

2Pac "Thug Luv"

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Nigga, we doin' this shit from Cleveland to LA
Nigga, whatever you niggas want, we bringing it
Thug Luv, nigga, what time is it? Yo
I don't give a fuck where you lay at
It's time to slay these bitch made niggas

Pac, Pac run wit us, run wit us, run wit us
Pac, Pac run wit us, Pac and Rest with Thug Luv

They ain't even knowing what type of niggas we is
Where my thugs at Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
I know you niggas been waiting for this shit for a long
time
Well, here it is, nigga, here it is, what you gon' do with
it?

Well, I must be close to the Armageddon
Lord, you know that I won't fly by that lesson
You taught me to pull out my Wesson, you brought me
And am I stressing, it softly get 'em up off me
'Cause all we wanted was harmony

Been bombing 'em yell up outta my ghetto
I want settle, get on my level, they can't stop me or
drop me, nigga
They got me fuck, naw, little Pac, get schizophrenic
And manage to damage all y'all

I'll talk about 'em and you don't really want it
'Cause they're cornered and I want 'em to jump up
I'd rather say that we came to shut 'em all down
So, quick to test bullet yes declare war

Roll and I'll blow when I get the gun for the murder mo'
horror
For what the did it all pause for the 'cause and I
Fin to pull a nine or pistol little nigga wit mine
Fuck dem, niggas, it's on

All y'all fall Bizzy gettin' bitches, test me, bless the
floor
In any attempt to arrest me, stress me, Lord

Looking at death with the last of my breath
Follow follow my kids but don't sin in my steps

Yet the weapon is kept with the best of my secrets
Deep in the leaves, I'm alone, nigga
Believe that I can see it if needed an' if you really want
me in
Well, let it be and get the greens and be runnin' up
over Cleveland

Ha, ha, ha, what's poppin' nigga?
He's alive, he's alive, he's alive, he's alive
Put your motherfucking hand on your strap, nigga
Thug Luv nigga, we can do this like gangstas
And slug it out or do this like punks and punk it out
Pull your strap on me, nigga and you better kill be thug
life, baby

I'll probably be punished for hard livin' blind to the
facts
Thugs is convicts in Gods prison, hand on the strap
Praying to father, ÆœPlease, forgive me
Police be rushing when they see me Æœ

I flaunted America's most wanted, live on TV life
Pleasure and pain stuck in this game, holler my name
We all gone die, we bleed through similar veins
Please explain to me, now don't panic when my gun
burst

Heard the last jam, nigga, this ones worse
My nigga bone held the chrome till I came home
Thug Luv playas, tell these bitch, niggas bring it on
I caught a plane out to Cleveland late last evening
To help my niggas clean up some niggas, no longer
breathing now

Who you believe in? Hit the weed and breathe
It's a cold ass, the world, niggas kill you in your sleep
Until they stop me bury murder me or drop me
I got Thug Luv for my nationwide posse feel me

Little thug from the land, nigga never ran
Motherfuckers out to get me they don't understand
It's the number 1 nigga, out with a nation of niggas
Down to put in some work do some dirt

Fuckin' round with the band Bone Thugs N Harmony
Follow down the road we stroll to meet karma
Everything I do, it seem to 'cause drama
Ready for the war like a knight in my armor bomb ya

So, quick to test us nigga wanna crash me eat dust
For the love of the lust niggas bustin' on us
Hit 'em up with he buck, 12 gauge erupt it's the Art Of
War
Putting niggas on the floor

When I'm comin' through the door bringin' nothin' but
terror
Causing much pain to the nigga that dared us
Trying to put a twist in this thugsta
Era Paired up with a nigga like Pac
And a nigga like me gotta stay high

Thug Luv till I die keep my prayer to the sky
But I'm still in the hood smoke and fry
So, I beg the Lord to save us all escaper's of misery
Bless my niggas in penitentiaries soldiers of the
century

Here, to get it told my niggas, to get the hell down
Down with the dirt and we don't fuck around
Buck a couple of rounds and if you're passing through
Then hit the ground

And don't get caught up in the crossfire, nigga
Artillery thick and you don't want to get to fuckin' with
this
I'm straight devil, devil not a punk and pretend
I reload buck a little more flee the scene
'Fore the Po-Po even know what you lookin' for

They don't know a motherfucker with a leather face
Hey man, she said, I ran this way, said, I ran that way
You hoes'll never know because I got away yeah

A criminal mind a nigga on the level sometimes
So, get high and analyze your crime
Directly organized with results you'll be surprised

Oh nigga, can you feel the vibe, we can ride
Playa hating niggas, you gots to die
It's over wit Bone, better leave it alone
Mo Thug I'm cracking fuckin' domes

Still in the hood where the thugs play fuckin'
Wit nothin but thugs man
Ain't taking no shorts or no losses
We crackin' them domes around my way

Give it to 'em on another level, nigga

Get a shovel, you can dig a hole, bitches is dead
Infrared to the head, you can beg but still gone bleed
bloody red
Fuck with mine, will be see in the moonlight
'Cause we out ridin', looking for you

Better run for cover, nigga, duck we about to bust
Straight got the infrared, put it on his forehead make
some moves
Send flowers straight to his home
Put a card in the motherfucker, send it to his mama
Tell her, he was dead wrong, dead wrong, gone now,
he long gone

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