

Pour Out a Little Liquor

2pac

Yeah

Pour out a little liquor for your homies nigga
This one here go out to my nigga Mike Coolie
(Light up a fat one for this one)
How you come up man?

I started young kickin dust and, livin rough
You watch you mouth around my mama you couldn't cuss man
I had a down ass homie though; we ran the streets
And on the scene at the age of fourteen, huh
I packed a nine and my nigga packed a forty-five
We drinkin forties, lil' shorties livin naughty lives
You couldn't stop us, long as I got my glock, FUCK the coppers
Hangin on the block, slangin rocks and makin profits
I couldn't fuck with the schhhoooooolllll life, I was a fool
I'll play that motherfucker for a tooooolllll man
Tonight'll be the night that's what we figurin
Hustlin in the rain felt no pain cause we drinkin
Playin them hoes like manure
First let my nigga fuck and then I fuck that's how we do it (ha ha!)
It's two niggaz comin up out the hood
livin life just as good as we could
But since a bitch can't be trusted
Hoes snitched to the po-lice, now my nigga's busted
The cops whoopin on my nigga in jail
tryin to get a motherfucker to tell
And couldn't nobody diss my nigga
Damn, I miss my nigga
Pour out a little liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go" (4x)

This goes out to all you so called G's
Pour out a little liquor for your real motherfuckin partners
Don't let the drink get like that y'all, huh
Pour out a little liquor
Pour out a little liquor
What's that you drinkin on?

Drinkin on gin, smokin on blunts and it's on
Reminisce about my niggaz, that's dead and gone
And now they buried, sometimes my eyes still get blurry
Cause I'm losin all my homies and I worry
I got my back against a brick wall, trapped in a circle
Boxin with them suckers til my knuckles turn purple
Mama told me, "Son there'll be days like this"
Don't wanna think so -- I hit the drink and stay blitzed
We had plans of bein big time G's
Rolling in marked cars, movin them keys
And now I roll up the window, blaze up some indo
Get to' down for my niggaz in the pen, yo
Your son's gettin big and strong
and I'd love'm like one of my own, til you come home and
the years sure fly with the quickness
You do the time, and I'll keep handlin yo' business
That's the way it's supposed to be
Homie, if it was me, you'd do the shit for me

Homie, I can remember scrapin back to back
Throwin dogs on them suckers runnin up on this young hog
I hope my words can paint a perfect picture
And let ya know how much a nigga miss ya
Pour out some liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"

Look at you
Drinkin got you where you don't even give respect to your partners
Pour out some liquor nigga!
It ain't like that
Tip that shit over
Pour out a little liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go" (4x)

This for my nigga Madman
Dagz, Hood, Silk yeah
A little liquor for my homies y'all
We in this motherfuckin piece YEAH
Pour out a little liquor
Young Queen, YEAH
This one goes out to all my mack partners
Back in the motherfuckin Bay
Oaktown still in the motherfuckin house
(Pour out a little liquor)
My nigga Richie Rich, Gov'na
(I don't care, Nighttrain, Henessey)
All my real motherfuckin partners
(Pour out a little liquor)
And all my real partnas in Marin, fuck you busta ass niggaz
Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor!!