

## **Dramacydal**

### **"Tradin War Stories"**

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[2Pac]  
A military mind nigga  
A military mind mean money  
A criminal grind nigga  
A criminal grind mean hustle  
You know

Chorus: 2Pac (repeat 2X)

We tradin war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggaz I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac]  
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 (Cognac)  
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

Chorus (w Outlawz)

[Fatal (?)]  
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.

[Dramacydal (?)]  
Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin  
greenery  
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game s

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