we bust out
this shit, plus momma told me never stop until I bust a
nut, fuck the
world if they can't adjust. It's just as well Hail Mary.

Chorus 2 times

Penitintuary is back, but what promise make us
Never realize the precious time the bitch niggas wastin
Instutionlized I live my life a product
Made to crumble, but to hardened to smile, were to crazy
to be humble
We ballin catch be father please cause I'm fallin, in
the liquor store
Pass the Hennessy I hear ya callin
Can I get some more? Hail till I reach Hell, I ain't
scared.
Momma checkin in my bedroom I ain't there.
I got a head wit no screws in it
what can I do one life to live but I got nothin to lose
Just me and you on a one way trip to prison
Sellin drugs we all wrapped up in this livin life as
thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doin there deal,
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this
When they turn out the lights I'll be down in the dark
thuggin eternal through my heart
Now Hail Mary nigga

Chorus 2x

Kastro

They got an APB out on my thug family
Since the Outlawz run these streets like these
scandalous freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down K blasted off Hennessy and Ty chronic mixed
Now I'm twisted, blisted and high visions of me thug
livin

gettin by forever lie, and I multiply survive by my
thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they comin with slugs.

Young Noble

Peep the whole seen, and whatever goin on around me
Brain cloudy smoked out feelin rowdy
Ready wet the party up and whoever in that motherfucka
Nasty new slugger my heat seeks suckas on a regula
Mashin in a stolin Black ack Integera
Cock back sixty seconds till the draw that's when I
deadin ya
Feet first ya gotta a nice gat but my heat's worse
From a thug to preachin preachin church
I gave you love now you eatin dirt
needin work and
I ain't the nigga to put you up on, cause word in born
When I was broke I had to hustle till dawn
That's when sun came up
There's only one way up, hold ya head stay up
To all my nigga's get ya pay and wait up

Kastro

If it's on then it;s on, we rate B-breaks
Outlaws on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealin wit fate
Hoping God don't close the gate.

Repeat

Chorus and Verse

We've been traveling on this wavy road, long time ??????
but we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

We won't worry everything with corine
We free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry everything with corine
Yes we free like the bird in the tree
We runnin from the penitintuary
This is the time for reliberty

Hail Mary, Hail Mary

Westside, Outlawz, Makaveli tha Don, Solo, Killuminati,
The 7 Dayz

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: R U Still Down? (Remember Me)

Song: I Wonder if Heaven Got a Ghetto (Hip-Hop Version)

Chorus: I wonder if heaven got a ghetto (4X)

I was raised, the little young nigga doin bad shit
Talk much shit cause I never had shit
I could remember being whupped in class
And if I didn't pass mama whupped my ass
Was it my fault papa didn't plan it out
Broke out left me to be the man of the house
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit
Down the block, got a glock, and I clock grip
Makin G's was my mission
Movin enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen
and
why must I sock a fella, just to live large like
Rockefeller
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin now
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down
God damn it's a motherfuckin riot
Black people only hate police so don't try it
If you're not from the town then don't pass through
Cause some O.G. fools might blast you
It ain't right but it's long overdue
We can't have peace til the niggaz get a piece too
I want G's so you label me a criminal
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

Chorus

Verse Two: 2Pac

Here on Earth, tell me what's a blick life worth
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts
And even when you take the shit
Move counties get a lawyer you can shake the shit

Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more
It's been goin on for years, there's plenty more
When they ask me, when will the violence cease?
When your troops stop shootin niggaz down in the street
niggaz had enough time to make a difference
Bear witness, own our own business
Word to God cause it's hard tryin to make ends meet
First we couldn't afford shit now everything's free
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see
I'm takin from the, cause for years they would take it
from me
Now the tables have turned around
You didn't listen, until the niggaz burne dit down
And now Bush can't stop the hit
Predicted the shit, in 2Pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggaz, felt good
in the hood bein around the niggaz, yeah
And for the first time evrybody let go
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a
ghetto

Chorus

Verse Three: 2Pac

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under I wonder what it take to make this
one better place, let's erase the wait state
Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
Cause both black and white are smokin crack tonight
And only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And though it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready, to have a black President, huh
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth living should I blast myself
I'm tired of being poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts so I'm lookin for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a ne-gro
Pull a trigger kill a nigger he's a hero
Mo' nigga mo' nigga mo' niggaz
I'd rather be dead than a po' nigga

Let the Lord judge the criminals
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

Chorus (to :27 from fade)

Just think, if niggaz decide to retaliate
(Soldier in the house)
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto (4X to fade)

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Greatest Hits
Song: How Long Will They Mourn Me?

