Luniz "Y Do Thugs Die?"

Visit "Y Do Thugs Die?" on MotoLyrics.com

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,
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, uh

Chorus (Till end)

Visit <u>Luniz</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.