

2Pac "Thugz Mansion Ft. NaS"

Visit "[Thugz Mansion Ft. NaS](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 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
(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
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Visit [2Pac](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.