How long will they mourn me
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato
It's still on nigga
Thug Life, Thugs for life
Ha Ha yeah, how long will they mourn me
Yeah nigga
2Pac in this muthafucka

(Tupac)

All my homies drinking liquor
Tears in everybody's eyes
niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide
But I can't cry
instead I'm just a shoulder
Damn, why they take another soldier
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry
I'll get them suckas back before your buried (shit)
Retaliate and pull a 187
do real niggas get to go to heaven ?
How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin 'G'
bitch don't wanna die
then don't fuck with me
It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make amends
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin friends (damn)

They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm
How long will they mourn me ?

(Chorus)

I wish it would have been another
How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)
How long will they mourn me
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg)
How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on, Yo Syke)

(Syke)

How long will they mourn me
Every muthafuckin' day homie
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know me
From my heart to the trigga you my fuckin' nigga
And things won't be the same without ya nigga
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack
Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'
Tell me Lord, why you take big Kato ?
So confused not knowing which way to go
I'm goin crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind
So day after day
ride after ride
We'll hook up on the other side
Watch over your family and your newborn
Till we meet again homie
How long will they mourn me ?

(Chorus)

I wish it would have been another
(Yo Kato)
How long will they mourn me
(It's still on nigga)

How long will they mourn my brother
How long will they mourn me
I wish it would have been another
(Yeah)
How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

(Rated R)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad
I'm tired of putting in work
I'm tired of cryin while watching my homies leave the
earth
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt
And my peoples'll be mournin'
When they get a call from the coroner
All niggas can say is that's fucked up
And get tossed up
Reminiscing how we grew up (my nigga)
Rest and love to my nigga Kato
See you in the crossroads real soon
For now let me pour out some brew
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie
Rest in peace
How long will they mourn me ?

()

Ya know life's a fuckin' trip
And everybody gotta go
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome
It's enough to make you crazy
It's fuckin' with my dome
Ya only live once on this earth
A nigga had it bad, since the day of my mutahfuckin'
birth
But niggas say they down and they always be my homie
But when a nigga gone
How long will ya mourn me ?

(Chorus)
Yeah!

I wish it would have been another
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)
Yeah, how long will ya mourn me
How long will ya mourn my bother
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit,
Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)
I wish it would have been another
Yeah! How long will ya mourn me
How long will ya mourn my brother
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)
How long will ya mourn me
I wish it would have been another
How long will ya mourn my brother

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: 2pacalypse Now
Song: I Don't Give A Fuck

I don't give a fuck
They done push me to the limit the more I live
I might blow up any minute, did it again
Now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon
While this cops bragging about the nigga he's jackin
I see no justice
All I see is niggas dying fast
The sound of a gun blast
Then watch the hurst past
Just another day in the life G
Gotta step lightly cuz cops tried to snippe me
The catch, they don't wanna stop at the brother man
But then they'll have an accident and pick up another
man

I went to the bank to cash my cheque
I get more respect from the muthafuckin dope man
The Grammy's and the American music shows pimp us like
hoes
They got dough but they hate us though
You better keep your mind on the real shit

And fuck trying to get with these crooked ass hypocrites

They way they see it, we was meant to be keep down
Just can't understand why we getting respect now
Mama told me they're be days like this
But I'm pissed cause it stays like this
And now they trying to send me off to Kuwait
Gimme a break
How much shit can a nigga take
I ain't goin' nowhere no how
What you wanna throw down
Better bring your guns pal
Cuz this is the day we make 'em pay
fuck bailin' hate I bail and spray with my A-K
And even if they shoot me down
There'll be another nigga bigger
from the mutha-fuckin' underground

So step but you better step quick
Cause the clocks goin' tick and I'm sick of the bullshit
You're watching the makings of a physco-path
The truth didn't last
Before the wrath and aftermath
Who's that behind the trigger?
Who'd do yah figure!?
A mutha-fuckin night nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up
I had enough and I don't give a fuck

niggas!, isn't just the blacks
also a gang of mutha-fuckas dressed in blue slacks
They say niggas hang in packs and their attitude is
shitty
Tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city
They say niggas like to do niggas
Throw me in the cuffs with just two niggas
A street walkin' nigga and a beat walkin' nigga with a
badge
I had to shoot yah and the pass for the blast take his
cash
And bash his head in dump him at the dead in
And that's just his luck
Cause a nigga like me
don't really give a fuck

Walked in the store what's everybody staring at

They act like they never seen a muthafucker wearing
black
Following a nigga and shit
Ain't this a bitch
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business else where
But where?
Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if knows that my income is more than
His pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife ass wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mac in fact who's the black jack
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
while he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as casanova
And count another quick meal
I'm getting paid for my traid but its still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
AS strong as a fuckin' nine
Mail stacked up niggas wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your backs up
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Usta come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers stay strong keep yah heads up
They know we fed up
But we they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck
I gotta give my fuck offs
fuck you to the San FranCisco police department
fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff department
fuck you to the F.B.I
fuck you to the C.I.A
fuck you to the B-u-s-h
fuck you to the AmeriKKKa
fuck you to all you redneck prejudice mutha fuckas
And fuck yah
fuck Y'all
Punk gay sensitive little d**k bastards
2paclypse mutha fuckin' know
Y'all can kiss my ass and suck my d**k
And my uncle Tommy's balls

fuck Y'all
Punks, punks, punks, punks, punks

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z.
Song: Keep Ya Head Up

Little somethin for my godson Elijah and a little girl
named Corinne

Verse One:

