The Luniz "Y do thugs die?"

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Thugs die, why me?

Verse 1

Numskull:

All eyes on me, so that means all eyes against me simply cuz I may do in this world what God sent me if I said that I was gonna die, would I be tellin' the truth would I be lyin' would I be chillin' in heaven or hell fryin' do thugs go to heaven even though we bettin' big loot, makin green an lovin' hootchie prostitutes jewels an big high rollin to the big part of two main thugs who got plugged with slugs but had so much love until tha paraphernalia, you can't floss or make mill one fellow dies in his click then it's all hell Big Poppa took hot ones 2Pacalypse took hot ones now, between east and west there's problems it's true cuz who knows when you gonna die, who knows when and where, who knows tha reason why who goes and who stays who pause in these days who paves the roads ways who makes bread and who plays not rollin' not doin' what you love (uh-uh) an when I die I wanna die in this business as a thug so I ask you, why?

Chorus:

Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry Why do thugs die, cuz it's insane Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry Why do thugs die, cuz it's insane

Verse 2

Yukmouth:
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh,
Sometimes I wanna pray, sometimes I wanna say
somethin'

to God cuz only God can solve the problems of today get on my knees and pray, I cry and say if I die today please take my soul away make a brighter day for Lil ???, that be my son so many people with money fall victim of the gun for tryin' ta rock your rhymes like ??? caught two in the lungs

wanted to get me, dear lord forgive me, I didn't wanna die this quickly

God the most expert hitman on earth to get me had plans to have tha inner city killin' each other first Pac now Biggie, what really goes on lets hold on, like En Vogue, cuz when them devils want you gone

you gone, tombstones and funeral homes keep yo game strong my little homie got his brains blown (POW!) ready to get yo whobang on, C an Rappin' Ron I miss ya dudes, how many brothers must we lose before we hit tha ballers fued it's only hurtin' me and you cuz they tryin' to shut down our music that we use dont be confused, these ??? folks to us control the industry, got us programmed like New York is the enemy man look what they did to Kennedy why, why, why me, why me, why do thugs die playa

Chours

Verse 3

Numskull:

1, 2, 3 years of struggle, huddles and plans can't amount to millions bubble that's why we keep stacks tucked and cuddled I praise any human makin' loot by the truck loads my motto stay clean like pimps in El Dorado or any real playa makin' ripples in the pond, got hustles for days, kinda makes me think of mine and by the time I'm 30 I wanna own them things in your ear (what) bubble for 20 years if the world is still here

Yukmouth:

Uh-huh, huh, playboy, it seems like everybody with bread get indicted by the feds and family members end up dead, REDRUM I used to read psalms and go to church to be an usher then of course the terms they got worser

everyday is a different murder, so many funerals and waits, pour out liquor smoke blunts in the face when thugs die, you can't stop cryin cuz I lost my momma then my father in '95, I ask the lord why why thugs die, why do thugs die it's like that there playboys watch your back cuz it's goin' down man This goin' out to all the fallen soldiers who died in the line of duty, you know what I'm sayin my playboy Tupac, rest in peace my playboy, Biggie Smalls, one love rest in peace to all the other soldiers, everybody who lost somebody you know (world wide) reminisce, lets do this, pour out some liquor smoke some blunts with your folks they lookin' down on us proud there is a heaven for a G playboy, that's real believe me, done deal, done deal, done deal, uh

Chorus (Till end)

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