

Pearl Copper

"Thug 4 Life"

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Hahaha, right
Thug for life nigga
Can't you read the signs?

[2Pac]
Mobbin like a motherfucker, stuck, can you picture
middle finger out the window gettin fucked off, liquor
Get loaded, can't control it
Nigga pass me the blunt and let me roll it
You get the bozack to the hoe-stack, that's fo' sho'
black
So be a mack and keep ya dough fat
And tell me what does it take to be a G?
I started with a co-down, soon bounced to a ki'
You gotta watch your back, stay strapped, be alert
Started as a young motherfucker doin dirt
And now I'm in the rap game, like the crack game, I got
enemies
Can't pretend to see my friends are not my enemies
And even thug motherfuckers wanna have fun
Stuck in, buckin my motherfuckin Magnum
What does it take to be a G?
Silence is a must, violence is a plus, bust
shots at my adversaries, them niggaz scurry
Pick a spot to be buried cause I'll be buckin in a fuckin
hurry

[Chorus: repeat 3X]
Thug for life, high 'til I die
When them stupid-ass bitches ask why, tell 'em

[2Pac]
Game, thicker than most of these tricks
I got my mind on makin money but you stuck on these
fake, bitches
And jealous motherfuckers can't see
That's it's the thing that cost, these stupid bitches pass
the pussy free
So tell me why you sweat a motherfucker like me
A young nigga tryin to hustle up some G's
You pussy-ass playa hatin hoes

Freakin down on niggaz, jumpin around at the shows
And you the first motherfucker to jump
to the trunk when it's time for funk, little trick-ass punk
Thug motherfuckers don't die
We get high and we multiply, motherfucker
Give a holla to my niggaz in the Bay
I'm livin in L.A., still clutchin on my AK

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Thug for life, beotch!
Yeah nigga, thug life, from now until for motherfuckin
forever
Have knots in this motherfucker
Yeah

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