

## Thug Life "Cradle To The Grave"

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[Chorus]

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, livin in the ghetto  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy..

[2Pac]

June 16th, 1971

Mama gave birth to a hell-raisin heavenly son  
See the doctor tried to smack me but I smacked him  
back  
My first words was "Thug for life," and "Papa pass the  
Mac."  
I'm bustin on these motherfuckers ballin  
Listen you can hear my mini fourteen callin {\*POP POP  
POP\*}  
From out the window of my drop top, I got my glock  
cocked  
Bustin at niggaz, when will it stop?  
Now tell me are you scared of the dark?  
Can't close my eyes I see visions  
And even with this thug livin, will I escape prison?  
Penitentiary chances was an all day thang  
The only way to advance; and if you slang  
then you'd better have yo' Nikes on - cause when we  
fight  
it's in the middle of the night with no lights on, hey!!  
There must be a God cause I feel lucky  
Paranoid out my mind, cause motherfuckers tryin to  
rush me  
Am I goin to jail? Look at me bailin  
Comin out the court house, all about my mail and bank  
Never, never die I'll be a hustler motherfuckers  
And makin thugs out you suckers from the cradle to the  
grave

[Chorus]

From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, livin in the ghetto

[Mopreme]

From the cradle to the grave since a little bitty child

I've been known to get ill and kinda buck wild  
Pop pop! Just like the part that's in my walk with street  
talk  
I'm runnin up the block in the dark where lead spark  
Surveillance on a nigga every day  
Waitin on my daddy just to take his ass away  
Now Mama always workin tryin to make ends meet  
So now a young nigga's bein raised by the streets  
And then the only other one that ever showed me love  
Was my dope fiend uncle strung out on drugs  
A straight - thug; just me, my mama out here on our  
own  
So I got two gats - one black and one of chrome  
Now I don't wanna hurt nobody but I must defend mine!  
It's all the fuck I got, so stop and walk a thin line  
Young niggaz be brave  
And keep on thuggin from the cradle to the grave  
From the cradle to the grave

[Chorus]  
From the cradle to the grave  
Life ain't never been easy, livin in the ghetto

[The Rated R]  
From the cradle to the grave  
I'm glad to say, I made it this far  
Many G's died hogs and all they got was they name hit  
up on a wall  
It's sad thinkin' about the times  
Life goes on, I'm steady lost in this land  
That's the war zone, I gots no home, don't have no  
friends neither  
It's just me by my lonely so I married my nina  
I keeps her wherever I go, I love my ho  
Never leave home with out my sugar, I'm hafta plug a  
nigga  
Mama told me not to trust no punks  
And kick his ass if he lay a hand on me since then I  
been knowin

Sometimes I think my own self stupid  
Cause I stay shootin at marks, get twisted up in police  
reports  
Since the cradle, I've been ungrateful  
My first toy was a gun I got sprung and learedn to love  
weapons  
But now I'm through with money, and through with  
street fame  
Somebody peeled my cap, and put me in my grave

[Chorus]

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[Macadoshis]

March 18th, a rainy day my mama gave birth  
to a baby boy trapped in hell on Earth  
From day one it wasn't fun I never had a crumb  
Daddy worked two jobs and Mama won't stop drinkin  
rum  
I tried to cope loc, but my family's broke  
And my pocket's short so now I got ta slang dope  
In the game filled with pain it's a fuckin shame  
The white man got a motherfucker slangin 'caine  
So now it's on from dusk to dawn I'm gettin my serve  
on  
Always in the spot with my glock slingin rocks at the  
Rox  
The shit don't stop, I'm steady dodgin cops  
I never flip-flop, hear my glock cock, thug 'til I drop  
And if I hit the pen I gotta do my time  
Sittin on my bunk reminiscin bout the good times  
It's fucked up a nigga gotta grow up doin dirt  
But from the cradle to the grave I'ma put in work

[Chorus]

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Life ain't never been easy, livin in the ghetto

[Big Syke]

Time's movin fast, will I last another day?  
So I pray and I lay with my A-K  
Did I sell my soul as a young kid?  
All the things I did wishin someone held me but they  
never did  
I can't take it, will I make it to my older age?  
Before I'm shot up or locked up in a fuckin cage  
Lord help me, guide me, save me!  
Cause that's the way that Daddy raised me, crazy  
Do or die, nigga pull the trigger don't give a fuck  
You'd rather be in jail than get yo' ass bucked  
Nobody cares, it's me against the world  
Keepin murder on my mind and my tec-9  
I got nothin to lose, payin dues, nigga you wanna die?  
I get high and then my mission is a walk-by  
You'd better jet when I hit your set cause I'm comin  
Start runnin yellin "evil mind" as I'm gunnin  
One in the chamber for the anger that I build inside

For the mothers that cried, for my homies that died  
The beginning is an ending, am I just a slave?  
So I got to be brave from the cradle to the grave

[Chorus]

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{\*fades out\*}

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