

## **Greg Sage And The Wipers**

### **"Bury Me a G"**

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\* Walker sings and harmonizes over the Chorus

[2Pac]

Bury me a G.. Thug Life, feel me

Thinkin back, reminiscin on my teens  
A young G, gettin paid offa dopefiends  
Fuckin off cash that I made  
Nigga what's the sense of workin hard if you never get  
to play?  
I'm hustlin, stayin out 'til it's dawn  
And comin home, at 6 o'clock in the mornin  
Hands on my glock, eyes on the prize  
Finger on the trigger when a nigga ride  
Shootin craps, bustin niggaz out the do'  
Pick my money off the flo', God bless the tre-fo'  
Stuck on full, drunk again  
Sippin on gin with a couple of friends (ha ha)  
Say them Thug Life niggaz be like major pimps  
Stickin to the rules wasn't made for sin (beotch!)  
And if I die, let it be  
But when they come for me, bury me a G

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]

I ain't got time for bitches  
Gotta keep my mind on my motherfuckin riches  
Even when I die, they won't worry me  
Mama don't cry, bury me a G

[Mopreme]

More trouble than the average  
Just made 25 and I'm livin like a savage  
Bein a G it ain't no easy thing  
Cause you could fuck around get crossed and get  
stuck in the game  
And for the rest of your life you will sit, and reminisce  
Wonder why it had to end like this  
And to the G's you can feel my pain  
until the motherfucker gets born again

[The Rated R]

You thought I was a game kid, I'm not the nigga for  
playin games  
I let my buckshots rang when I pull the trigger on my  
gauge  
I'm on a rampage makin runs for the devil  
Ain't nothin on my mind but gettin in some trouble  
I'm tired of hidin double-ups from the hold-up  
Just to get a nigga for some blunts, or in some jewelry  
store  
(BREAK YO'SELF!) I gives a fuck niggaz outta luck when  
I bust  
Put me to my death but I'm a G 'til the enemy bury me

[Chorus]

[Big Syke]

I got nothin tp lose so I choose to be a killer  
Went from bangin to slangin now I'ma dope dealer  
All my life payed tha price, to be the boss  
Back in school wrote the rules, on gettin tossed  
Poppin rocks on the block was a pasttime  
Pack a 9 all the time, you wanna test mine?  
Don't cry, I'd die before they play me  
From the cradle to the grave, bury me a G

[Macadoshis]

Straight Thug G, kickin it with the homies in the hood  
Gettin drunk, smokin blunts, a bitch said I'm no good  
I gives a fuck I spend my time in the dope spot  
Never had no time for no bitch when slangin rocks  
And bustin caps on you punk ass marks  
Fake-ass G's, bitch niggaz with no heart  
I'm stayin real 'til I'm six feet deep  
So when a nigga gone, just bury me a G

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Stuck on full, Tanqueray got a nigga high  
Lord knows I don't need another DUI  
I live the Thug Life, heartless hustler  
Just cause I fucked, don't mean I trust her  
Now my pager's vibratin, can't sleep  
So I'm mobbin to the ho's house, bumpin Isley  
Is it cool to fuck is what I'm askin  
Bitch recognize game and start laughin  
Now I'm all in the guts and shit (Nigga you crazy!)  
Prayin that a nigga don't nut too quick  
Cause I'll fuck and get up, I let ya know (beotch!)  
I'll be a ten minute brother for a two-dollar ho  
Lots of hoes get mad and shit (ha ha)

I let a trick be a trick you can have that bitch  
Cause I doubt if I change; the game's a motherfucker  
Real niggaz turn to bustas, bury me a G

[Chorus] - repeat to end

[2Pac - over Chorus at the end]

Don't cry don't cry cause I ain't got time for bitches  
Fuck them bitches y'know?!  
Them hoes can die for all I care, this a Thug Life thang  
BEOTCH!  
Reminisce, and I ain't got time for bitches, bitches..  
hahaha..

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