

## Thugs Get Lonely Too

2pac

See, it ain't easy bein' me  
Life as a celebrity is less than heavily  
I got these fakes and these back-stabbers chasin' me around  
And it's always drama  
Whevever I wanna get around  
Mama told me  
Long before I ever came up  
Gotta be true, to watchya' do  
And keep ya' game up  
'Cause things change  
And jealousy becomes a factor  
Best friends at your wifes house tryin' to MACK HER!  
I'm on tour  
But still they keep on knockin' at my door  
And I got no time to worry  
I'm steady wantin' more  
Every day is a test, yes  
I try hard  
But I'm strugg-a-lin' with every breath  
I pray to God that the woman that I left at home  
All alone  
Ain't nothin' like tryin' to bone  
Over the phone  
In my mind  
I can see her naked  
I can't take it  
Got me shakin' at the thought that we can make it  
I thought you knew.

I'm rolling out on tour today you getting sad because I'm goin away (Naaaa)  
Chickenheads wanna play with me you getting mad because you think I'ma sway,  
Some of them cute some of them fine as fuck I hear them scream as soon as I  
hit the stage  
(Naaaa)  
Still I be getting lonely for you I'm coming home as soon as I make this pay  
(Make this pay)

I call you up long distance  
On the telephone  
I wanna tuck you in  
Even though I know I can't make it home  
I whisper things in ya' ear  
Like youre near me  
Wonder if you feel me  
From far away  
Or can you hear me  
It seems to me  
That ya' jealous  
'Cause I'm hustlin' and makin' money  
With the fellas'  
In the back streets  
Tryin' to trap me  
Baby HOLD UP  
Thugs get lonely too!  
But I'm a soulja

And theres no way I'mma' stop makin' money  
'Cause ya' attitudes changed  
And ya' actin' a little funny  
Always complainin'  
Sayin' we don't spend time  
Can't you see  
I got enough stress on my mind  
And hangin' up like you all that  
And get mad when I'm tell you that  
"I'm busy baby, call back,"  
Please, ain't nothin' left to say to you  
Thugs get lonely too  
You KNOW.

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I sit alone in my room, drinkin'  
Without a care  
Talkin out loud to ya'  
Like ya' there  
Take ya' picture out my back pocket  
Man it's on  
You the first face I wanna see  
When I get home  
I wanna love you 'till the sun rise  
Buckwild  
Touchin' every wall in the house  
Thug style  
Put ya' hands on the headboard  
Think of me  
Drippin' sweat on top of you  
Sick of scenes in yo' head  
That I'm makin' love  
So turn the lights down  
Reminice 'n relax  
'Cause baby right now  
I feel in the middle of my stomach  
You whisper in my ear  
Baby tell me how you really want it  
Hold on tightly  
Watch the ceiling  
Scratch my back  
How you react  
Lets me know you feel me  
'Cause everything I'm giving to you  
Is so true  
Thugs get lonely too  
You know.

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(Make this pay)

Yeah! THUG LIFE BABY