

2 Pac "Thug Style"

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[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
Was a problem child
Try to put me in the courts
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Bitchmade ass niggas don't know my style

[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)
Cemetery 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]

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