

Thug Passion

2pac

Aight, new drink, one part alazhay one part Chrystal
Thugs Passion baby, y'all know what time it is
This drink is guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard
Now if ya with me, Pour a glass and drink with a nigga

Know what I mean ?
I ain't trying to turn you all niggas into alcoholics, alcoholics
I'm just trying to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

I could pull out the drink and be good 'till it's relevant
But I'm a straight solider, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent
Tripping over dead presidents, they got these derelicts
I throw was down with this business tryin' clown and get a cent

And so rather than stand forever, been thinking
Drinking over a felony and hell of me and how it will be
Some other shit, people telling me to cool out
But they ain't feeling me a muthafuckin' fool 'bout

My fuckin' cheddar cheese and it pleases, passion of mine
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughing while I pass through times
And all these back stabbers be watchin' just keep it plain
I'm a keep it the same partner just take it the simple game

I can pinkle with the rain twinkling, diamonds and thangs go plinklin'
Enough to hold me, til' I'm, old and wrinklein'
And These adversaries they gonna have to be worrying
'Cause I'm a be illing, fufilin' my passion till I'm burryin' my Thug Passio
n

I heard it's the bomb and you got it going on
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
You got me dripping wet from the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby

Now what if me, turn this Hennessey into a robbery
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be?
And Dirty money Can't be evil 'cause it's filling up my tummy
Born in a position, Death collision was futuristic, twisting riches

But there is only one way to make mo'
So I'm standing on the corner trying to hustle in the snow
And my big bro couldn't know but buy a four four
Blasting at playa hating wantin' mo' with a Thug Passion

Putting down mashin' control by this Thug's Passion
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin' I'm asking
"What Happened?", to the niggas who kept it real
Like they claim to that's when I bang do see thang true

Traveling this road my poor soul has been consolidated
With all this bullshit I done tolerated
How I made it Can easily stated, it's like my heart be gripped with
The Passion to be the fucking greatest load up and take shit

Make this to some high dollar gangster shit

Jack a stack till we got enough bank to split

Creep with me through that Immortal flow
Thug Passion got you tremblin' like death on the row
Make your move so I can throw your mind a curve
While I'll be blowin up tha scene like my nigga Mr. Herb

Take a toke as your heart goes full arrest
I got tha bomb so nigga, fuck tha rest
Ya need a 3rd to get ya flowin' and let that loc see smoke
Feelin' tha strokes of tha nine squeeze tight and slow

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They say, money don't make tha man but damn I'm makin' money
Observin' you muthafuckers 'cause some of you bitches funny
Say you want it but you bullshitin', lickin' them lips
You got me about to act a fool quick

Sippin' on some Alazay and Cristal, meanwhile
Buy me a drink and get to winking at me she smiles
A niggas full of passion, satisfaction is everlastin'
How does it feel ? What I'm askin'

While I'm rubbin' on that ass why you laughin' ?
See, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious, full blown and furious
Baby, get a grip when I be doin' this, it's so physical
My attraction driven by alcohol beware of my reaction

Baby, I'm born to ball thugged out on Death Row
You better recognize and picture what I said so
Now you can feel it, it's a potion for my niggas in motion
Forever blastin' bitches ain't ready for this Thug Passion

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