

## 2 Pac "Life's So Hard"

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from Gang Related soundtrack  
Ma-ah-an, it ain't easy  
They got me goin cold-hearted  
Probation, violation, incarceration  
Frustration, you know  
Fuck that, nigga damn near bouts to start basin  
It's hard! Hard on a nigga {\*coughing\*}  
Hard on a nigga (yeah it is, yeah it is)  
{\*whispered\*} Kill kill kill, murder murder murder  
Watch out nigga!  
Chorus: Now tell me do you see  
Life's so hard on a nigga when you livin like a G  
(repeat 2X)  
[Tupac - chorus 2X throughout]  
Daz in this motherfucker  
Alright bwoy, drop that shit  
Whassup man? Always listen to that shit?  
That thug criminal shit? Peep game nigga, peep game,  
feel me  
[Verse One]  
Travel through my mind am I blind it's a shame  
Young niggaz gettin murdered straight took out the  
game  
As I sit here puffin on a cigarette  
Gotta be ready, never know who's plottin on a niggaz  
death  
These are the rough times, best to hurry up  
and duck muh'fucker 'fore I buck mine  
It's gettin crazy and everybody's strapped  
Surrounded by niggaz but nary a motherfucker down to  
watch my back  
These are the bitch made niggaz, you been played  
nigga  
While you starvin and broke they pullin six figures  
Oooh, what can you do  
when you can't trust your crew, time to bust out the  
wenty-two  
Boo-yaow! Ran out of weed, so I'm sippin  
on this Hennesey, tell me, do you feel me?  
Heyyy, I have no remorse  
as I take another sip of my liquor and spit my sick  
thoughts, oooh

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Thuggin to the fullest, got my strap, I'ma pull it  
I'm the first muh'fucker that can outrun a bullet  
It's them Thug Life niggaz and we don't like tricks  
Got these punk wannabes and they jockin like bitches  
Now my riches is gettin hoes on it's own  
Fuck a mystery, do you wanna get with me, then let's  
bone  
I'ma take her to my hideout, cause I'm smokin that  
spinach  
and stayin strong to the finish and then I ride out  
See you on the freeway, sorry baby  
but I gotta call my homey see what he say  
I ain't got no time, I gotta get mine  
I keep my mind on my loot, I'll shoot everytime  
And ain't no way I'ma let bitch made nigga worry me  
Catch me slippin, empty the clip and bury me  
Hell nah nigga have to plug me twice  
Ain't no slippin when you Thug for Life, motherfucker  
can you see?

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Three]

Never bow down let these other bitches crawl  
I'm a Thug motherfucker and these Thugs only ball  
Ain't no half steppin here, from the cradle to the grave  
I'm a muhfuckin fool, but I choose to get paid  
Now my pockets gettin empty, and I'm panicked in a  
fright  
Me and my bitch named Nina are fiendin tonight  
Ain't nobody livin safe, got a plot, and I'm stressin  
All I want, is my muh'fuckin money, ain't no question  
Don't try to stall little trick, cause we hit  
So bring in the scissors and get to clippin at his dick  
I'd rather die young than die old and broke  
That's why I stay drunk, and I constantly smoke  
My memories as a youngsta, hangin with the homies  
But now I'm doin bad and them bitches don't know me  
(Who? Who?)  
But playa haters can't fade me (Why?)  
Cause this is Thug Life nigga and we're crazy, tell me  
do you see?

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Four]

Yeah, constantly runnin from danger ain't no stranger  
to cop cars  
Gettin arrested and tested wearin a vest and don't  
drop my guards  
My life is hectic my homies send mail from jail  
Niggaz in Hell got some horrible stories to tell  
I'm catchin cases and still tryin to stack a grip

The IRS is tryin to stress off a niggaz shit  
A young nigga never had a prayer to prevail  
And all my peers doin years locked up in jail  
What can I do, stay strapped, get a bigger crew  
And creep around with them Dogg Pound niggaz too  
And now we rich ain't no bitch than can touch us  
And it's a trip, how we clown, when we fuck sluts  
Bust nuts then I cut, that's my new thang  
And motherfuckers got on do-rags  
[Chorus 2X]  
Can I get paid, can I get paid, can I motherfuckin get  
paid  
Nigga can work for his money all motherfuckin day and  
still never see a piece of it, you understand me?  
It's not about the nice guy  
It's bout the hardworkin motherfuckin Thug nigga  
If you ain't a Thug nigga, you ain't really doin nothin  
(Chorus repeats in background)  
You ain't really makin nothin  
These motherfuckin po-po's and these pink folks  
got it all locked up for us to fail  
See how they did O.J., and they doin niggaz like that all  
day  
So if you don't watch your motherfuckin stack  
believe me, this could be your last breath...

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