

2Pac (Tupac Shakur) - All Eyez On Me

Tom: **D**

m
Intro: **Dm** **Gm**
(Big Syke, Newt, Hank, Beugard, Big Sur, y'all know how this shit go)
Dm **Gm**
All eyes on me (motherfuckin' OG! Roll up in the club and shit, is that right?)
Dm **Gm**
All eyes on me
Dm **Gm**
All eyes on me (but you know what?)

[Primeira Parte]

Dm
I bet you got it twisted, you don't know who to trust
Gm
So many playa-hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us
Dm
Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'
Gm
Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'
Dm
Well, are you still down? Nigga, holla when you see me
Gm
And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally free me
Dm
I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride
Gm
Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by
Dm
Until I die, live the life of a boss playa
Gm
'Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later
Dm
The futures in my eyes, 'cause all I want is cash and thangs
Gm
A five-double-oh Benz, flauntin' flashy rings
Dm
Uhh, bitches pursue me like a dream
Gm
Been known to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend
Dm
It seems, my main thang was to be major paid
Gm
The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade
Dm
Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies
Gm
One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die
Dm
Depend on me like the first and fifteenth
Gm
They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me
Dm
We got four niggas, in low riders and ski masks
Gm
Screamin' thug life every time they pass

[Refrão]

Dm
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga
Gm
Until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (all eyes on me)
Dm **Gm**
'Cause even gettin' high
Dm
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga
Gm
Until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa
Dm **Gm**
'Cause even gettin' high

[Segunda Parte]

Dm
So much trouble in the world, nigga
Gm
Can't nobody feel your pain
Dm
The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast
Gm
My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last?
Dm
I'm caught between my woman and my pistol and my chips
Gm
Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip
Dm
I'm lost in the land, with no plan, livin' life flawless
Gm
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this
Dm
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve
Gm
Let my bucket swerve, I'm takin' off from the curb
Dm
The nervousness neglect make me pack a TEC
Gm
Devoted to servin' this, Moët and pay checks
Dm
Like Akai satellite, nigga, I'm forever ballin'
Gm
It ain't right: parasites, triggers, and fleas crawlin'
Dm
Sucker, duck and get busted, no emotion
Gm
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'
Dm
Where you goin', I been there, came back as lonely, homie
Gm
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me
Dm
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit
Gm
It ain't funny, niggas don't even know how to act, shit
Dm
What can I do? What can I say? Is there another way?
Gm
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay
Dm
My little homie G, can't you see I'm busta-free?
Gm
Niggas can't stand me

[Refrão]

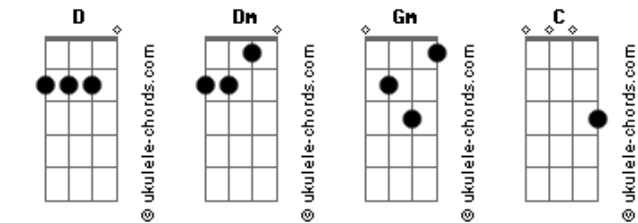
Dm
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga
Gm
Until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (all eyes on me)
Dm **Gm**
'Cause even gettin' high
Dm
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga
Gm
Until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (all eyes on me)
Dm **Gm**
'Cause even gettin' high

[Terceira Parte]

Dm
The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me
Gm
Will I survive? Will I die? Come on, let's picture the possibility
Dm
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip
Gm

I told the judge I was raised wrong and that's why I blaze
shit
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager
On my mobile, callin' big shots on the scene major
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law!
Bitches, I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, 'cause even gettin' high
These niggas got me tossin' shit
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress

Acordes



This criminal lifestyle, equipped with a bulletproof vest
Make sure your eyes is on the meal ticket, get your money
Motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it
[Refrão]
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga
Until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (all eyes on me)
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