

Fuck All Y'all

2Pac

'Pac in a slurred, drunken voice:Ha ha ha, fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all, I don't need nobody

Fuck 'em, fuck all y'allMoney gone fuck friends

I need a homie that know me

When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me

I got problems ain't nobody calling back

Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats

Remember me I'm ya homie that was down to brawl

Sippin' Hennessy hanging with the clowns and

All we used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew

We had bitches by the dozens "huh" we fuckin' cousins

You can throw ya middle finger if ya feel me loc

A nigga just got paid and we still was broke

It took time, but finally the cash was mine

All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind

Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes

It's like scavengers waitin' to take a hustler's place

And if you stuck, where the fuck is all ya friends

They straight busted and can't be trusted fuck y'allFuck all y'all, fuck all y'allI'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice

and what's the use

Cause I'm a hopeless thug

Ain't no love reminiscing on how close we was

Way back in the day before they put the crack in the way

And hey how much money can you stack in a day

It's gettin' rough collect calls from my niggas in cuffs

I recollect we used to ball now just living's enough

I stand tall in the winter summer spring or fall

Thug for life sprawled all across the wall

And all about my dollars make me wanna holla

Drop an album sell a million give a fuck about tomorrow

I know it's gettin' crazy after dark

These marks keep on huffin' and puffin'

Ain't no fear in my heart

What's going on in the ghetto still struggle and strive

I still roll with the heater smokin' chocolate Thai

In 94 I'll be going solo

Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo

Fuck all y'allFuck all y'all, fuck all y'all

Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all

Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'allI went from rags to riches

Quick to socializing with the baddest bitches
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' Gloria doin' 90 'cause I wanna
I'm getting high and like I said it was some chocolate Thai
Mixed with some indonesia watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
Hit the weed and uh I continue doing 90 (Biotch)
Until I get caught another ticket get to kick it in court
Fuck the law give a shit I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried
But I ain't worried still throwing these thangs
Got me locked in these chains
And hey nigga what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout
Soon as I hit the cell I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screaming Thug Life nigga fuck y'all Ha ha ha, fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all, I don't need nobody
Fuck 'em, fuck all y'all

Songwriters

SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU / COX, KATARI T. / GREENIDGE, MALCOLM / ROUSE, RICKY / JORDAN,
BRADPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>