

Thug Life "Stay True"

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Yeah nigga, drop the top on your muthafuckin' ride
This how we do it on the West Coast baby

Rollin' down the Four O Five
Gettin' high
White boys done wrecked their shit
Tryin' to check my ride

I ain't being bootsy
Crusin' in a Six-o Impala
Drivin' like I'm in a Hooptee
Car full of ballin' caps

Keep yo hand on the strap
And take all the craps
Niggas know my steel-lo, all legit
But I'm drapped like a nigga movin' kilo

Shit don't stop
'Cuz I can make that ass drop
Make the front pop
And hit the three wheel motion

All day
Hit the freeway
Take it easy, uhh
Let's slide

And pick-up some hoochies
Ride right back to the movies
High talking back to the screen drinkin' liquor
Havin' big dreams of gettin' richer, I'm livin' that

Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, yeah
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, uhh

Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, yeah
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true

Big Stretch represent the real nigga
Flex, Live squad and this muthafucker catch wreck

Thug Life, sharp as a roughneck
Shakin' the dice, we roll long, ain't nothin' nice
So the vice wanna follow us around
Got 'em runnin' as we clown thru the town

Another one, had to throw another gun
Don't need another case, you can see it on my face son
But I ain't fallin' yet
And I gotta give a shout to where my ball is at
Mophreme

Tell 'em why the hoes dream
Gettin' high off a nigga like a dope fiend
'Cuz I'm non-stop, and I'm always hustlin'
Twenty four seven, ain't nothin' buck

But when a young G's flippin' keys for a livin'
Try to make a mill off the time I'm givin'
Trippin', mad, I'm crazy, can't nobody fade me
And I been goin' insane lately

And everybody tryin' ta hold me back
I'm about to snap
You better move back
You know I led a

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Man, I don't worry about the Five-O
If they start 'cuz it's all about survival
Just stay smart, keep your mind on your bank roll
Always stay ahead of these stank hoes these days

It's an all out rat race
And look at me just caught another cat case
That makes three
My lawyers getting cash up the ass

Don't even ask, why I'm buck wild?

Don't smile, don't laugh
To the young G's comin' up, peep game
Don't let the money make you change or act strange

Stay broke, it's all in together now
Keep pumping loud till the crowd bring the top down
Is that Tupac Thug Life ? Hell yeah
Try to dirty up my name but it's still here

Which way do I turn?
I'm strapped
Lost in the storm
I can't turn back with that

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