

## **2Pac F/ Q-Tip**

### **"They Don't Live Long"**

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You gon save that?

Na na na na naaaaaa

Na na na na naaaaaa

Yea

Thug niggas don't live that long  
(Thug niggas don't live that long)  
Before they gone they'll be dead and gone  
But I'll be waiting 'till they come back home  
(I'll be waiting for you)

#### Verse 1

I wanna buy me a benz but I'm fifty-grand short  
I got to get this cheese without a nigga getting caught  
2 freaks is in the jungle now  
I'm taking care of mama now  
My lil dog caught a case, I got to bail him out  
I got you bobbin to this real shit  
So reason why a nigga kill shit  
That's how it is, shit  
See papa was a rolling stone  
He left mama alone  
She raised us on her own  
Them bitches curious  
Why I'm soo motherfucking serious  
Hard times got me pumped up and furious  
I want y'all to free all my dawgs  
Before I get my gun and start killing your halls  
Call me the butcherman  
I take my beef straight to the man  
I put it so only thug niggas understand  
Keep bitches out your game get paid  
Just remember and respect what the old girl said

#### Chorus

#### Verse 2

I got some niggas on the other side  
One day I got to take a ride  
And let them know I still represent the Southside

No more shopping at the flea I'm rolling D's and Lo's  
I'm getting head, feeling bread from these sleezy hoez  
And can't nann bitch forget that nigga Hollywood  
Big ends steering wheel made of wood  
I heard it was four niggas three shit, one ho nigga  
I'm out the pen with you Howdy folk  
Who gon die next  
Who mama gon cry next  
Who sister giving away the slack pus  
That's how we living though  
Dead and gone before he twenty-four  
Or in jail, but y'all don't hear me though  
As I continue with this thug shit  
With all this blood and shit  
But all us thug niggas love this  
For the love of greed and riches  
But money don't need no bitches  
So I'm killing all snitches

Chorus

Bridge

I'm doing this one for the thugs  
and the niggas on the corner selling drugs for the  
thugs  
Yes sir (repeat 2x)

Verse 3

If I was a hundred dollar bill  
I'd make you niggas kill for me  
Go to prison do about a hundred years for me  
Get a gat and go jack robin steele for me  
Just to pay a bitch bills with me  
I'm dissing every nigga who got me fucking  
A bitch better fuck for pregnant nuts  
You see it be them same niggas  
'Cause coochie ass lame niggas  
(Last time) Learn some motherfucking thangs nigga  
Now picture me as a killa (killa)  
Young crack dope deala (dope deala)  
I'm doing this one for my niggas  
Who ride for this  
Who even lost they life for this  
And them niggas who survivin this  
They don't live that long

Chorus 2x

Thug Niggas don't live that long

Singing portion of the chorus repeated untill fade

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