

Thug Life F/ 2Pac

"Pour Out A Little Liquor"

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2Pac]

Yeah

Pour out a little liquor for your homies nigga

This one here go out to my nigga Mike Coolie

(Light up a fat one for this one)

How you come up man?

I started young kickin dust and livin rough

You watch you mouth around my mama you couldn't
cuss man

I had a down ass homie though; we ran the streets

And on the scene at the age of fourteen huh

I packed a nine and my nigga packed a forty-five

We drinkin forties, lil' shorties livin naughty lives

You couldn't stop us, long as I got my glock, FUCK the
coppers

Hangin on the block, slangin rocks and makin profits

I couldn't fuck with the schhhoooooIIll life, I was a fool

I'll play that motherfucker for a tooooollll man

Tonight'll be the night that's what we figurin

Hustlin in the rain felt no pain cause we drinkin

Playin them hoes like manure

First let my nigga fuck and then I fuck that's how we do

it (ha ha!)

It's two niggaz comin up out the hood

livin life just as good as we could

But since a bitch can't be trusted

Hoes snitched to the po-lice, now my nigga's busted

The cops whoopin on my nigga in jail

tryin to get a motherfucker to tell

And couldn't nobody diss my nigga

Damn, I miss my nigga

Pour out a little liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go" (4X)

This goes out to all you so called G's

Pour out a little liquor for your real motherfuckin
partners

Don't let the drink get like that y'all, huh

Pour out a little liquor

Pour out a little liquor

What's that you drinkin on?

Drinkin on gin, smokin on blunts and it's on

Reminisce about my niggaz, that's dead and gone

And now they buried, sometimes my eyes still get
blurry

Cause I'm losin all my homies and I worry

I got my back against a brick wall, trapped in a circle

Boxin with them suckers til my knuckles turn purple

Mama told me, "Son there'll be days like this"

Don't wanna think so -- I hit the drink and stay blitzed

We had plans of bein big time G's

Rolling in marked cars, movin them keys

And now I roll up the window, blaze up some indo

Get to' down for my niggaz in the pen, yo

Your son's gettin big and strong

and I'd love'm like one of my own, til you come home
and

the years sure fly with the quickness

You do the time, and I'll keep handlin yo' business

That's the way it's supposed to be

Homie, if it was me, you'd do the shit for me

Homie, I can remember scrapin back to back

Throwin dogs on them suckers runnin up on this young
hog

I hope my words can paint a perfect picture

And let ya know how much a nigga miss ya

Pour out some liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"

Look at you

Drinkin got you where you don't even give respect to
your partners

Pour out some liquor nigga!

It ain't like that

Tip that shit over

Pour out a little liquor!

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go" (4X)

This for my nigga Madman

Dagz, Hood, Silk yeah

A little liquor for my homies y'all

We in this motherfuckin piece YEAH

Pour out a little liquor

Young Queen, YEAH

This one goes out to all my mack partners

Back in the motherfuckin Bay

Oaktown still in the motherfuckin house

(Pour out a little liquor)

My nigga Richie Rich, Gov'na

(I don't care, Nightrain, Henessey)

All my real motherfuckin partners

(Pour out a little liquor)

And all my real partnas in Marin, fuck you busta ass
niggaz

Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor

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