

## 2Pac

# "Hennessey - Sleepy Brown"

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Yeah, nigga, fuck that gin and juice  
(Hennessey)  
Just pour me a glass of that dark shit  
That's right  
Ay, pour me some of that too, baby

They wanna knows my role model, it's in a brown bottle  
Yo, what's our motherfuckin' motto, nigga? Hennessey  
They wanna knows my role model, it's in a brown bottle  
You know our motherfuckin' motto  
(Hennessey)  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this ol' thug shit, Hennessey

That's what you sippin' on, now what's your name,  
nigga?  
Big ballin' ass nigga named 'Pac

Now I was born in the gutter facin' life or death  
I was a thug ever since my mama gave me breath  
These motherfuckers wanna see me die so who am I  
To try to warn 'em? I buck and bomb 'em, them niggaz  
fry  
Hey, remember me? Down that Hennessey

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' ain't no love, bitch  
I maintain in the game in the gutter's where I still kick it

I'm tryin' to hustle up a meal ticket  
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler 'til my dyin' days  
Ain't nuttin' wrong with gettin' paid so nigga blaze  
'Cause we some motherfuckin' fools

Walkin' through the streets wearin' jewels  
Breakin' niggaz makin' moves  
Even the cops can't stop us, my enemies flip  
When they see me drink a fifth of that Hennessey

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They wanna knows my role model, it's in a brown bottle

You know our motherfuckin' motto  
(Hennessey)  
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this ol' thug shit, Hennessey

That's what I'm sippin' on, now let me tell 'em who I be  
Big ballin' ass nigga named Trice

Now, I was born in Detroit on the side that's West  
Troubled child comin' up, I had to ride I guess  
Tried to apply myself, them niggaz was ballin'  
My mama 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  
Threw the sack to his lil' niggaz workin' the set  
And if you got it you gettin' wet, nigga bet on that  
Don't come around, hurr, on that floss shit, Detroit  
niggaz off shit

Robbin' niggaz in the do'ways that's right  
With my four-four that's the sure way  
And this your road days, 'All Eyez On Me'  
We was loonie I suppose, you could die, homie

O. Trice always rep his block  
Pass the Henn and that ice, I'm on a track with 'Pac  
nigga

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(Hennessey)  
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Yeah, ay 'Pac, 'Pac, nigga Detroit love you, boy  
You put it down out here, I mean, y'know  
Me and my family, my friends, nigga, we ride for you  
always  
'2Pacalypse Now' 'til infinity boy, forever  
Shady Records, Afeni Shakur, whattup? Yeah  
Obie Trice, pour out a lil' liquor, nigga

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