

## Tupac Shakur "Pour Out A Little Liquor"

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[2Pac]

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 schhhoooooollll life, I was a fool  
I'll play that motherfucker for a toooollll man  
Tonight'll be the night that's what we figurin  
Hustlin in the rain felt no pain cause 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 po-lice, 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" [4X]

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  
Cause 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'm 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" [4X]

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, Nightrain, 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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