

Bad Religion & Campino

"Sophisticated Thugs"

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[Bootleg] (talking)

Yeah...Yeah...

Flint-Town, Dayton Family, I.D., Killafornia,

Ras Kass, yeah... yeah... For all the Sophisticated Thugs
yeah, for all the Sophisticated Thugs...

We gonna dedicate this to y'all

In the memory of my homeboy Pac, like this (rest in
peace)

[Ras Kass]

A young nigga gotta keep the rims chrome

That's why my arteries pump brimstones

disappear after breaking your chin bone

ready to flip ten songs

I might make sense known

Feet I tear it from ya like bedrock to a flintstone

Flint-Town, Michigan, who roll up in this bitch again

Rollin like Bentleys on Michelins

You said life ain't shit but bitches and money

Chronic and henne, taxes and tombstones

And slayin yahoes with killaz on the payroll

But anyway though, if we did sell drugs

We sophisticated thugs

Keep prepaid cells

So the feds can't bug

Ras Kass, I.D., Dayton Family

Scared niggaz don't cry

Cause we all gonna die

Spice boy niggaz get wesson

Cause they all gonna fry

Open up some projects in Hell they need more room

Cause most of y'all bitch niggaz is coming there soon
(what)

Chorus [Bootleg]:

I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz

Long as you got love for thugs (Sophisticated Thug
Niggaz)

I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz

Long as you got love for thugs (Sophisticated Thug
Niggaz)

I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz
Long as you got love for thugs (We Sophisticated Thug
Niggaz)
I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz
Long as you got love for thugs

[Bootleg]

All Eyez On Me
Holla Thug life on BET
Gave the whole world the finger on MTV
Tupac Shakur, he was born to be a renegade
A product of the streets
Now look at what our streets done made
And took away all in the course of a day
Frivolous beef got me lookin the other way
You used to say that you was never afraid to die
So put a blunt in your casket let you get your dead
homiez high
A true thug that was born to ride
Say what you say, when he passed away
The game died
It was you against the world
I know that shit was crazy
Believe me though, I know the whole world wasn't
against you baby
You told sistas to keep they head up and never switch
And if you switched, I bet you wonder why they called
you bitch
Died too soon from unnecessary bullet wounds
Now college professors due lectures in their
classrooms on your lyricism
Damn Pac, I wish you were here so you could hear em'
Incredible, Unforgettable, Biggie you was true
You're nobody until somebody kills you
Sophisticated Thugs!

chorus

[I.D.]

In the city, where hands get blown
Every city I mash through, there's at least 60 niggaz
that'll blast you
Mash you out, Cash, Stash and heat seekin' lies
On the day, only on the earth 16 years and already
crazy
Maybe I'll get blasted tryin to master perfection
Packin weapons, niggaz trippin, when you in the wrong
section
Flexin muscles we're tusslin, doin it all for nothin
Cause the fight is all over when the pistols get to
bustin'

But that's enough, I don't think noone is listenin'
They tryin to make us think it's cool, the war world that
we livin in
But so, every memory, and all the game that they
kicked it in
We really givin in, livin life for the sin and death
I bet somebody dies raw for the end of this song
That's the reason why I pray so I can make it back home
To be on top so long can't afford not to succeed
But everybody's killin over clothes, bitches, and weed
It's plain to see, it's about the money
But when they snatch the money we robbin for food like
ain't nothin' funny
In 1999, all major leaders have a leader
In the ATF, fiendin black people they defeated
I said in 1999, all major leaders have a leader
In the ATF, fiendin black people they defeated

chorus

[Bootleg] (talking) [woman singing in background]
Tupac Shakur, one of the realest thugs ever to pick up
a microphone
I gives a fuck what anybody else say
Fuck what you heard, Fuck where you from
East or West coast, I don't give a fuck
I know who was representin' and who moved me when
he picked up a mic and
spit that shit
Tupac mother fuckin' Shakur
Died a soldier, lived a soldier
From the cradle to the grave, he was thuggin'
And I know you bitch ass niggaz feel what I'm sayin
Thugs

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