

## 2Pac

# "Thugz Mansion (Acoustic) Ft. NaS"

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Shit, tired of gettin' shot at  
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested  
Niggaz need a spot where we can kick it  
A spot where we belong, that's just for us

Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug 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 9, all I could see was my momma's  
eyes

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

Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on  
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We found a family spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick  
shit

A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though  
we G's  
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in  
fast  
I 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 busy  
Little Hennessy, 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  
(I wanna go)  
Nothin' but peace love  
(I wanna go)  
(I wanna go nigga)  
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 rollin' by  
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets  
No reason, for nobody's mamma to cry

See I'm a good guy, I'm tryin' 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 Ossie Davis, gray hair  
maybe

'Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much sufferin'  
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, sippin' heavenly  
champagne  
What angels saw, with golden wings in thugz mansion

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little busy  
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  
Nothin' but peace love  
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Dear mamma don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good  
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods  
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me  
shook  
Drippin' peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and  
Sam Cook

Then some lady named Billie Holiday  
Sang sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day  
came  
Little LaTasha sho' grown  
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so  
come home

Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us  
When Miles Davis cuttin' 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 askin'  
Remember this face, save me a place, in thugz  
mansion

Every corner, every city  
There's a place where life's a little busy  
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  
Nothin' but peace love  
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