

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 dumbI 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 herI 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
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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 niggaI'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 stuckIn 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 biggerFigure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself
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'?
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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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'Tis the season to be servin' Nobody's, closin' me out of my business
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