

## Thug Life

# "Pour Out A Little Liquor"

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Yeah

Pour out a little liquor for your homies, nigga  
This one here go out to my nigga Mike Coolie  
(Light up a fat one for this one)  
How you come up, man?

I started young kickin' dust and livin' rough  
You watch you mouth around my mama, you couldn't  
cuss, man  
I had a down ass homie though we ran the streets  
And on the scene at the age of fourteen, huh  
I packed a nine and my nigga packed a forty-five  
We drinkin' forties, lil' shorties livin' naughty lives  
You couldn't stop us, long as I got my glock, fuck the  
coppers  
Hangin' on the block, slangin' rocks and makin' profits

I couldn't fuck with the school life, I was a fool  
I'll play that motherfucker for a tool man  
Tonight'll be the night that's what we figurin'  
Hustlin' in the rain felt no pain 'cuz we drinkin'  
Playin' them hoes like manure  
First let my nigga fuck and then I fuck, that's how we do  
it  
(Ha ha)

It's two niggaz comin' up out the hood  
Livin' life just as good as we could  
But since a bitch can't be trusted  
Hoes snitched to the police, now my nigga's busted  
The cops whoopin' on my nigga in jail  
Tryin' to get a motherfucker to tell  
And couldn't nobody diss my nigga  
Damn, I miss my nigga, pour out a little liquor

My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go

This goes out to all you so called G's  
Pour out a little liquor for your real motherfuckin'

partners  
Don't let the drink get like that y'all, huh  
Pour out a little liquor, pour out a little liquor  
What's that you drinkin' on?

Drinkin' on gin, smokin' on blunts and it's on  
Reminisce about my niggaz, that's dead and gone  
And now they buried, sometimes my eyes still get  
blurry  
'Cuz I'm losin' all my homies and I worry  
I got my back against a brick wall, trapped in a circle  
Boxin' with them suckers 'til my knuckles turn purple  
Mama told me, "Son, there'll be days like this"  
Don't wanna think so, I hit the drink and stay blitzed

We had plans of bein' big time G's  
Rolling in marked cars, movin' them keys  
And now I roll up the window, blaze up some indo  
Get to' down for my niggaz in the pen, yo  
Your son's gettin' big and strong  
And I'd love 'em like one of my own, til' you come home  
And the years sure fly with the quickness  
You do the time, and I'll keep handlin' yo' business

That's the way it's supposed to be  
Homie, if it was me, you'd do the shit for me  
Homie, I can remember scrapin' back to back  
Throwin' dogs on them suckers runnin' up on this  
young hog  
I hope my words can paint a perfect picture  
And let ya know how much a nigga miss ya  
Pour out some liquor

My cousin died last year and I still can't let go

Look at you  
Drinkin' got you where you don't even give respect to  
your partners  
Pour out some liquor, nigga  
It ain't like that, tip that shit over  
Pour out a little liquor

My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go  
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go

This for my nigga Madman, Dagz, Hood, Silk, yeah  
A little liquor for my homies y'all  
We in this motherfuckin' piece, yeah  
Pour out a little liquor, Young Queen, yeah

This one goes out to all my mack partners  
Back in the motherfuckin' Bay

Oaktown still in the motherfuckin' house  
(Pour out a little liquor)  
My nigga Richie Rich, Gov'na  
(I don't care, Night train, Hennessey)  
All my real motherfuckin' partners  
(Pour out a little liquor)  
And all my real partnas in Marin, fuck you busta ass  
niggaz  
Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor

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