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, and don't nobody else care
And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up
And when he tells you you ain't nuttin don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him
Cause sista you don't need him
And I ain't tryin to gas ya up, I just call em how I see
em
You know it makes me unhappy (what's that)
When brothas make babies, and leave a young mother to be
a pappy
And since we all came from a woman
Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women
Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies
And since a man can't make one
He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create
one
So will the real men get up
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Chorus

Eeewww child things are gonna get easier
Eeewww child things are gonna get brighter

Eeewww child things are gonna get easier
Eeewww child things are gonna get brighter

Verse Two:

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me
He had me feelin like black was tha thing to be
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough
I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right
And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright
screen
I'm tryin to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent
And in the end it seems I'm headin for tha pen
I try and find my friends, but they're blowin in the
wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity
It seems tha rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from gettin wet
up
You know it's funny when it rains it pours
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor
Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is
it ain't no hope for tha future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack
baby
We ain't meant to survive, cause it's a setup
And even though you're fed up
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Verse Three:

And uhh
To all the ladies havin babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feelin all alone

Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em
Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
Cause ain't nuttin worse than when your son
wants to kno why his daddy don't love him no mo'
You can't complain you was dealt this
hell of a hand without a man, feelin helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless
While tears, is rollin down your cheeks
Ya steady hopin things don't all down this week
Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame
me
I was given this world I didn't make it
And now my son's getten older and older and cold
From havin the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is drivin Benz
I'm still tryin to hold on to my survivin friends
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but
please... you got to keep your head up

Makaveli: Krazy

puffin on lye
hopin that it gets me high
gotta nigga goin krazy
i feel krazy

/chorus/
time goes by
puffin on lye
hopin that it gets me high
gotta nigga goin krazy
i feel krazy

last year was a hard one
but life goes on
bumpin my head against the wall
learned the right
from wrong
they say my
ghetto instumental
detramental to kids

as if they can't see
the misery
in which they live
blame me for the outcome
bann my records
check it
you don't to bump this
but please respect it
i took a minus
and now the hard times
are behind us
turn it to a plus
now they stuck
livin blinded
hennessey
got me feelin bad
time to stop drinkin
rollin in my
drop-top jag
what that cop thinkin
sittin in my car
watchin the stars
and smoke
i came a long way but
still i got so
far to go
dear momma
don't woory
i'm a watch
for snakes
tell Satch
that i love her
but its hard today
i got her letter
that she sent me
and i cried for weeks
this what came out
when i tried to spek
all i heard was

/chorus/(x2)

i see bloods and crips
runnin up the hill
lookin for a better way

my brothers and sisters
it's time to bail
even thug niggas pray
hopin god hear me
i've entered the game
look how much
i changed
i;m no longer innocent
casualties and fame
made a lot of money
seen a lot of places
and i swear
i seen a peaceful smile
on my momma's face
when i gave her the keys
to her own house
shown her
how her only son
done became a man
watchin the city
i love my people
do or die
but i wonder why
we scared to let
eachother fly
june 1-6-7-1 (june 16, '71)
the day
momma push me out her womb
told me nigga get paid
noone can understand me
the black sheep
outcasted from my family
now packin heat
i run the streets
a young runaway
i live for the day
when i die
i can hear 'em say

/chorus/

god help me out here
cause i'm possessed
i need the
root of all evil

for my stress
cause moneys like
a strong perscription drug
it's got me addicted
to the pleasure and pain
it inflicts
somethin about the paper
and the pictures
of the presidents
dead
damn its like
a mutha fuckin plague
that spread
it's epidemic forgotten
forgotten it got worse
i keep my head on striaght
makin money
cause this curse
makin money makes a diffrence
day by day
so i gotta stay
paid no doubt
day in and day out
this life is like
a vision cycle
called fightin to live
no matter how hard you try
some day you gotta die
a lot of my peers
didn't make it
through the years
to come
still life do 'em
right or did like
we done
who has the answers i wonder
turn to my elders
the aged and experienced
but they can't
even tell ya
or tell me
that they'll be
light at the end of the road
(why?)cause they
don't even know

a million thangs
run throuhg my mind
you ain't gotta be
in jail to be
doin time

/chorus/(x4)

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Still I Rise
Track: Letter to the President

Uhh.. dear Mr. President
Whas happenin?
I'm writin you because, shit is still real fucked up in
my neighborhood
Pretty much the same way, right around the time when you
got elected
Ain't nothin changed
All the promises you made, before you got elected..
.. they ain't came true

[2Pac]
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood
Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President
(Me and my homies is wonderin what's goin on.. holla!)
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood
Send mo' troops..

