

# 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'all Money 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'all Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all I'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'all Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all

Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all

Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all I 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'allHa ha ha, fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all, I don't need nobody  
Fuck 'em, fuck all y'all

Songwriters

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