

## Master P F/ C Murder

### "Thug Holiday"

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(talking)

Thug holiday, go ahead you can cry this up right baby  
Everything gone be gravy later, that's right  
This the time when we take time to remember  
All the loved ones we lost in the struggle you know  
I dedicate this to my brother Hollywood, Toby, Bam  
My dog Itchy and Lil Trav, I dedicate this to the struggle  
Everybody in the county jail, state penn, check it out

[Trick Daddy]

Here go one for bad luck, hell against that a nigga  
wouldn't have none  
But when I think about it, what would I be without my  
gun  
How could I, get away from the po-po's, if a, nigga  
couldn't run  
And how was I given a daughter when I always prayed  
for a son  
Life is crazy ain't it, sometimes I even think the same  
thing  
I've been waiting on freeing the ring hell but ain't a  
thang changed  
And I lost my brother in the struggle, Taterhead done  
lost his mother  
And I'm thinking about it who's mine's who gone raise  
my brother  
Not to be a thug, stay in school, don't use drugs  
Who'll teach him right from wrong and show them  
boys, true love  
So I pray for the better days, face the bomb had a run-  
a-ways  
And, I put my guns away and I pray for peace on  
Sundays, it's crazy ain't it

[Chorus: LaTocha Scott]

Just like the soldiers, that ain't coming home this year  
Just like the fellas, in prison, we miss you so much for  
real  
What about the children, who ran away, that ain't  
coming home today  
Well here's a message from coast to coast

Cause when them thugs really need it the most a thug holiday

Just like 'em, just like 'em, just like 'em, a thug holiday -  
2x

[Trick Daddy]

Here go one for, all these killings and all these  
conflicts in religion  
See the Muslims, Jews and Christians but know they are  
all God's children  
There's only, one him, plus ain't none of y'all  
confronting him  
So blind in our own minds we wouldn't even know God  
if we was in front of him  
And, I read your books know all your remixes to the  
bottom  
What about a, verse for the thugs curled with drugs  
and survival  
That's asking chapels naming Martin, Malcolm and  
Farrakhan  
In all my history books, only one died was the  
Americans  
And, that's point of my, who's responsible for Vietnam  
And, hold on there's more, we had two World Wars  
And, how come the judges make more than the  
teachers is making  
When they the ones raising all the taxes and got us  
fighting for education  
Life is crazy ain't it

[Chorus]

So many tears, through out the years  
Somebody tell me what's going on  
And so many liives, but only God knows  
About the pain deep inside  
It gets so hard, you got to keep your head up  
I know you're fed up, but stay strong  
Here's a message from coast to coast  
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, thug  
holiday

Just like 'em, just like 'em, just like 'em, a thug holiday -  
2x

[LaTocha Scott]

This is for my people in the ghetto  
I'm calling out, calling out  
To all my thugs in the ghetto  
Calling out, calling out  
It gets hard sometimes, but you

Got to keep your head up, and be strong  
Here's a message from coast to coast  
Cause when them thugs really need it the most, a thug  
holiday

(\*ad-libs\*)

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