

# Definition Of A Thug Nigga

## 2pac

Nobody's, closin' me out of my business  
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My definition of a thug nigga  
(Nobody's, closin' me out of my business)  
I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'  
Pack my nine 'til it's time to go to prison  
As I'm bailin' down the block where I come from, still gotta pack a gun  
'Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb  
I guess I live life forever jugglin'  
But I'll be hustlin' 'til the early mornin' 'cause I'm strugglin'  
Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker  
Gettin' pages from my bitch, it's time to dick her  
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her  
Drop off and let the next nigga get her  
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a hoe, make the dough  
Break a hoe when it's time to make some mo'  
I keep my finger on the trigger of my glock  
Ridin' down the block lickin' shots at the punk-ass  
And spittin' game through my mobile phone  
The type of shit to get them hoes to bone  
My definition of a thug nigga  
'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker  
'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker  
'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker  
'Tis the season to be servin'  
Well, I roll with a crew of zoo niggaz  
They're quick to pull a nine when it's time do niggaz  
Comin' through like I'm two niggaz, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag  
Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga  
I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it easy  
Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me  
Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin' for the big bucks  
Give a fuck rather die than be stuck  
In a one-room shack and kickin' back  
Daydreamin' with the nine in my lap  
So how's that from the mind of a thug nigga?

Bought a fo'-five 'cause I heard that the slug's bigger  
Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find himself  
Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump  
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger  
Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a thug nigga  
'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker  
'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
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'Tis the season to be servin', what you doin'?  
Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker  
'Tis the season to be servin'  
Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time  
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime  
So here we go, we in the inner city  
I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty  
Niggaz don't like me 'cause I'm makin' ends  
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt 'cause I'm all in  
And any nigga tryin' to take what I got'll  
Half the deal with the sixteen-shot glock  
So here we go, I can't be faded  
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it  
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger  
And I ain't takin' shit from no niggaz  
I'm just tryin' to make some money right  
Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right  
I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball  
Find a spot and we can serve 'em all  
My definition of a thug nigga  
'Tis the season to be servin'  
Mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day  
(My definition of a thug nigga)  
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