

## 2Pac F/ Tre' "Hennessey"

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Hahah! Yeah nigga fuck that gin & juice (Hennessy)  
Just pour me a glass of that dark shit  
That's right  
[Obie] Ay pour me some of that too baby!

[Chorus]  
[2Pac] They wanna knows my role model, it's in a  
brown bottle  
[Obie] Yo what's our motherfuckin motto nigga?  
Hennessy  
[2Pac] They wanna knows my role model, it's in a  
brown bottle  
[Obie] You know our motherfuckin motto (Hennessy)  
[2Pac] Hahaha, y'all niggaz can't fuck with this ol' thug  
shit  
[2Pac] Hennessy

[Obie] That's what you sippin on, now what's your name  
nigga?  
[2Pac] Big ballin-ass nigga named 'Pac

[Verse One: 2Pac]  
Now I was born in the gutter facin life or death  
I was a thug ever since my mama gave me breath  
These motherfuckers wanna see me die, so who am I  
to try to warn 'em, I buck and bomb 'em, them niggaz  
fry  
Hey, remember me? Down that Hennessy  
The nigga you don't wanna see, let me procede  
My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me  
Now that it's poppin ain't no love bitch  
I maintain in the game in the gutter's where I still kick it  
I'm tryin to hustle up a meal ticket  
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler 'til my dyin days  
Ain't nuttin wrong with gettin paid, so nigga blaze  
Cause we some motherfuckin fools  
Walkin through the streets wearin jewels, breakin  
niggaz makin moves  
Even the cops can't stop us, my enemies flip  
when they see me drink a fifth of that Hennessy

[Chorus]

[Obie] That's what I'm sippin on, now let me tell 'em  
who I be

[2Pac] Big ballin-ass nigga named Trice

[Verse Two: Obie Trice]

Now I was born in Detroit on the side that's West  
Troubled child comin up I had to ride I guess  
Tried to apply myself, them niggaz was ballin  
My mama couldn't tell me shit, the streets was callin  
I was often involved with niggaz breakin the law  
I look back, 'Pac nigga, we was bankin off raw  
P-Funk got it pumpin, he had the connects  
Threw the sack to his lil' niggaz workin the set  
And if you got it you gettin wet, nigga bet on that  
Don't come around hurr on that floss shit  
Detroit niggaz off shit

[2Pac] Robbin niggaz in the do'ways

[Obie] That's right

[2Pac] With my four-four, that's the sure way

And this your road days, "All Eyez on Me"  
We was loonie I suppose, you could

[2Pac] Die homie

O. Trice always rep his block  
Pass the Henn and that ice, I'm on a track with 'Pac  
nigga

[Chorus]

[Obie Trice]

Yeah, ay 'Pac, 'Pac, nigga Detroit love you boy  
You put it down out here, I mean, y'know  
Me and my family, my friends, nigga we ride for you  
always  
"2Pacalypse Now" 'til infinity boy, forever  
Shady Records, Afeni Shakur, whattup? Yeah  
Obie Trice, pour out a lil' liquor nigga

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