

Definition of a Thug Nigga

2pac

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" (repeat 2X)
[2Pac] My definition of a thug nigga
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

Verse One: 2Pac

I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin
Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison
As I'm bailin down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun
Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb
I guess I live life forever jugglin
But I'll be hustlin til the early mornin cause I'm strugglin
Like drinkin liquor make the money come quicker
Gettin pages from my bitch it's time to dick her
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her
Drop off and let the next nigga get her
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a hoe, make the dough
Break a hoe when it's time to make some mo'
I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock
Ridin down the block lickin shots at the punk-ass *cops*
And spittin game through my mobile phone
The type of shit to get them hoes to bone
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

Chorus: (various samples)

"Tis the season, to be servin" "What you doin?"
"Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker" --> Snoop Doggy Dogg
(repeat 3X)
"Tis the season, to be servin" (scratched by Warren G)

Verse Two: 2Pac

Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggaz
They're quick to pulle a nine when it's time do niggaz
Comin through like I'm two niggaz, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag
Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga
I'm drivin drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy
Lookin for a new face to skeeze me
Everybody's lookin for a nut but I'm searchin for the big bucks
Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck
in a one-room shack, and, kickin back
Daydreamin with the nine in my lap (huh)
So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga
Bought a fo'-five cause I heard that the slug's bigger
Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself
gettin swept off his feet by the pump
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin trigger
Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a Thug Nigga

Chorus

Verse Three: 2Pac

Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime
So here we go, we in the inner city

I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty
Niggaz don't like me cause I'm makin ends
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, cause I'm all in
And any nigga trying to take what I got'll
hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)
So here we go, I can't be faded
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger
And I ain't takin shit from no niggaz
I'm just tryin to make some money right
Put some motherfuckin food in my tummy right
I'm feelin good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball
Find a spot and we can serve em all
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

Outro: (various samples)

"Tis the season, to be servin"

"Mobbin like a motherfucker, every single day" --> Snoop Doggy Dogg

[2Pac] My Definition of a Thug Nigga

(repeat 3X)

"Tis the season, to be servin" (scratched by Warren G)

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" (continually scratched to near end
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