

## Lunik

### "Y Do Thugs Die?"

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Thugs die, why me?

Verse 1

Numskull:

All eyes on me, so that means all eyes against me  
Simply 'cause I may do in this world what God sent me  
If I said that I was gonna die,  
Would I be tellin' the truth would I be lyin'  
Would I be chillin' in heaven or hell fryin'  
Do thugs go to heaven even though we bettin' big  
Loot, makin green an lovin' hootchie prostitutes  
Jewels an big high rollin to the big part  
Of two main thugs who got plugged with slugs but had  
so much love  
Until tha paraphernalia, you can't floss or make mill  
One fellow dies in his click then it's all hell  
Big Poppa took hot ones 2Pacalypse took hot ones  
Now, between east and west there's problems  
It's true 'cause who knows when you gonna die, who  
Knows when and where, who knows tha reason why  
Who goes and who stays who pause in these days  
Who paves the roads ways  
Who makes bread and who plays  
Not rollin' not doin' what you love (uh-uh) an when I die  
I wanna die in this business as a thug  
So I ask you, why?

Chorus:

Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry  
Why do thugs die, 'cause it's insane  
Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry  
Why do thugs die, 'cause it's insane

Verse 2

Yukmouth:

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, uh,  
Sometimes I wanna pray, sometimes I wanna say  
somethin'

To God 'cause only God can solve the problems of  
today  
Get on my knees and pray, I cry and say  
If I die today please take my soul away  
Make a brighter day for Lil ???, that be my son  
So many people with money fall victim of the gun  
For tryin' ta rock your rhymes like ??? caught two in the  
lungs  
Wanted to get me, dear lord forgive me, I didn't  
Wanna die this quickly  
God the most expert hitman on earth to get me  
Had plans to have tha inner city killin' each other  
First Pac now Biggie, what really goes on  
Lets hold on, like En Vogue, 'cause when them devils  
want you gone  
You gone, tombstones and funeral  
Homes keep yo game strong  
My little homie got his brains blown (POW!)  
Ready to get yo whobang on, C an Rappin' Ron I miss ya  
Dudes, how many brothers must we lose  
Before we hit tha ballers fued  
It's only hurtin' me and you  
'cause they tryin' to shut down our music that we use  
Don't be confused, these ??? folks to us  
Control the industry, got us programmed like New York  
is the enemy  
Man look what they did to Kennedy  
Why, why, why me, why me, why do thugs die playa

Chours

Verse 3

Numskull:

1, 2, 3 years of struggle, huddles and plans  
Can't amount to millions bubble  
That's why we keep stacks tucked and cuddled  
I praise any human makin' loot by the truck loads  
My motto stay clean like pimps in El Dorado  
Or any real playa makin' ripples in the pond,  
Got hustles for days, kinda makes me think of mine  
And by the time I'm 30 I wanna own them things  
In your ear (what) bubble for 20  
Years if the world is still here

Yukmouth:

Uh-huh, huh, playboy, it seems like everybody with  
bread  
Get indicted by the feds  
And family members end up dead, REDRUM  
I used to read psalms and go to church to be an usher

Then of course the terms they got worser  
Everyday is a different murder, so many  
Funerals and waits, pour out liquor smoke blunts  
In the face when thugs die, you can't stop cryin  
'cause I lost my momma then my father in '95, I ask the  
lord why  
Why thugs die, why do thugs die  
It's like that there playboys  
Watch your back 'cause it's goin' down man  
This goin' out to all the fallen soldiers  
Who died in the line of duty, you know what I'm sayin  
My playboy Tupac, rest in peace  
My playboy, Biggie Smalls, one love rest in peace  
To all the other soldiers, everybody who lost somebody  
You know (world wide)  
Reminisce, lets do this, pour out some liquor  
Smoke some blunts with your folks  
They lookin' down on us proud  
There is a heaven for a G playboy, that's real  
Believe me, done deal, done deal, done deal, done  
deal, uh

Chorus  
(Till end)

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