2Pac Featuring Nate Dogg
"Thugs Get Lonely Too"

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See, it ain't easy bein' me
Life as a celebrity is less than heavenly
I got these fakes and these back-stabbers chasin' me
around
And it's always drama

Whenever I wanna get around
Mama, told me, long before I ever came up
Gotta be true to watchya' do
And keep ya' game up

'Cause things change
And jealousy becomes a factor
Best friends at your wife's house
Tryin' to mack her

I'm on tour but still they keep on knockin' at my door
And I got no time to worry, I'm steady, wantin' more
Every day is a test, yes, I try hard
But I'm strugglin' with every breath

I pray to God, that the woman that I left at home
All alone, ain't nothin' like tryin' to bone over the phone
In my mind I can see her naked, I can't take it
Got me shakin' at the thought that we can make it
I thought you knew

I'm rolling out on tour today
You gettin' sad 'cause I'm goin' away
Chicken-heads wanna play with me
You gettin' mad 'cause you think I'ma sway

Some of 'em cute, some of 'em fine as fuck
I hear 'em scream, soon as I hit the stage
Still I be gettin' lone for you, I'm comin' home
Soon as I make this pay, make this pay

I call you up long distance on the telephone
Wanna tuck you in, even though, I can't make it home
I whisper things in ya' ear, like you're near me
Wonder if you feel me from far away or can you hear
me

It seems to me, that ya' jealous
'Cause I'm hustlin' and makin' money
With the fellas' in the back streets
Tryin' to trap me, baby, hold up
Thugs get lonely too but I'ma soulja

And there's no way I'ma stop makin' money
'Cause ya' attitudes changed and ya' actin' a little
funny
Always complainin', sayin' we don't spend time
Can't you see, I got enough stress on my mind

And hangin' up like you all that
Then get mad when I tell you that
"I'm busy baby, call back", please, ain't nothin' left to
say to you
Thugs get lonely too, you know

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Sit alone in my room, drinkin' without a care
Talkin' out loud to ya', like ya' there
Take ya' picture out my back pocket
Man, it's on you the first face I wanna see

When I get home, I wanna love you 'til the sun rise
Buck wild, touchin' every wall in the house, thug style
Put ya' hands on the headboard, think of me
Drippin' sweat on top of you, sick of scenes

It's in yo' head that I'm makin' love
So turn the lights down, reminisce an' relax
'Cause baby, right now, I feel in the middle of my
stomach
You whisper in my ear, baby, tell me how you really
want it

Hold on tightly, watch the ceiling
Scratch my back, how you react
Let me know you feel me
'Cause everything I'm giving to you is so true
Thugs get lonely too, you know

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Soon as I make this pay, make this pay

Yeah, thug life, baby
Stay thuggin', I said, you remember that next time
You sweat me when I'm on the road, baby
Thugs get lonely too

We ain't gotta go through all these bullshittin' ass
problems
If you wanna be real with me, be real with me
If you wanna be fake, move onto the next one
That ain't me you know