Why should I lie, when I can dramatize?
niggaz fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized
Simply by spittin I've been blessed given riches,
enemies suspicious
cause I'm seldom in the company of bitches
Plus the concepts I depict, so visual, that you can kiss
each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin
fuck the friendships, I ride alone
Destination Death Row, finally found a home

Plus all my homies wanna die, call it euthanasia
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us, sincerely
yours I'm a thug, the product of a broken home
Everybody's doped up, nigga what you smokin on?
Figure if we high they can train us
but then America fucked up and blamed up
I guess it's cause we black that we targets
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit
In case you don't know, I let my pump go
Get ?ride for M'Thulu? like I ride for Geronimo
Down to die, for everything I represent
Meant every word, in my letter to the President

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
(What should I do?)
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro]
Oh youse a ball in the White House, I hope you
comfortable
cause yo I spend my nights out, with the lights out
under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the
heartless
and young soul bros, ready to rode a starship
Launch it, leave a nigga flat for scratch, the Godless
I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing makin pay besides smoke and work
On a mission listen more chips my goal and position
First on my decision I realized the same nigga
Trippin to drastic measures tryin to get stacks of
cheddar
Muh'fuckers hate cops, wait it ain't gettin better
But you keep, tellin us, that it is
while your motherfuckin troops keep killin our kids, dig
Don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin with nuttin but artillery to free us,
motherfucker

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Edi Amin]

Strapped and angry, with no hope and heartbroke
Fightin first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggaz lick shots to watch the glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
to people beefin and things, squeakin on they beefs for
weeks

Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
for a struggle out the gutter, twenty-two with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's'll freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
and I've been born to represent, for that I've been
heaven sent
And I meant, every word, in my letter, to the President

shit is still fucked up y'all
And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better
and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up..

Heavenly Father may I holla at you briefly
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
He's scared to look inside the eyes of a Thug nigga
We tired of bein scapegoats for this capitalistic drug
dealin
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history, full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, thirteen lookin hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?
Somewhere in the middle of my mind
is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin let him die
Can't lie I'm a thug, drownin in my own blood

Lookin for the reason that my momma's strung out on
drugs
Down to die, for everything I represent
Meant every word, in my letter to the President

[Big Syke]

Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin low?
Y'all sniffin blow and postin what they hittin fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin
Til then we gonna keep it comin, Mr. President
Hehe

And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac]

Word motherfuckin life
fuck this nigga think?Cuttin taxes, takin off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin?
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin ??
nigga this Thug Life, Westside Outlaw Immortalz nigga
We fin' to hustle til we come up

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. Clinton, shit
It's gettin harder and harder for a motherfucker
to make a dollar in these here streets
I mean shit, I hear you screamin peace
But we can't find peace
til my little niggaz on these streets get a piece
I know you feel me cause you too near me not to hear me
So why don't you help a nigga out?Sayin you cuttin
welfare
That got us niggaz on the street, thinkin who in the
hell care?
shit, y'all want us to put down our glocks and our rocks

but y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin dollars
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool?
We ain't stupid
Think you got us lookin to lose
Tryin to turn all us young niggaz into troops
You want us to fight your war
What the fuck I'm fightin for?
shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year
Taxin, all the blacks and
police beatin me in the streets
fuck peace

These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Me Against the World
Song: Me Against the World

It's just me against tha World

ooohhhhh ooohhhhh

just me against tha world baby

ohhhhhh ohhhhhh

I got nothin' ta lose
it's just me against tha world

ohhhhh

stuck in tha game
me against tha world baby

Can you picture my prophecy?
stress in tha city
tha cops is hot for me
tha projects is full of bullets

tha bodies is droppin'
there ain't no stoppin me
constantly moven while maken millions
witnessin' killins
leavin dead bodies in abandoned buildings
carries tha children
cause they're illin'
addicted to killin'
a near appeal from tha cap pealin'
what i'm feelin'
but will they last or be blasted
hard headed bastard
maybe he'll listen in his casket
tha aftermath
more bodies being buried
i'm losen my homies in a hurry
they're relocating to tha cemetary
got me worried
stressin'
my visions blurred
tha question is will I live
no one in tha world loves me
i'm headed for danger
don't trust strangers
put one in tha chamber
whatever i'm feelin' is anger
don't wanna make excuses
cause this is how it is
what's tha use
unless we're shootin'
no one notices tha youth
It's Just Me against tha World baby

