

# 2Pac, Thug Style

[Intro:]

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit  
that nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York  
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas  
Yo nigga man fuck Pac that nigga West Coast  
that fucker that always with them New York niggas  
seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast  
Man fuck Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down  
rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga  
fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right  
and fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

[2Pac (overlapping)]

I'm in this muthafucka  
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right  
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York  
and I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?  
Fuck e'rybody

Heh heh heh...

Thug style out this muthafucka niggas throw ya hands in the air  
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop  
I want muthafucking police trying to pull niggas over on this one  
We taking this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style Thug style  
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G  
We ain't dead yet, feel me!!

[Verse 1]

I got my Hennessy find ya foes  
in a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes  
I'm getting high off buddha  
'Cause the times be slow  
I keep my mind on dough  
you never find me broke  
and who meee a nigga livin' life like a G  
in that artillery keepin' niggas off of me  
I can't sleep living in these wicked times  
peep, niggas after me 'cause they see I'm stacking G's and heat  
You can holler if you want to pleeease  
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew beeee  
enemies and my range is on  
you're in the danger zone  
my fuckin' game is strong, Hotline  
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine  
from hustling and busting them rhymes  
to my niggas up in Quentin  
Down on Riker's Isle stay rile  
But a nigga gotta use his styles  
These,

[Chorus]

Niggas don't know my style  
quick to smile juvenile  
Was a problem child  
try to put me in the courts  
But my force was wild  
Bitchmade ass niggas don't know my style  
These,  
Niggas don't know my style  
quick to smile juvenile  
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try to put me in the courts  
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[Verse 2]

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops  
it's like they stuck  
from making niggas duck from Glocks all the time  
my mind's full of thoughts of ends  
I'm still rolling my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)  
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie  
cause in the dark see they hearts' full of homicide  
My mama cried when they took me off to jail  
only me inside the cell  
Straight locked up in this hell  
I hear some sucka screaming like the demon's inside  
will 'em away in the morning  
Only the strong survive  
I cry but in my own way  
Swallow my pride pick a reason to hide  
from all the niggas that die (Rest in Peace)  
cemetary full of brothers I buried  
It's going down even now I wonder  
will I still be around my hometown is the gutter  
I was born a wild came up out this dust  
with my heartless style  
These,

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I remember Uptown huh got to get to listenin'  
to Mr. Magic cuttin' up the hits  
and even though I had habit makin' words rhyme  
I was caught up in the madness  
Juvenile thugs come on  
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth  
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs  
and Pete and Lee young G's  
with a gift of gab and tryin' to hook up with the hookers  
who was quick to stab remember mama's cooking  
No school straight hookin'  
and tryin' to get with light skinned  
cause she good looking  
And jumpin' over turnstiles 'cause we ain't paying  
call the cuties cuss words but we only playing (biotch)  
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck  
I had to move around a lot  
'cause my moms was stuck  
I had family but I was way too wild  
had to move to the West to regain my style  
These,

[Chorus 'til end with ad libs]