

## 2Pac

# "Trading 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 Mack 11 just to scare niggaz

Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday  
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  
Moms sent me to go play with the drug dealers  
Hits fall, we thug niggaz and we came in packs  
Every one of niggaz strapped sippin' on 'nac

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'

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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 Bo-wl of Major Pain, gun-slang and movin'  
'caine  
I be the nigga that's pullin' the trigga  
And dumpin' the hollow points in your brain  
Mo' bigger balls than Ru Paul, Thug Life ain't a ball  
We bust that ass up against the wall

Never been no sign for men call  
How 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 calling the funk off, don't be funkking 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 mines 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 of 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 9 milla?  
When I got cha on kay-nine-fourths, prayin' to God  
As your life goes back and forth

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War stories nigga, ha 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, he he he  
Yea nigga, shout out to my niggaz Fatal and Felony  
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what? You know what time it  
is?

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