

## 2Pac "Bury Me A G"

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Thug Life  
Thinkin' back  
Reminiscing on my teens  
A young G  
Getten' paid over dope fiends  
Fuckin' off cash that I make  
Nigga, what's tha sense of workin hard  
If you never get tp play  
I'm hustlen'  
Stayin' out till it's dawn  
And commin' home  
At 6 o'clock in tha mornin'  
Hand's on my glock  
Eye's on tha prize  
Finger on tha trigga when a nigga rides  
Shootin' craps  
Bustin' niggas out tha door  
Pick my money off tha floor  
God bless tha tre-four  
Stuck on full, drunk again  
Sippin' on Gin  
With a couple of friends  
Sayin' those thug life niggas be like major pimps  
Stickin' to tha rules is what made it simp  
And if I die  
Let it be  
But when they come for me  
Bury me a G

I ain't got time for bitches  
Gotta keep my mind on my mothafucken riches  
Even when I die  
They won't worry me  
Mama don't cry  
Bury me a G

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More Trouble than tha average  
Just made 25 and I'm livin' like a savage  
Bein a G ain't no easy thing  
Cause you could fuck around get crossed  
And get stuck in tha game  
And for tha rest of your life you will sit and remineise  
Wonder why it had to end like this  
And to tha G's you can feel my pain  
Till tha mothafuckas gets born again  
You thought I was a game kid  
I'm not tha nigga for playin games  
I let my buckshots rang  
When I pull tha trigga on my gauge  
I'm on tha rampage  
Makin' runs for tha devil  
Ain't nothin' on my mind  
Will get me in some trouble  
I'm tryin to ride  
No more loves  
For me hard to figure  
Get a nigga, smoke a blunt  
Or is a jury starts (break that shit)  
I gives a fuck nigga  
Stuck outta luck  
When I bust  
Pull me to my death  
But I'm a G to tha enemy

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I got nothen' ta loose so I choose to be a killer  
Went from bangin' ta slangin'  
Now I'm a dope dealer  
All my life payed tha price to be tha boss  
Back in school  
Wrote tha rules on getten' tossed  
Poppin' rocks on tha block was a past time  
Pack a 9 all the time

You wanna test mine ?  
Don't cry  
I die before they play me  
From tha cradle to tha grave  
Bury me  
Straight Thug G  
Kickin' it with tha homies in tha hood  
Getten' drunk, smokin' blunts  
A bitch said I was no good  
I gives a fuck  
I spend my time in tha dope spot  
Never had no time for no bitch  
Instead slangin' rocks  
And bustin' caps on you punk ass marcs  
Fake ass G's  
Bitch niggas with no heart  
I'm stayin' real till I'm 6 feet deep  
So when a nigga gone  
Bury me a G

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Stuck on Full  
Tangaray got a nigga high  
Lord knows I don't need another DUI  
I led a Thug Life  
Heartless hustler  
Just cause I fucked  
Don't mean I trust her  
Now my pagers vibratin'  
Can't sleep  
So I'm mobbin' to tha ho's house  
Pumpin' Isely  
Is it cool ta fuck is what I'm askin  
Bitch recognize game and start laughen  
When I'm all in those guts and shit  
Prayin' that a nigga don't nut too quick  
Cause I'll fuck and get up and let ya know  
I'll be a 10 minute brotha for a \$2 ho

Lots a ho's get mad and shit  
I let a trick be a trick  
You can have that bitch  
Cause I doubt if I change  
Tha games a mothafucker  
Real niggas turn ta bustas  
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