

Storm

"Tradin War Stories"

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[2Pac]

A military mind nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

Chorus: 2Pac (repeat 2X)

We tradin war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggaz I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin hard
liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
semi-automatic Mack 11 just to scare niggaz
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
and fear of man - grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggaz whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father
figure
Moms sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Hits fall, we thug niggaz and we came in packs.
Every one of niggaz strapped sippin on 'nac (Cognac)
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin till I die, these streets got me cravin thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin
Fat as that ass that honey shakin

Chorus (w Outlawz)

[Fatal (?)]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin and shit
But I was just a younger nigga;
gettin older and lovin this shit
But what was I doin in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first,

facin termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all these
playa hatin niggaz position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryin to tell you.

[Dramacydal (?)]

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin
greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game someth

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