

Tupac

"Stay True"

Visit "[Stay True](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Tupac]

Yah nigga, Drop the top on your muthafuckin ride
This how we do it on the west coast BAABBBY

Rollin' down the Four O Five
Gettin' high
White boys done wrecked their shit
Tryin to check my ride
I ain't being bootsy
Crusin' in a Six-o Impala
Drivin' like I'm in a Hooptee
Car full of ballin' caps
Keep yo hand on the strap
And take all the craps
Niggas know my steel-lo
All legit
But I'm drapped
Like a nigga movin' kilo
Shit don't stop
Cuz i can make that ass drop
Make the front pop
And Hit the three wheel motion
All Day
Hit the freeway
Take it easy, uhh
Let's slide
And pick-up some hoochies
Ride
Right back to the movies
High
Talking back to the screen drinkin' liquor
Havin' big dreams of gettin' richer
I'm livin that

[Chorus (4x) (Tupac)]

Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do (Stay True)

Big Stretch represent the real nigga
Flex, Live squad and this mutha fucker catch wreck

[Stretch]

Thug Life

Sharp as a roughneck

Shakin' the dice, we roll long, ain't nothin' nice

So the vice wanna follow us around (raize up)

Got 'em runnin' as we clown thru the town (blaze up)

Another one, had to throw another gun

Don't need another case

You can see it on my face son

But I ain't fallin' yet

And I gotta give a shout to where my ball is at

[Tupac]

Mophreme Tell 'em why the hoes dream

Gettin high off a nigga like a dope fiend

[Mophreme]

Cuz I'm non-stop, and I'm always hustlin'

Twenty four seven, ain't nothin' buck

But when a young G's flippin' keys for a livin'

Try to make a mill off the time I'm givin'

Trippin'

Mad

I'm crazy

Can't nobody fade me

And I been goin' insane lately

And everybody tryin' ta hold me back

I'm about to snap

You better move back

You know I led a.....

[Chorus (4x) (Tupac)]

Thug Life, y'all know the rules

Gotta do whatcha gotta do (Stay True)

Maaaannnn, I don't worry about the Five-O

If they start,

Cuz it's all about survival

Just stay smart

Keep your mind on your bank roll

Always

Stay ahead of these stank hos

These days

It's an all out rat race

And look at MEEE just caught another cat case

That makes three

My lawyers getting cash up the ass

Don't even ask
Why I'm buck wild ?
Don't smile
Don't laugh
To the young G's comin up
Peep game
Don't let the money make you change
Or act strange
Stay broke
It's all in together now
Keep pumping loud
Till the crowd
Bring the top down
Is that Tupac Thug Life ?
Hell Yah
Try to dirty up my name
But it's still here
Which way do I turn ?
I'm strapped
Lost in the storm
I can't turn back
With that..

[Chorus (4x) (Tupac)]

Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do (Stay True)

Visit [Tupac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.