

2pac "Tradin War Stories"

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A military mind, nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind, nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggaz I despise, look in my eyes
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Now can your mind picture a thug nigga drinkin' hard
liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger?
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggaz

Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born every day
And fear of man grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggaz whisper when they mention

Machiavelli was my tutor, Donald Goines, my father
figure
Momma sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Hence forth, we thug niggaz and we came in packs
Every one of my niggaz strapped sippin' on yac

In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin' till I die, these streets got me cravin'
Thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'
Fat as that ass that honey shakin', my niggaz

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I bust a trey-trey, buggin' an' shit, they call it
overthuggin' and shit
But I was just a younger nigga, gettin' older and lovin'

this shit
But what was I doin' in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first
Facin' termination in the worst

But I figured to play the wall
To watch all these playa hatin' niggaz position for I
could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat, people, I'm tryin' to tell you

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out, smokin'
greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game somethin'
D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt
out
Learned the know-how well, how to do now by 18
turned out

And why I do it, the ridin' and smokin', collidin' with
foes
In the worst place, y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us in the
first place
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters
Y'all don't want no funk
'Cause y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

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I breaks 'em off with this gangsta war story tale
Stackin' loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack
12
Slap my clip in the chamber, fool, your life's in danger
No one will remain when I come through dumpin'
insane

Call me Bowl of Major Pain, gun slangin' movin' 'caine
I be the nigga that's pullin' the trigga
And dumpin' the hollow points in your brain
Mo' bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
We bust that ass up against the wall
Never been no sign for men call

We bucks 'em down on the way to the ground
Ain't nuttin' but the hog in me
Bust off his dildo, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G
It ain't no callin' the funk off, don't be funk'in' with my

sawed off
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
And had them bitch niggaz hauled off

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My whole family been raised on shit, that ain't okay
Ain't nuttin' on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
I'm reminiscin' and catchin' flashbacks
When niggas ran up in my house
And I was too young to try to blast back

What happened then? No one would tell me since I was
three
Heard that God took my peoples, now they livin'
somewhere free
But fuck that, you got what's mine's and I want that
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways
back

And now I'm sittin', holdin' in anger because my
parents missin'
Thuggin' Immortal we got some war stories for ya

Now look at me, straight Outlaw Immortal
Never gave a fuck 'cause I was nobody's daughter
Outlawin' from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
'Cause the murderous tendencies in my mind
Can't be controlled, nigga

So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
Would ya try to trip with my finger on that nine milla
When I got ya on K-94s
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth

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War stories, nigga, ha ha
What players do, Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz
Motherfuckin' Tupac a.k.a. Makaveli
Can you feel me?

Just so you know, it's on Death Row
My niggaz love that shit
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heh heh heh
Yea, nigga

Shout out to my niggaz, Fatal and Felony
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?

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