

2Pac F/ Nate Dogg "Thugs Get Lonely Too"

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See, it ain't easy bein' me,
Life as a celebrity is less than heavily,
I got these fakes and these back-stabbers chasin' me
around,
And it's always drama,
Whenever I wanna get around,
Mama told me,
Long before I ever came up,
Gotta be true, to watchya' do,
And keep ya' game up,
'Cause things change,
And jealousy becomes a factor,
Best friends at your wifes house tryin' to MAC HER!
I'm on tour,
But still they keep on knockin' at my door,
And I got no time to work,
I'm steady wantin' more,
Every day is a test, yes,
I try hard,
But I'm strugg-a-lin' with every breath,
I pray to God that the woman that I left at home,
All alone,
Ain't got nothin' tryin' to bone,
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 thought you knew.

(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
I thought you knew,
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)

I call you up long distance,
On the telephone,
I wanna tuck you in,
Even though I know I can't make it home,
I wisper things in ya' ear,
Like your near me,

Wonder if you feel me,
From far away,
Or can you hear me,
It seems to me,
That ya' jealous,
'Cause I'm hustlin' and makin' money,
With the fellas',
In the back streets,
Tryin' to trap me,
Baby HOLD UP,
Thugs get lonely too!
But I'm a soulja,
And theres no way I'mma' makin' money,
'Cause ya' attitudes changed,
And ya' actin' a little funny,
Always complainin',
Sayin' we don't spend time,
Can't you see,
I got enough stress on my mind,
Hangin' up like you all that,
And get mad when I'm tell you that,
'I'm buys baby, call back,'
Please, ain't nothin' left to say to you,
Thugs get lonely too,
You KNOW.

(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
I thought you knew,
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
Yeah,
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)
And I thought you knew,
(Thugs get lonely too, thugs get lonely too)

I sit alone in my room, drinkin',
Without a dare,
Talkin out loud to ya',
Like ya' there,
Take ya' picture out my back pocket,
Man it's on,
You the first face I wanna see,
When I get home,
I wanna love you 'till the sun rise,
Buckwild,
Touchin' every wall in the house,
Thug style,
Put ya' hands on the head-board,
Think of me,
Drippin' sweat on top of you,
Sick of scenes in yo' head,
That I'm makin' love,

So turn the lights down,
Reminice 'n relax,
'Cause baby right now,
I feel you in the middle of my stomach,
You wisper in my ear,
Baby tell me how you really want it,
Hold on tight,
Watch the ceiling,
Scratch my back,
How you react,
Lets me know you feel me,
'Cause everything I'm giving to you,
Is so true,
Thugs get lonely too,
You know.

Chorus (untill fade)
1bf7

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