

2Pac

"Thugs Mansion - NaS Acoustic"

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Shit, tired of getting shot at
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it
A spot where we belong, that's just for us
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
You na, I mean? Where do niggas go when we die?

Ain't no Heaven for a hug, nigga
That's why we go to Thug Mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free
And you gotta be a G at Thug Mansion

A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide
And woulda tried but when I held that nine
All I could see was my mama's eyes

No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery and poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I've
survived

Praying hard for better days, promised to hold on
Me and my dogs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We finally found a spot to kick it, where we could drink
liquor
And no one bickers over trick shit

A spot where we could smoke in peace
And even though we G's, we still visualize places
That we could roll a piece and in my minds eye
I see this place the players go and pass it
Got a spot for us all so we can ball at Thugz Mansion

Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessey, laid back and cool
Every hour 'cause it's all good

Leave all the stress from the world outside

Every wrong done will be alright
Nothing but peace, love and street passion
Every ghetto needs a Thug Mansion

A place where death doesn't reside
Just thugs who collide not to start beef but spark trees
No cops rolling by, no policemen, no homicide
No chalk on the streets, no reason, for nobody's mama
to cry

See, I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my
daughter
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to
save me
Only difference from me and Jose Davis gray hair
maybe

'Cause I feel that my eyes saw too much suffering
I'm just twenty some odd years
I done lost my mother and I cried tears of joy
I know she smiles on her boy, I dream of you more
My love goes to Afeni Shakur

'Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no
more
'Cause one day we'll all be together
Sipping heavenly champagne where angels soar
With golden rings at Thugz Mansion

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Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good
Tell the homies, I'm in Heaven and it ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night
It had me shook, drinking peppermint schnapps
With Jackie Wilson and Sam Cook

Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm till the day came
Lil' Latasha, sure grown, tell the lady in the liquor store
That she's forgiven, so, come home

Maybe in time you understand, only God can save us
Where Miles Davis cutting lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
That passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last

Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this in Heaven
So, right before I sleep dear God, what I'm asking
Remember this face, save me a place in Thugz
Mansion

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