Chorus

ooohhhhh
Me against tha world
It's Just me against tha World
ooohhhhh

It's Just Me Against tha World
Me Against tha World
cause it's just me against tha world baby
Me against tha World

ooohhhh yeeah
I got nothin' ta lose
It's Just me against tha world baby

I got nothin' ta lose

[Dramacydal's verse]

Could somebody help me?
i'm out here all by myself
seeing ladies in stores
baby capones
livin wealthy
pictures of my birth
on tha surface what i'm dreamin'
seein' daddy seein'
full of crooked deamons
already crazy and screamin'
I guess them nightmares as a child
had me scared
but left me prepared
for awhile
is there another route?
for crooked outlaws
that are in a villian of young thugs

everday is more death
plus i'm more rollin
i'm seein more beatens
for me
to proceed with fear
scheme on schemeing
amd leavin' their peeps grievin'
cause ain't no bucks ta stack up
my nuts is backed up
i'm about ta act up
go load tha mack up
now watch me klack up
try makin' fat cuts
but yo it ain't workin
and evils lurken
I can see him smirken
when I gets tha bourbon
so what
go put some work in

and make my mail
makin' sells
riskin 25 with a 'L'
but oh well

Chorus

Me Against tha World
with nothin' ta lose
it's just me against tha world

ooohhhh

It's just Me Against tha World baby
Me Against tha world
I got nothin' ta lose
It's just Me Against tha World

heeeeee

It's just Me Against tha World baby
with nothin ta lose
it's just me against tha world baby
Me against tha world

Me against tha world

I got nothin' ta lose
it's just me against tha World baby

heeeeee

[Tupac's verse]

With all this extra stressin'
tha question I wonder is after death
I feel my last breath
when will I finally get to rest from this supression
they punish tha people that's askin questions
and those that possess
steal from tha ones without possessions
tha message I stress
to make it stop
study your lessons

don't settle for less
even tha genius asks questions
be gratifull for blessins
don't ever change
keep your essence
tha powers in tha people and tha politics we address
always do your best
don't let this pressure make ya panic
and when ya get stranded
and things don't go tha way ya planed it
dreaming of richs
in a position of makin' a difference
polititions and hipocrites
they don't wanna listen
if i'm insane
then tha fame ain't about ta change
it wasn't nothin' like tha game
it's just me Against tha World

Chorus

Me against tha World
nothin ta lose
It's just Me Against tha world baby

Me Against tha World
got me stuck in tha game
It's just Me Against tha World
ooohhhh

i'm outshining [??] tha news
It's just me against tha world baby
hahaha
Me against tha World
that's right...
I know it seem hard someties, but uh...
remember one thing
through every dark night
there's a bright day after that
so no matter how hard it get
stick ya chest out
keep ya head up
and handle it
Me against tha World
Me against tha world

Me against tha world
fades...

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: R U Still Down? (Remember Me)
Song: Only Fear of Death

Pssst... psssssst... aiiyo
Are you afraid to die, or do you wanna live forever
Tell me, which one?

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- I'm losin my mind
Look down the barrel of my nine and my vision's blurry
Fallin to pieces, am I guilty? I pray to the Lord
but he ignores me unfortunately cause I'm guilty
Show me a miracle, I'm hopeless -- I'm chokin off
marijuana smoke, with every toke it's like I'm losin
focus
Fallin to sleep while I'm at service, when will I die?
Forever paranoid and nervous because I'm high
Don't mention funerals I'm stressin, and goin nutty
And reminiscin bout them niggaz that murdered my buddy
I wonder when will I be happy, ain't nothin funny
Flashbacks of bustin caps, anything for money
Where am I goin I discovered, can't nothin save me
My next door neighbor's havin convo with undercover
Put a surprise in the mailbox, hope she get it
Happy birthday bitch, you know you shouldn'ta did it
Everybody's dyin am I next, who can I trust?
Will they be G's, and they look at me before they bust?
Or will they kill me while I'm sleepin, two to the head
while I'm in bed, leakin blood on my satin sheets
Is there a heaven for a baller? I'm gettin suspicious
of this bitch the line busy everytime I call her
Now she's tellin me to visit, who else is home?
I check the house before I bone, so we all alone
After I nut I hit the highway, see ya later
To all the players watch the fly way a nigga played her
The bitch is tellin all her homies -- that I can fuck
her
like no other now them other bitches wanna bone me

I'm under pressure gettin drunk, somebody help me
I drink a fifth of Hennesey I don't think it's healthy
I see my enemies they creepin, don't make me blast
I watch the five-oh's roll, the motherfuckers pass
by me like they know me, smilin as they laugh
I put up my middle finger then I dash
niggaz don't like me cause I'm Thuggin, and every day
I'm a hustler lookin to get paid

