

2Pac

"Hennessey featuring Obie Trice"

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featuring Obie Trice

{Obie Trice}

Ha ha, yeah

{Tupac}

Nigga fuck that Gin and Juice (Hennessey)

Just Pour a nigga a glass

Hennessey, that dark shit (That's right)

{Obie Trice}

Hey pour me some of that too baby

[Chorus: Tupac/Obie Trice]

They wanna know who's my role model

It's in the brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking motto nigga?)

Hennessey

They wanna know who's my role model

It's in the brown bottle (You know our motherfucking motto)

Hennessey

{Tupac}

Ha ha ha ha, Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug shit (Hennessey)

{Obie Trice}

That's what your sippin on

Now what's you name nigga?

{Tupac}

Big ballin ass nigga named Pac

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Now I was born in the gutter facing life or death

I was a thug ever since my momma gave me breath

These motherfuckaz wanna see me die

So who am I to try to warn 'em, I'll buck and bomb 'em,

them niggas fry
Hey remember me? Down that Hennessy
The nigga you don't wanna see, let me proceed
My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me?
Now that it's poppin aint no love bitch
I maintain in the game, in the gutter is where I still kick
it
I'm tryin to hustle up a meal ticket
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler till my dying days
Aint nothin wrong with gettin paid
So nigga blaze, cuz we some motherfuckin fools
Walkin through the streets wearing jewels
Breakin niggaz, fakin moves
Even the cops can't stop us
My enemies flip when the see me drink a fifth of that
Hennessy

[Chorus: Tupac/Obie Trice]
They wanna know who's my role model
It's in the brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking
motto nigga?)
Hennessy

They wanna know who's my role model
It's in the brown bottle (You know our motherfucking
motto)
Hennessy

{Tupac}
Ha ha ha, Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug
shit (Hennessy)

{Obie Trice}
That's what I'm sippin on
Now let me tell 'em who I be

{Tupac}
Big ballin ass nigga named Trice

[Verse 2: Obie Trice]
Now I was born in Detroit on the side that's west
Troubled child, commin up I had to ride I guess
Tried to apply myself, but niggas was ballin
My momma couldn't tell me shit, the streets was callin
I was often involved with niggaz breakin the law
I look back Pac nigga, we was bankin off raw
P Funk, got it pumpin, he had the connects
Through the sack to us little niggaz workin the set
And if you got it you getting wet, nigga bet on that
Don't come around hurr on that floss shit
Detroit niggaz off shit

(Robbin niggaz in the door ways) That's right
(With my 4-4, that's the sure way)
And this your old days, all eyez on me
We was loony I suppose you could (die homie)
O Trice always repped his block
Pass the hen and that ice come on a track with pac

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