

# Thug 4 Life

2pac

Haha  
Thug for life nigga  
Can't you read the signs?  
Ay fuck it man

(Whatchu doin?) Mobbin' like a motherfucker stuck  
Can you put your middle finger out the window gettin' fucked off - liquor  
Get loaded can't control it  
Nigga pass me the blunt and let me roll it  
You get the bones act to the whole stack  
That's fo sho black  
To be a mack and keep your dough fat  
And tell me what does it take to be a G?  
I started with a quarter ounce and bounced to a key  
You gotta watch your back stay strapped, be alert  
Started as a young muthafucka doin' dirt  
And now I'm in the rap game like the crack game  
I got enemies  
Can't pretend to see my friends are not my enemies  
And even thug muthafuckas wanna have fun  
Stuck it, buckin' my muthafuckin magnum  
What does it take to be a G?  
Silence is a must, violence is a plus  
Bust, shots at my adversaries  
Dem niggaz scary best it's time to be buried  
Cause I'll be buckin' in a fuckin hurry

[Chorus: x3]  
Tell em'  
Thug for life  
High till' I die  
When em' stupid ass bitches ask why?

[2pac:]  
Game? Thicker than most of these tricks  
I got my mind on makin' money,  
But you stuck on these fake bitches  
And jealous muthafuckas can't see  
That it's the fame that caught these stupid bitches, pass the pussy free  
So tell me why u sweatin' a muthafucka like me?  
A young nigga tryin' to a hustle up some G's  
You pussy ass playa hatin' hoes speakin' down on niggas  
Jumpin' around at the shows  
And your the first muthafucka to jump  
To the trunk when it's time for fun  
Little trick ass punk  
Thug muthafuckas don't die we get high and we multiply  
Muthafuckaa!  
Give a holla to my niggas in the Bay  
I'm livin' in LA still clutchin' on my AK

[Chorus: x6]  
Tell em'  
Thug for life  
High till' I die  
When em' stupid ass bitches ask why?

Thug for life biatch!

Yeah nigga, thug life, from now till' the muthafuckin' ever  
Havenotz in this muthafucka  
YEAH, No doubt