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- no need to lie
I pray to God I don't scream when it's time to fry
Nowhere to rest I'm losin homies, ain't that a bitch
When I was rich I had clout, now a nigga's lonely
I put the pistol to my head, and say a prayer
I see visions of me dead, Lord are you there?
Then tell me am I lost cause I'm lonely
I thought I had friends but in the end a nigga dies
lonely
Nowhere to run I'm in terror, and no one cares
A closed casket at my funeral and no one's there
Is there a future for a killer? I change my ways
But still that don't promise me the next day
So I stay Thuggin with a passion, forever blastin
I'm bustin on these motherfuckers in my madness
They wonder if I'm hellbound... well Hell
can't be worse than this, cause I'm in Hell now
Don't make me hurt you I don't want to, but I will
See motherfuckers killed over green bills
Never will I die, I'll be back
Reincarnated as a motherfuckin mack
I love it cause in heaven there's no shortage on G's
I'm tellin you now, you motherfuckers don't know me

"Only fear of death.." "You ghetto niggaz"
"Only fear of death is comin back reincarnated"
(repeats continously w/ variations)

Hahaha, I ain't scared to die
I ain't scared to die
To my homies in heaven

I ain't scared to die
Do you wanna live forever?
Are you scared, to die?
Or will you scream, when you fry?

I don't fear death
My only fear of death is comin back, reincarnated
This is dedicated to Mental, R.I.P.
And Big Kill, R.I.P.
And all you other O.G.'s, who go down
I don't fear death

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

ALBUM All Eyez On Me
SONG Only God Can Judge Me

Only God Can Judge Me
(is that right)
Nobody else, Nobody else
All you other muthafuckas
Get out of my business

Perhaps, I was blind to tha facts
Stabbed in tha back
I Couldn't trust my own homies
Just a bunch a dirty rats
Will I, succeed
Paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus try to focus
But I can't see
And in my mind
I'm a, blind man doin' time
Look to my future
Cause my past is all behind me
Is it a crime
To fight for what is mine
Everybodyes dyin'
Tell me, Whats the use of tryin'
I've been trapped since birth
Cautious, cause I'm cursed
And fantansies of my family
In a hurse
And they say

It's the white man
I should fear
But, it's my own kind
Doin' all the killin' here
I can't lie
Ain't no love, for the other side
Jealousy inside
Make 'em wish I died
Oh my lord
Tell me what I'm livin' for
Everybody's droppin'
Got me knockin' on heaven's door
And all my memories
Of seeing brotha's bleed
And everybody grieves
But still nobody sees
Recollect your thoughts
Don't get caught up in tha mix
Cause the media is full of dirty tricks
Only God can Judge me....

Only God Can Judge Me...

I hear the doctor standing over me
Screaming I can make it
Got a body full of bullet holes
Laying here naked
Still I, can't breathe
something evils in my I-V
Cuz everytime I breathe
I think their killing me
I'm having nightmares
Homicidal fantasies
I wake up stranglin'
Danglin'
My bed sheets
I call the nurse
Cuz it hurts
To reminisce
How did it come to this?
I wish they didn't miss
Somebody help me
Tell me where to go from here ?
Cuz even thugs cry
But do the Lord care ?

Tryin' to remember
But it hurts
I'm walking through the cementary
Talkin' to the dirt
I'd rather die like a man
Than live like a coward
There's a ghetto up in Heaven
And its ours
Black Power
Is what we scream
As we dream
In a paranoid state
And our fate
Is a lifetime of hate
Dear mama, can you save me ?
And fuck peace
Cuz the streets got our babies
We gotta eat
No more hesitation
Each and every black males trapped
And they wonder why we suicidal
Runnin' around strapped
Mr. Police
Please try to see
That there's a million muthafuckas stressin' just like
me
Only God can Judge Me.....

Only God Can Judge Me...

That which does not kill me can only make me stronger
(That for real)
I don't see why everybody feel as thou that they gotta
tell me how to live my
life (you know)
Let me live baby
Let me live

Pac I feel ya
Keep servin' it on the realer
For instance, sayin'
Playa hatin' marks out ta kill ya
Would you be wrong
For bucking a nigga into the pavement
He gonna get me first

If I don't get him
Will you start praying ?
Ain't no such thing as self defence
In the court of law
So Judges when we get to where were goin
To cross
That's real
Gotti, lurk thee
Creep tha fuck up on him
Sold a half a million tapes
No everybody want him
After talkin' behind my back
Like, a bitch would
Tellin' them niggas, "you can fade us"
Punk, I wish you would
It be the same mutha-fuckas in your face
That'll rush up in your place
To get your safe
Knowing you on that paper chase
Grass, glass
Big screen and leather couch
My new shit is so fine
I already sold a ki of ounce
bitch
Remember Tupac and 4-Tay
The same two brothas dodgin' bullets
And represtin' the Bay
Pac when you was locked down
That's when I'll be around
Start climbing up the charts
So sick
But they try to clown
That's why they ride the bandwaggon
Still be draggin' sellin' lies
Don't think I don't see you haters
I know you all in disguise

