

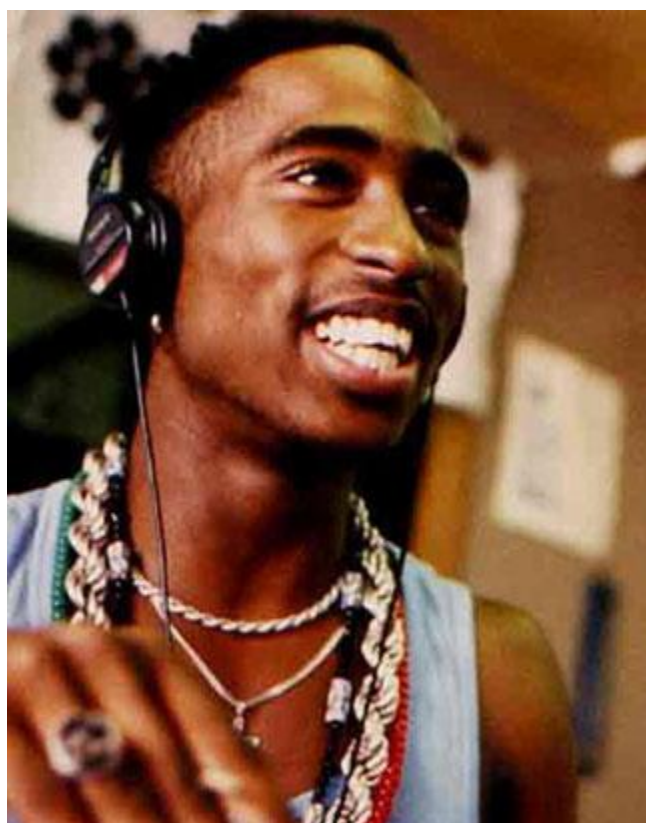
## Baby Boy

Innocent clean and strong  
A baby boy named Tupac Amaru Shakur was born  
The panthers were the day's topic of discussion  
But our baby boy needed no rushing.

If you find him on stage he shines beams,  
Always something to say, a bright mind fixated on the lime-light  
But our baby was taken by the hood  
Hell bound and less holy forced to hold it down he would.

Our baby boy grows up a thug, singing a ghetto gospel  
A thug with a lot of love, but the world he walked in was hostile.  
Never ignorant, never tainted  
Music he loved, music he made it.

Dedicated to Tupac Amaru Shakur  
By Kemal Akcan



16.6.1971 - 13.9.1996