

# Pour out a Little Liquor (feat. Thug Life)

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 school life, I was a fool  
I'll play that motherfucker for a toll 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 niggas 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"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go" 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 niggas, 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 want to 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 niggas 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"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"  
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"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, Nighttrain, Henessey)  
All my real motherfuckin' partners (Pour out a little liquor)  
And all my real partnas in Marin, fuck you busta ass niggas  
Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor!!

Songwriters

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