Guess you figure you know me
Cuz I'm a thug
That love to hit the late night club
Drinkin' buzz
Living lavish like a playa all day
I'm 'bout to floss 'em off
Playas stick with 4-Tay
Only God can Judge me....:

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics
Album: Me Against the World
Song: So Many Tears

I shall fear no man, but God
though I walk through tha valley of death
I shed so many tears
Please God walk with me...

back in Elementry, I thrived on misery
left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed
as my mind couldn't find a place ta rest
untill I got that Thug Life Planted on my chest
tell me can ya feel me ?
I'm not liven in tha Past, Ya wanna last
Be tha first ta blast, remember Kato
no longer with us he's deseased
call on tha sirens, I seem him murdered in tha streets
now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a 'G' ?
remember me, so many homies in tha cemetary
shed so many tears

Chorus

Lord
I suffer through tha years
and shed so many tears
Lord
I lost so many peers, shed so many tears

Now that i'm strugglin' in this business
by any means, label me greedy gettin green
but seldom seen
and fuck tha world cuz i'm cursed
I'm havin visions of leaven here in a hurse
God can ya feel me ?
take me away from all tha pressure and all tha pain
show me some happiness again
i'm goin' blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin' well
I know my destiny is hell, where did I fail ?
my life is in denial
and when I Die, babtised in Eternal Fire

shed so many tears...

Lord

I suffer through tha years
and shed so many tears

Lord

I lost so many peers, shed so many tears

Now i'm lost and i'm weary
so many tears, i'm suicidal, so don't stand near me
my every move is a compiled step
ta bring me closer
to embrace an early death now there's nothing left
there was no mercy on tha streets
I couldn't rest
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screaming
peace
and though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of deamons tryin' ta break free
they planted seeds and they hatched sparking tha flame
in my brain like a match, such a dirty game
no memories, just misery
painting a picture of my enemies killing me in my sleep
will I survive till' tha morning ta see tha sun
please lord forgive me for my sins
cause here I come...

Chorus

Lord

I suffer through tha years
and shed so many tears

Lord

I lost so many peers, shed so many tears

Lord knows i've tried, been a witness ta homicide
drive-bys taken lives, little kids die
wonder why as I walk by
Broken hearted as I glance at tha chaulk line, gettin'
high
this ain't tha life for me
I wanna change
but ain't no future right for me
i'm stuck in tha game
i'm trapped inside a maze
see this Tangaray influenced me ta gettin crazy

disillusioned lately
i've been really wanting babies
so I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
don't trust my lady
cause she's a product of this poison, i'm hearen noises
think she's fucken with my boys, can't take no more
i'm fallin' to tha floor
beggin' for tha Lord ta let me in Heavens door
I shed so many tears...

Chorus

Lord
I lost so many peers
and shed so many tears
I lost so many peers, shed so many tears
fades... I suffered through tha years and shed so many
tears

| Tupacnet.org | - Lyrics

Album: Makaveli

Song: White man'z world

Dear sista got me twisted
up in prizon
I miss you
cryin lookin at my niece's and my nephew's pictures
they say don't let this cewl world get ya
kinda suspicious
when some day you might leave me
for somebody thats richer
twist the cap off the bottle
I take a sip and see tommorrow
gotta make it
if I have to beg or borrow
readin love letters
late night, locked down and quiet
if brothas don't recieve they mail
best believe we riot
eatin jack mack
starin at the walls in silence
inside this cage

where they captured all my rage and violence
intime I learned a few lessons
never fall for riches
apologies to my true sistas
far from bitches
help meraise my black nation
reparations adue
its true
caught up in this world
I took advantage of you
so tell the babies how I love 'em
precious boys and girls born black
in this white man'z world

/chorus/

/who knows what tommorow brings
in a whold where everyone's blind
anywhere you go no matter how far
I'll find to let you know
your not alone/

bein born wit less I must confess
only adds to the stress
2 gun shots to my homey's head
died in his vest
shot him to death and left him bleedin
for his family to see
I passed his casket
gently asked him
is there heaven for Gee's?
baby's mama be stressin sheddin tears
when her son finally asked that question
where my daddy at?
mama why we live so poor?
why you cryin?
heard you late night through my bedroom door
do ya love me mama?
why they keep on callin me nigga?
get my weight up wit my hate
pay 'em back when I'm bigga
and still thuggin in this jail cell
missin my block
haerin brothas screamin all night
wishin they stop
proud to be black but why we act

like we don't love ourselves
don't look around busta check yaself
know what it means to be black
wether man or girl we still stugglin
in this white man'z world

