

# Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)

## 2Pac

Shit, tired of getting shot at  
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested  
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it  
A spot where we belong, that's just for us  
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood  
You na'mean?  
Where do niggas go when we die?  
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga, that's why we go to Thug Mansion  
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G  
At Thug Mansion  
A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind  
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times  
I once contemplated suicide and would of tried  
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my moma's eyes  
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble  
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you  
Picture me inside the misery of poverty  
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived  
Praying hard for 'Better Dayz', promise to hold on  
Me and my dogs ain't have a choice but to roll on  
We finally found a spot to kick it  
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit  
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's  
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace  
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast  
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at 'Thugz Mansion'  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Children, dead homies and family  
Sky high, iced out paradise  
In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy.  
Ain't no place I'd rather be  
Only place that's right for me  
Chromed out mansion in paradise  
In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy. Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?  
Trouble sparks, they tell me home is where the heart is, dear departed  
I shed tattooed tears and couldn't sleep good  
for multiple years, witness peers catch gunshots  
Nobody cares, seen the politicians ban us  
They'd rather see us locked in chains, please explain

why they can't stand us, is there a way for me to change?

Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?

I need a place to rest my head

with the little bit of homeboys that remains, cause all the rest dead

Is there a spot for us to roll, if you find it

I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go

How can I be peaceful? I'm comin from the bottom

Watch my daddy scream peace while the other man shot him

I need a house that's full of love when I need to escape

the deadly places slingin drugs, in thug's mansionAin't no place I'd rather be

Children, dead homies and family

Sky high, iced out paradise

In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy.

Ain't no place I'd rather be

Only place that's right for me

Chromed out mansion in paradise

In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy.Dear Mama don't cry, your baby boy's doing good

Tell the homies I'm in Heaven and they ain't got hoods

Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook

Drinking peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke

Then some lady named Billie Holiday

Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came

Little LaTasha sure grown

Tell the lady in the liquor that she's forgiven, so come home

Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us

When Miles Davis cutting loose with the band

Just think of all the people that you knew in the past

that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last

Picture a place that they exist, together

There has to be a place better than this, in Heaven

So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking

Remember this face, save me a place, in 'Thugz Mansion'Ain't no place I'd rather be

Children, dead homies and family

Sky high, iced out paradise

In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy.

Ain't no place I'd rather be

Only place that's right for me

Chromed out mansion in paradise

In the skyyyyyyyyyyyy.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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