

## Juvenile

### "Thugs Get Lonely Too"

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Hahahaha, man you crazy, see

[Verse One]

It ain't easy bein me  
Life as a celebrity is less than heavenly  
I got these fakes and these backstabbers chasin me  
around  
And it's always drama, whenever I wanna get around  
Momma told me, long before I ever came up  
Gotta be true, to what you do and keep the game up  
Cause thangs 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  
There 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 torture me

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

I'm rollin out on tour today, you gettin sad cause I'm  
goin away, the...  
... chickenheads 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, nah...  
Still I be gettin lonely for you  
I'm comin home soon as I make this pay, make this pay

[Verse Two]

I call you up long distance, on the telephone  
Wanna tuck you in even though I can't make it home  
I whisper thangs in your ear like you're near me  
Wonder if you feel me, from far away, and can you  
hear me?  
It seems to me, that you're jealous  
Cause I'm hustlin and makin money, with the fellas  
In the backstreets, tryin to track me, baby hold up!

Thugs get lonely too, but I'm a soldier  
And there's no way I'ma stop makin money  
Cause your attitude's changed and you're 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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I sit alone in my room drinkin, without a care  
Talkin out loud to you, like you're there  
Take your picture out my back pocket, man it's on  
You're the first face I wanna see, when I get home  
Wanna love you 'til the sun rise, buckwild  
Touchin every wall in the house, thug style  
Put your hands on the headboard, think of me  
Drippin sweat on top of you, sink and see  
this in yo' head that I'm makin love, so turn the lights  
down  
Reminisce and relax, cause baby right now  
I feel it in the middle of my stomach  
You whisper in my ear and baby tell me how you really  
want it  
Hold on tightly, watch the ceiling  
Scratch my back's how you react, let me know you feel  
me  
Cause everything I'm givin to you, is so true  
And thugs get lonely too, YOU KNOW

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Yeah, thug life BAY-BEE!  
Steady thuggin  
Ay so you remember that next time you sweatin me  
when I'm on the road baby  
Thugs get lonely too, we ain't gotta go through all this  
bullshittin ass problems  
If you wanna be real with me, be real with me  
If you wanna be fake, move on to the next one, that  
ain't me  
YOU KNOW