/chorus/

so tell me why ya changed
toto find a new direction
in the blink of an eye
my time away just made perfection
did ya think I'd die?
not goin far why should I care?
like we holdin on to lost love
thats no longer there
I never meant to cause drama
to my sista and mama
hope we make it through betta times in this white man'z
world

WORKS CITED

- Baker, Houston A., Jr. 1993. "Rap And The Academy."
Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Bates, Elizabeth. 1976. Language and Context: The
Acquisition of Pragmatics. New York: Academic.
- Black, Max. 1973. "Meaning and Intention: An
Examination of Grice's Views." *New Literary
History*, 4, 257-79.
- Brown, Gillian, and Geaorge Yule. "The Role of Context
in Interpretation." *Discourse Analysis*. New York.
Cambridge University press, 1991: 27-67.
- Chen, Rong. 1992. Conversational Implicature and
poetic metaphor. *Language and Literature*, 18:53-
74.
- Chen, Rong. How Southern Californians "Talk Dirty":
Taboo Words As A Sociolinguistic Variable, CSUSB.
- Cole, Peter, ed. 1978. *Syntax and Semantics*, 9:
Pragmatics. New York: Academic Press.
- , and Jerry L. Morgan, eds. 1975. *Syntax and
Semantics*, 3: *Speech Acts*. New York: Academic Press.
- Dyson, Michael Eric. 1996. Between God and Gangster
Rap: Bearing witness to Black culture. New York:
Oxford University Press
- Gazdar, Gerald, Geoffrey K. Pullum, and Ewan Klein.
1977. "A Bibliography of Pragmatics." *Pragmatics
Microfiche*, 2:5, D11-G13.
- George, Nelson. 1998. Hip Hop And America: New York,
New York: Penguin Books
- Grice, H. P. 1957. "Meaning." *Philosophical Review*,
66, 377-88.
- . 1961. "The Causal Theory of Perception."

Aristotelian Society, supp. vol. 35, 121-52. Rpt. in *Perceiving, Sensing, and Knowing*, ed. Robert J. Swartz (Garden City, N Y.: Doubleday--Anchor, 1965), pp. 438-72.

---. 1967. "Logic and Conversation" (William James Lectures, Harvard University). Typescript.

---. 1968. "Utterer's Meaning, Sentence-Meaning, and Word-Meaning." *Foundations of Language*, 4, 225-42.

---. 1969. "Utterer's Meaning and Intention." *Philosophical Review*, 68, 147-77.

---. 1975a. "Logic and Conversation." In Cole and Morgan (1975), pp. 41-58.

---. 1975b. "Logic and Conversation." *The Logic of Grammar*, ed. Donald Davidson and Gilbert Harman (Encino, Cal.: Dickenson), pp. 6475.

---. 1978. "Further Notes on Logic and Conversation." In Cole (1978), pp. 113-27.

---. 1989. "Prolegomena." *Studies in the Way of Words*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1989: 3-21.

---. 1989. "Logic and conversation." *Studies in the Way of Words*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1989: 22-40.

---. 1989. "Utterer's Meaning and Intentions." *Studies in the Way of Words* Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1989: 86-116.

Hirsch, E.D., Jr. 1975. "Stylistics and Synonymity." *Critical Inquiry*, 1, 559-79. Rpt. in Hirsch's *The Aims of Interpretation* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, (1976), pp. 50-73.

Katz, Jerrold J. 1972. *Semantic Theory*. New York: Harper.

- Robinson, Alonford James. Africana Research Center and Archives: 2000
- Rose, Tricia. 1994. Black Noise: Rap Music and Black Culture in Contemporary America. New Hampshire: University Press of New England.
- Searle, John R. 1969. Speech Acts: An Essay in the Philosophy of Language. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press.
- Smitherman, Geneva. 1977. Talkin And Testifying: The Language of Black America. Detroit: Wayne State University Press.
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1981 Irony and the use-mention distinction. In P. Cole (ed.) 1981 Radical pragmatics. Academic Press, New York: 295-318. Reprinted in S. Davis (ed.) 1991: 550-63.
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1986a. Relevance: Communication and cognition. Blackwell, Oxford. (Second edition 1995).
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1986b Loose talk. Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society 1985-6: 153-71. Reprinted in S. Davis (ed.): 540-49.
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1990 Rhetoric and relevance. In D. Wellbery & J. Bender (eds) The ends of rhetoric: History, theory, practice. Stanford University Press, Stanford CA: 140-55.
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1998a The mapping between the mental and the public lexicon. In P. Carruthers & J. Boucher (eds) Language and thought: Interdisciplinary themes. Cambridge University Press, Cambridge: 184-200.
- Sperber, D. & D. Wilson 1998b Irony and relevance: A Reply to Seto, Hamamoto and Yamanashi. In R. Carston & S. Uchida (eds) Relevance theory: Applications and implications. John Benjamins, Amsterdam: 283-93.